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The ARCHIVE

Edited by Gerald M. Crona J. I. Morgan, Jr., *Bus. Mgr.*

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Announcement

In order that everyone interested in positions on the Archive might have an opportunity to make it known, a definite and final organization of the staff has been delayed until an adequate announcement could be made to the student body as a whole. There are a number of vacancies yet in each department of the publication. Therefore, in order to fill these vacancies, and give every student of Duke University an opportunity to display his interest in this field, there will be a final meeting of the staff and new applicants Monday, November 3, at 7:00 o'clock.

The Editor.



. . . Think on the Parthenon in its white beauty.

Aspasia Comforts Pericles.
By A. Evelyn Newman

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Aspasia Comforts Pericles

By A. Evelyn Newman

What, Pericles, the greatest man of Greece
Weeping, and for a Milesian woman's honor?
Could anything throughout Eternity
More firmly seal our love it would be this—
That you shed open manly tears for me.
Blame not yourself that in that noble passion
Which was your love for Athens and for law
You did forbid men's marrying foreign wives.
It is my evil star, my sad misfortune,
That I am not Athenian born, alas!
But all my glory that I love a man,
A citizen of Athens. Policies
Mold human destinies: yours parted us
Before the law; and mine, in leaving home
And setting up a school here in your Athens,
United us forever with a bond
Stronger than any law you could declare.

Think not upon the ribald calumnies
Spoken of me by loitering libertines;
Think on the Parthenon in its white beauty.
Beneath the moon tonight it will shine out
In dream-like splendor. He who dreamed it there,
(A fitting crown to the Acropolis)
Himself is held the fitting crown to Athens.
Heed not the skulking tongues of jealous men,
Jealous that Pericles will be forever
Linked with the Golden Age of Golden Greece;
Nor fear that I in future shall be linked
With shame. Wherever you are spoken I
Shall instantly be called to memory
As inspiration of your noble dreams.

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Paramour they call me? What of the name?
A woman somewhat wiser than her time,
Breaker of petty rule and smug convention,
Is ever fuel for gossips' tongues of fire.
What if they try me in the market place?
My two great treasures—Thought and your man's Love—
Cannot be taken from me. I am far
The richest wife in Athens, or in Greece,
In all the world, (if there's a scale to hold
The reeling stars I'll lay my happiness
On it and bear the weight down to my side).

In speaking to the Senators, plead not,
Nor humble your courageous soul to them.
My verdict lies with women of tomorrow—
Free daughters of a fertile, promised land
Far off beyond the utmost purple rim
Of all our western shores—women like me,
Like the maiden columns of yonder marble Porch,
Who, reading of our Sappho's lyric songs,
Of Sophocles' Antigone, of all
Our Golden Age, of Pericles, the great,
And his Aspasia and their Golden Love,
Will vindicate our names for justice' sake,
Aye, place them in the topmost templed niche
Of those creative lovers of the world
Who by their passion made life more sublime.
"Pericles and Aspasia"—thus entwined
Our names shall travel down the centuries,
Nor shall the Parthenon ever be viewed
That our two selves, lovely in unison,
Shall not be thought upon with gratitude.

Come, face these men with your imperial calm.
One kiss in parting—sweeter than the last
It ever is. Remember, dear, my lord,
No grovelling for Aspasia! She is safe,
Invulnerable forever in your love.

In India Ink

THE WILD DOGS

By Virginia Stait

This is a terrible story and as true as the double oath of Rubert Barr can make it. Rubert Barr? He was the eldest of the subalterns stationed at Dunderee and his word had been accepted by the Mínas of the Rajputana-Panjab when they were in revolt. Who are the Mínas? They are wealthy Indians who live by organized plundering, stealing, and the rule "Thou shalt murder."

Therefore Barr's oath was considered inviolable, and the second oath came about in this way. There was a reign of cholera at Dunderee and several of the men had died. Barr conceived the idea that each of the men should tell a story after dinner, so that they would go to bed with something to think about besides a very probable sudden death. And the narrator should swear it was true by the last dead comrade.

Barr went into some particulars in this story which are unprintable. In consequence I tell it in my own way—curses do not emphasize damnation.

John Lamotte, in appearance, was just the average army man. He was well set up, with eyes of no particular color and hair that the heat had burned until it matched his eyes. His nose and mouth were good, chin firm, and complexion the brand made by Indian suns.

Lamotte was captain of a handful of men at Haldukuri. They varied in number as they were sent hither and thither on unimportant commissions, for Haldukuri was but an outpost of an outpost.

It might flash into significance if an uprising became a mutiny, or if murders ticked together, or if the little band of men were sworded to death, one of the favorite forms of destruction in India. In Assam and Burma swords are used for everything, from making a toothpick to felling a tree. An expert swordsman can cut a man in two with one blow.

Haldukuri was so unimportant, and yet so near the jungle life of the native states, that it was thought by those in authority—above Cap-

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tain Lamotte, those who did not live at Haldukuri—to be an ideal place for taking travelers who wanted to see "real India." *Garmi, dhul, jahannam!* Heat, dust, hell!

Lamotte would be notified that Colonel So and So would come on a certain day with a party and remain a week. The week generally dwindled to two days, but tents and servants and good provisions would break the monotony of the place for a time. Though the men swore a good deal before the party arrived, afterward there were many pleasant things to iterate—and there had been wedding bells to hear.

English women go to India by the hundred every year, numbers with the undeclared purpose of marriage. Some of them—this is strictly confidential between their trunks and their hearts—actually carry clothes that can be used for any occasion. No gentleman, caught suddenly in Cupid's toils, would press a lady to know why she had a beautiful white silk at the bottom of her trunk, which she had overlooked up to the date of her marriage. "No proof is required when the eyes behold."

Therefore Lamotte was not surprised to receive a *chaprisi* one day from Colonel Grafton, saying that he was bringing his sister and three ladies to Haldukuri for a few days and he would be glad if Lamotte arranged a native dance for their benefit. Or anything else he could think of. They wanted to see India—raw.

There were a good many things that Lamotte could think of and he ran over some that he knew, customs of the Black Shans, rituals of the Irulas, things more unbelievable than the Arabian Nights, more horrible than the Inquisition.

Raw—one did not have to go far to find the raw. A poisonous snake leisurely crawled from the door of Lamotte's barrack and made its way to the jungle, not five hundred feet distant. Over it soared a bird of prey and a few minutes later, out of sight, there were murderous sounds behind the barricade of trees, bedded in moss, fungi, orchids, ferns and impenetrable vines.

Old India, with her fire worshipers, her lizard-eating tribes, her balwa, her Khattaks—Yes, he would have *them* to dance. The Colonel's sister—brethren and kin—should see one raw Indian dance.—Brahma and Shiva, Creator and Destroyer!

Lamotte and his men made ready as best they could. *Mazdur* and

ghorewala were kept busy, sweeping, digging about the small, rough barracks, moving a mixture of sod and moss and countless weeds—there was no grass here—to make the hard, sun-bitten substance they walked on resemble soil. They even transplanted a few roses and tamarisk bushes beside doors and made interiors quite ship-shape. English women had been known to pause at barracks and say, "May I just glance inside? So interesting to see how you really live, don't you know?" Given permission they would enter and gaze about, much as a small boy at a menagerie.

A great van, loaded with tents and provisions, arrived in a few days, but except for the driver and one or two coolies, to see that the things reached Haldukuri in good order, Lamotte's men, with what help they could procure, had to unload, put up tents and have everything in readiness for the Colonel's arrival.

And the Colonel thought that he conferred favor when he was received by the company with shaven faces, polished shoes and more clothes upon their skins than they ever wore at any other time.

The men had just reached entire readiness one day when a runner announced the Colonel by the rightful words, certainly for Lamotte and his men. *"Khabardar ho!"* Look out!

The Colonel's ladies had been augmented to six. The natives thought him traveling harem-fashion. His sister, Lucy Grafton, was between thirty and forty years of age, rather good-looking, with blue eyes and brown hair. She could have Colonel-ed almost as well as her brother. Erect, thin and very determined, she dominated the other women and immediately took command of Lamotte. Yet when an Englishman has not seen an Englishwoman for many months the English words are sweet, the clasp of a woman's hand strangely so.

It was the second evening after the party arrived that Lamotte staged the native dance. He knew, of course, what the Colonel expected. A dozen Indians, more or less nude, dancing to the sound of tom-toms, oboe, drums, anything that could make a barbarous noise.

What Lamotte gave them was the dance of the Khattaks. With drawn swords in their hands, with wild, passionate music, with a low murmur that rises sometimes to a naked war cry, these men dance, striking at imaginary enemies with their swords—and not being particularly careful as to the confines of their theatre. It is one of the most savage

of Indian spectacles and is practically unknown, even to men who have lived in India a life time.

Lamotte was satisfied the Colonel had never witnessed it and he was right, but before it was over, when a man here and there was smeared with blood and Lucy Grafton turned white, Lamotte began to regret the affair.

Lucy was standing by Lamotte and, at last, she pressed his arm and moved away.

"I can't bear it any longer," she said. "Stop them."

Lamotte motioned to his bearer, but they did not stop. The men were enjoying it and saying, "Wah-wah!"—Bravo!

Lamotte led Lucy away, back of the barracks, where some scrub trees separated them from the scene. And then, some how, she was crying and he was comforting her and he found himself saying little things that can mean so much—or nothing. Things entirely dependent upon circumstances or immediate needs, sometimes dependent upon a moon in the sky and a rose wind across one's mouth.

So they lingered and when they returned to the others Lamotte was thinking definite thoughts about definite things and the woman was weighing a thousand matters, as exactly as pink pearls, the most precious of all the jewels in India, are weighed.

Two days later, when the Colonel left with his party, it was distinctly understood between Lucy Grafton and Lamotte that he would visit Delhi before a great while. And the man watched the woman out of sight, his mind filled with the many fancies that are almost nameless in the first strange revealings of a heart to its possessor.

The desire to see more of a woman—that he might see more! The sweet knowledge that they had all things in common because they both loved sunsets! The wonder why he had not thought brown hair the most beautiful in the world? The strange, flitting plans to make the world quite over, if so she desired. The endless things that each lover thinks first-found in his own heart.

But leave was not obtainable for Lamotte. Rumors were afloat of uprisings. The outpost must guard the centres, the most unimportant outposts *must* be held even if the men succumbed, so that an outbreak might be minimized in English and Indian eyes. It takes countless centipedes to mark one mile of progress in this country, English prog-

ress. Lamotte tried by every means to get away and then wondered how much Colonel Grafton was to blame for the situation?

There was a rather curious look in his calculating eyes—eyes not unlike his sister's—as he thanked Lamotte for their entertainment. Be it as it might, the time droned on and Lamotte was as securely fastened to his place as an unmined stone to its earth.

His men amused themselves in various ways to which Lamotte had to be blind and dead sometimes, for the monotony of the little place was past belief. Lamotte had studied hard when he first came, the actual and the imaginary India. He would do more than "conquer and curse" as one Englishman expressed it. The actual India was almost beyond belief. Take the case of the wild dogs. Until Lamotte had seen and heard them he almost thought it a matter of fabrication.

They hunt in bands, as well drilled and organized as any soldiers, magnificent dogs, with the heads somewhat like a Scotch terrier, with tawny, wonderful coats of hair, almost brushed and curled, their health and condition are so perfect, but with the bodies of every devil in India. They are not frequently found, thanks be to *Om,* the name which expresses the three forms of the deity—such a sacred name that the Hindus rarely pronounce it.

When these dogs enter a jungle to hunt through it, which they do in ranks as a company, all other wild life leaves, if they can do so before they are killed. They are utterly fearless and attack elephants, leopards, tigers with as little hesitation as they attack a rabbit. For their lives as individuals they care not, though they protect their tribe life. And the reason they are feared, the horrible reason that puts them beyond the verocity of every other wild animal, and that is recognized instinctively by every jungle beast, is that they do not kill their prey immediately. They run it down and eat it alive, until it dies of its wounds.

Lamotte's studies took the place with him of other pursuits, "women, wine and waste," as the Indians proverb it.

One way in which Lamotte's men amused themselves was in changing their servants. They roared over the mistakes of the new men. To see a coolie begin to clean a vicious pony at his heels never failed to give them a laugh.

Lamotte's special man, who looked after his comfort in various

eastern ways, such as clearing his bungalow of snakes and seeing that his plate held only a modicum of insects, had been with him now, sometime, and gave complete satisfaction.

His name was Khanda and he was most servile. Small, ugly, mahogany-hued, he appeared to live to obliterate himself as much as possible, and, beyond anything, did he seem to fear that Lamotte would discharge him.

The native women flitted about at Haldukuri more freely than is their custom at other English stations. The absence of all white women made this possible—there were many things that had to be overlooked owing to the isolation of Haldukuri.

So that Lamotte did not observe when one more white-robed figure was added to those who came and went with some degree of regularity, and not until he saw a girl talking earnestly to Khanda did he notice this particular "dream of dreams." She was pretty, he saw at a glance, with eyes in which the mysteries of the east were deeply written, black eyes that could catch fire and glow, too, even in the one moment when they met his gaze.

Lamotte passed on, wondering a bit. Khanda did not seem like a man who could obtain an excess of love and surely this girl could bestow it. In India a man may be as twisted as a thorn tree, as gnarled as a sal stump and yet—command love.

Lamotte thought no more about the matter until the next week, when, as he was nearly a mile from his barracks, the same girl appeared by the side of the road and stopped him with the pathetic cry of, "Ha'e! He'e!"

Lamotte reined in his pony and she came close and reached up a hand.

"To seal," she said softly, "with Sanare."

Lamotte was English enough and stupid enough and unthinking enough not to understand until she repeated her heart's surrender. When he fully comprehended her meaning—bestowed it with unbelievable innocence and vastness of faith, the spirit's courage for the infinite —he gave her some money and told her to go home.

But an individual cannot stop a caravan and Lamotte might as well have tried to stop one as to put by the love of Sanare. Once a day she always contrived to see him or speak to Khanda and Lamotte thought

he knew now why she did so; there was no Valley of Humiliation in which she would not enter for surcease from love's pain.

Khanda, however, was reticent when questioned and in some subtle way Lamotte felt he was trenching upon a matter which he did not altogether own. Khanda admitted that Sanare questioned him about his Sahib, as to whether he would walk or ride, at what hour, in what direction? But Lamotte observed that Khanda seemed to make opportunities for these little talks with Sanare and would follow the girl with his eyes as a drop of water its current.

It was not long, as the west counts time, before Lamotte found that Sanare engrossed him very much, it was not long before he found himself returning her love. For it was love that Sanare gave him, poured from the suns and stars of her India, one with its eternal prodigality and everlasting constancy. And word by word, and harvest by harvest, Lamotte learned this, learned that there were greater things than political advancement in India, coin of her realm not to be measured in rupees.

"Sanare," he said one day, lingering over the pretty word, "what is Khanda to you?"

Sanare laughed, her perfect little pearls dividing in her mouth. "He is my lover, my Rana," she said softly. She would never call Lamotte anything but Prince.

"Your lover! When you have me?"

"I will never desire any lover but you, but I think Khanda," she spoke airily, "and one or two others will always be my lovers. It is the goal of the east, love." The coquetry of her was delicious.

"Well, as long as you do not love them—"

She put her hand on her heart. "As long as this speaks there is but one word to hear—to one name. I make oath by every flower by day, by every star by night."

And Lamotte learned love, as the east gives it, upon her altars of sacrifice, if necessary, than which, perhaps, there is no greater giving on earth. For they literally bestow their lives for it and count it love's supremest moment. And it is not alone the lovers who give, the old give for the young and the young for the old and in this giving—and taking—the soul of India is revealed. And cruel gods and wicked idols are among the things that have brought it to pass!

(Continued on page 25)

A City Street

By Edward Mylod

A sloping street of cobbles
    Sprawling towards the structured valley;
An old gate swinging blindly
    From a rusty elfin alley;

The houses tumbling sideways;
    Torn trees clutching for the sky;
A fence creeps through the dusting
    Of the white wind rolling by.

Upon a crooked doorstep
    Yearning for the sea,
A city stranded gypsy
    Dreams of Italy.

A graceful girl steps daintily
    On the slanting cobbled street;
Her flowing dress blows rhythmically
    In the wind's harmonious beat.

The sunlight spills on the cobbles
    Flowing down to the busy throng
Where clamorously hammer giant workers
    The tune of the city's song.

But dreaming on his doorstep
    The gypsy does not see;
His soul has crossed the cobbles
    And flown to Italy.



Resurrection

By John Chapman

(The setting of this play probably has never existed de facto, *and yet for purposes of convenience and because things which run* "Duke: . . ." *always have one, we must supply a scene placed somewhere or other.* The summit of the Brocken, *therefore as being a well-worn place and one not unfamiliar to either readers or to such ghostly characters as we shall need has been chosen. But in truth, if this shall prove too flimsy a place for your imaginings, then let this setting be* the vale of Tempe, the garden of Gethsemane, or Le Petit Trianon *as it shall seem most fitting. Were it not for certain well-known customs and the prejudices of the efficient, we might well let everything go on to the end before we decided where it happens.)*

As the curtain rises, then, you are asked to see Two approaching, *weaving among and between the chorean flourishes of Walburga's Eve, in togas chewing leaves of grass, or daintily holding milk-pails away from their plum-coloured velvet breeches. Of these* one *is old and bears significant scythe-marks, while his interlocutor is pomaded and has a leg.*

Young Man: I marvel, father, at your being in this place. For those so foregathered are they in whose hearts the grapes purple ripely in the summer sun. But you, if ever that pulsing stone had any depth of soil, you have overcropped your heart in which the stubble of an ancient season dessicates to its constituent dust.

Old Man: These are all true things concerning the restless muscle here. And yet I should gladly know whether your brave grapes shall ever be going to the presses?

Young Man: Now what may that mean?

Old Man: Why these strutted fruits of youth are but so many clusters of bubbles. Let your harvest be brought to the press, and you will see how richly runs the air from it into the trough.

Young Man: Assuredly your barren clods have lent but scant blushes to the night-time fruiting of your soul.

Old Man: That restless and uncomfortable gyrus—what have you or any youth to do with it? It's an unwelcome visitor at the board of life.

Young Man: Life, I think, is an hospitable host providing at a wish those things which one would glad-

dest have. That you have found alone the ashes of dead cigars floating in the top-gathered cream of cold coffee is a measure rather of your wishes than the host's providing.

Old Man: That as all slight youthful things contains its sterile grain of truth. Too much sight may rob one's seeing—or desire to see. But if I behold but the resolutions of things which have been before, you of the vineyard-hearts will have viands of no sustenance. Those mere outward forms, delighting the eye and touching not the inner need, one day shall leave you a vision of broken meats.

Young Man: That day may come when we have supped. Till then leave us to taste more youthful immortality than ambrosia gives, life more quick than such is born of beef and bread.

Old Man: Young as you are, once you were younger; and very soon shall you be older. Let us disguise it as we may, thrive upon salads after our youth, mince, wear gayety particolored above our scars, man is not forever aforging. One day shall see him shaped, hardened, cold. And though your heart may still feel burgeoningly, the mark of Cain—You have heard of the mark of Cain?

Young Man: Well?

Old Man: Then it is this first furrow drawn between the brows, bearing no fruit save others of its sort; it knows no sowing.

Young Man: And you who have no doubt so many of them, what are these other fruits of the unplanted groove?

Old Man: Why, yonder athlete's arm turns flabby, shrinks, his snapping fibres grown no thicker than his mother's thread. And this but a faint token of a curious dying in a quick body. Are we not all but southward winging sparrows, flying hopelessly before the winter which creeps silently within, frosting our good young organs?

Young Man: That these things are true, though not therefore significant, needs no philosopher's telling. Still I ask, "Why are you here?" Are you not engaging in the pleasant practice of narcotising all cells, that you may not note the necrobiosis of the single one?

Old Man: A question too strong straightly to be faced. Upon the anvil man in being forged may not sustain the hammer. So do we bounce this way and that, fancying each recoil a blow to the hammer's ruin and thereby obliquely facing the truth, for it is of old knowledge that hammers may wear out one day. But where is the sneering cynic of down twenty? Too boldly facing the light, believing in no recoils, he lies over there in the rubbish slowly rendering again his phosphates and lime, beginning again a cycle not run to its end.

Young Man: What shall we do?

Old Man: Why, lend those rosy spectacles and your heart's purpling to the next incurious fool, bend steel

blinkers above your eyes, sow your vineyards with stone.

[*And it happened as this conversation had gone on that the two drew apart, each in his own direction so that the last words of the old man come as whispers. Then to that one appears a* Stranger in Scarlet, *whom we shall call the Devil, since that prince is an institution of value and import and greatly worthy of perpetuation in a scornful world.*]

Devil: But, father. this is too much haste. Wait a moment and let us be having a little chat together. You have been doing some things and telling some tales which are most valuable in my kingdom. But now do take off those heavy blinkers that you may learn a little more of truth and carry it back with you to the light-hearted.

Old Man: That cannot be, good sir, for having once beheld all truth, I am become blind, that my truth may suffer no confusion.

Devil: Father, never deceive. I think you've put on those same spectacles—for even I may be polite and call things by their other names—to keep from seeing truth, a commodity which is quite a pearl to behold and as profitable in the market-places.

Old Man: Is truth indeed so fine a thing?

Devil: You've heard that Pilate is accursed because he refused it.

Old Man: But that is an old legend told at first by apprentice prophets and thereafter by old wives.

Devil: Pilate, nevertheless, is accursed and truth is a pearl.

Old Man: Then let me look at this jewel—a little, not too much, for truth in general is an explosive of great merit but not a thing for household use. *(He raises the steel blinkers.)*

[*Hereupon a very curious thing happens, for the old man begins to repay in phosphates and lime a debt which he had owed for some seventy years. The Devil now heaps and pats these salts and does some other things, ontogeny and philogeny aiding. A piece of skin curls up, swells at one end, and there is another young man.*

Now in another part of the place appears the young man who had been previously arguing, and to him Another *who is probably also the devil, since though much mocked he's of value in controlling the young. Anyway, he must be called the devil.*]

This Devil: How, brother, do you mimic Sinbad without an old man of the sea? Where is your burden, my little Atlas?

Young Man: But I seek for a press in which to render my wine of rich living.

This Devil: I do know that press well. *(He makes some efforts, and there is a linotype and press.)* Usually I carry it about me: in fact a certain cataractic poet of a time since was quite wrong. I fell into a newspaper office. But this press: you must be using it that your wine may run down to the world, which curiously in these

(Continued on page 32)

Contrast

By J. B. Clark

Love,
Embracing all in scope,
And barring none on Life's great Road,
Where weary travelers find new hope
And rest from earthly burden's load;
A sacrificial love for all
Who take it freely as I give,
Then reward those who heed My call
With supreme right to live
Eternally with Me,
For I am God.

Greed,
Relentless in its grasp,
But owned by men from birth,
Which with its yieldless clasp
Has made us plodding slaves on earth;
A thing that rears its cruel face
Above those worshipping below—
Of which there is exempt no race—
And commands them as one to go
In strife through Life,
For he is Man.

Flesh

By W. C. Ogden

Writhing, black satin—disclosing undulating flesh. Warm, clinging flesh—drawing all the breath from my body. Its madness fills the room, the World. The throbbing beat of the music is its blood, hot and surging. Lights, scarlet and gold, are its eyes. And there before me—the body of Flesh—white, writhing in an agony of passion. Black satin—shimmering, hurling into my face every line, every curve of the contorted body.

Her face? She has no face. Her body is all—and its laughter is mad, hysterical. There is no past, no future—there is but the mad now. All time is crushed into the fierce desire of her flesh. All beauty is packed into the frantic delight of a moment. All the hideousness of life coils and recoils in the laughter of her body.

"It is all vanity," I say to myself, "It is but the sham of illusion." But the touch of her nearness drives thoughts from me. Flesh! We deceive ourselves with empty eternities. There is no room for sanity in the nearness of our bodies.

The stench of cheap perfumes, the breath of drinking—all mingle and become part of the awful odor of Flesh! She is mine—her body is a melting candle. Her face is to mine—she is tearing from me my life. With the awful beat of the music I move. And yet it is not I that moves. Perhaps I have become part of the Maya, part of the Illusion of Flesh.

There are no lights. In the darkness she is nearer than my own body. Wherever I move—she is there. She is a serpent winding herself about me. I, too, am part of the serpent's undulation. She and I exist no longer—We are both—FLESH!

Lights flare in my eyes. I try to say, "I must go away," but my body says, "We must go away."

As grey as a vast stone wall is the morning which arouses me—shutting out the Land of Flesh.

Looking at the hideous one beside me, I am nauseated and go away in silence.

Why Should I Be Still?

By David Cornell DeJong

How can I say that other things
May yield a calmed remorse to me?
This vagrant peacelessness, this valley's hush
Between the moon and west wind's swift finality,
Came ever thus.

To gestulate unto the sky,
To lift the tragic arms again,
'Twere good, but on the slopes the flutes are shrill,
And we half understand and fully know it vain,
But have no will.

And if at last we reach the peak,
And stretched beyond, the lightless space,
And at our feet the former wanderers slain,
What measure yields enough of thirst to turn and face
The lost again?



BOOK REVIEWS

Beauty In The Balance

Quiet Street. By Michael Ossorgin. Translated from Russian by Nadia Helstein. New York: The Dial Press. 344 pp. $2.50.

To present the whole, affixing the proper significance to each of the parts that constitute the whole is no small accomplishment. It is for this reason that one cannot fail to applaud the most recent work of Michael Ossorgin. Picturing the Russian Revolution in all of its inhuman ugliness, and at the same time rearing from its seething midst a tender story of life, the author has achieved a marked success.



MICHAEL OSSORGIN

Quiet Street is the beautiful story of Tanyusha, a young girl of sixteen when the story opens, and her almost sacred devotion to her grandfather, the Ornithologist. In the quiet home of her aged relative, which is the cultural center of the community, she has many opportunities to fall in love with numerous suitors, and does so to a slight degree on a number of occasions. However, from the beginning of the story until the end she remains the constant companion of her grandfather, and never do her affections for the many persistent lovers approach those which are ever lavished on the cultured and immensely lovable old scientist.

That the author has woven so beautiful a story around his characters with the cruelties and atrocities of the great Revolution flashing up before the reader at almost every turn is remarkable. *Quiet Street* is a beautiful story with a tremendously realistic background, and with such living persons as Tanyusha, her grandfather and the musician Edward Lvovitch as characters, it could hardly escape the title of a really great book.

GERALD M. CRONA.

"The Golden Burden You And I Must Bear"

Released, A Book of Verse. By Anne Blackwell Payne. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 63 pp. $1.50.

With a discriminating sense of values Miss Payne divides *Released* into three sections: first, a group of "Lyrics and Lighter Verse"; then, a selection of "Son-

nets"; and last a number of poems "For a Child." This arrangement, a reversal of the traditional order prescribed for the serving of wines, saves the best until the last. Under Miss Payne's grouping her poems are presented to the reader in a logical order that leaves a feeling of definite achievement at the close of the volume.

The themes in *Released* are personal. The poet never allows the reader to stray very far from the reactions of a sensitive soul, but such is Miss Payne's skill in interpretation that she creates in the mind of the reader the illusion that her problems are his own. Many people can voice the feeling in the title sonnet, which has a message that is but repeated with variations in "Your Leaving," "This is Not You," and many other poems in the book. A sense of calm renunciation and of quiet acceptance of the beauty in the world, as well as of the inevitable pain that accompanies this beauty, pervades Miss Payne's consciousness. Only in the seemingly artless and simple poems "For a Child" is she able to forget the problems of the "Golden Burden." But it is to be noted that the burden, while it is heavy, is also golden. With the foundations of a knowledge made secure through reasoning she is able to support her burdens *sans* any of the conventional trickeries of false emotion.

Readers of THE ARCHIVE will recall, "Your Leaving," printed herein five or six years ago:

> This is not you, this pale quiescent one,
> Serenely housed within a narrow place;
> Your lips immobile and your laughter done,
> And all the welcome frozen from your face.
> I look at you so heedless and aloof,
> And death would seem too plausible to doubt;
> Yet I must have a better thing as proof
> Than a ruined temple where the lights are out.
> No matter how convincingly you keep
> Those same sweet features, you yourself are fled:
> This stillness cannot make me think you sleep,
> Nor urge me into believing you are dead.
> I saw you go, and stronger than my grieving—
> The strangeness and the wonder of your leaving.

If comparison must be sought, Miss Payne's work may, perhaps be better compared with that of Lizette Woodworth Reese. In living through an age in which poetry seemed to lose itself in a maze of sheer expressionism and arid experimentation Miss Reese maintained, and still maintains, a calm serenity and repose. At the same time her verse does not lack the staying power of genuine force built upon sound principles of appreciation and sympathy for the beauty joined with pain that is to be found in a very real world. With legitimate modifications the same estimate may be given to Miss Payne's verse. In technique *Released* does not reach the same high level, but in mental attitude it is nearly the equal of much of the work of the older artist.

In justice to local readers of THE ARCHIVE it should be mentioned that Miss

Payne is a native of North Carolina. Nevertheless, the University of North Carolina Press, in the publication of *Release,* has not sacrificed literary standards to local pride. The book is worthy of attention upon its own merit.

THOMAS J. SHAW, JR.

Corey Ford Adopts Philo Vance

The John Riddle Murder Case. By John Riddle. New York: Charles Scribners. 323 pp. $2.00.

Those who have read the splendid detective stories of S. S. Van Dine will enjoy *The John Riddle Murder Case,* by Corey Ford, who writes under the pseudonym "John Riddle."

The John Riddle Murder Case is an exceptionally good parody on the psychological and metaphysical detective theories that S. S. Van Dine employed in bringing to light the murderers in his five widely read detective novels. Philo Vance, the ultrasophisticated young detective, who never reads a newspaper, breakfasts at eleven, wears a small Van Dyke beard, has a passion for mathematical formulae, studies Chinese literature, is a votary of Matisse, and smokes *Régie* cigarettes incessantly, is called in to solve the mystery of the death of John Riddle, a book reviewer, who had been found dead in his library, surrounded by the Best Sellers of the past year. The medical examiner immediately determines the cause of death to be acute boredom. Thereupon, Philo Vance sets out to find the guilty writer, who had bored the book reviewer to death. Some of the likely suspects found on the scene of the murder are: Theodore Dreiser, Jim Tully, Sherwood Anderson, Will Rogers, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Calvin Coolidge, Katherine Brush, Richard Halliburton, Will Durant, Rudy Vallée, and W. R. Burnett. As the detective investigates the works of these writers in John Riddle's library, no one seems more culpable of the crime than another; any one of them could have done the job.

The John Riddle Murder Case is an excellent travesty; not only on Philo Vance, but a good number of contemporary American writers. I heartily recommend Corey Ford as a parodist.

OVID W. PIERCE, JR.

In Those Wide Open Spaces Where Men Are Men

Saint Johnson. By W. R. Burnett. New York: The Dial Press. 305 pp. $2.00.

I do not enjoy novels that depict life of the Old West; I confess this with some shame for certainly there is no more thrilling chapter in American history than the days of the 80's. W. R. Burnett's "Saint Johnson" is a novel of this period and

the book carries on the tradition of the Wild West with much gusto. Mr. Burnett departs somewhat from the usual western story pattern, yet his book must be considered as merely another addition to the ranks of the open air novel. The plot of "Saint Johnson" does not reveal a strange or new field of literary production—here again one finds the old West of the open range, of horse-thieving, of gun play, and of feuds. When one thinks of the novel as a description of a life that can no longer be lived, the story takes on a glamour. The cowboy is a vanishing breed and the lawless life of the west has been transformed into a modern and mechanized existence. The days of gun-play, street battles, and stage hold-ups are forever gone.

"Saint Johnson" is a story of the American Southwest fifty years ago. The action takes place in Tombstone, a corrupt boom town where law and order were unknown. The settlement was populated by unruly cowmen and the decent folk looked to Wayt Johnson and his brothers to keep order. The barbaric element of the settlement resented the efforts of "Saint Johnson" and throughout the book pistols are fired on every other page, cattle are ceaselessly rustled, and blood flows generously. It is a story of one man against many. With these few facts one might easily imagine the remainder of the plot. The book is a series of adventures —each one treading precipitously upon the heels of the preceding one.

Burnett has a dynamic faculty of making the reader believe and feel with his characters until one loses sight entirely of the fact that it is merely a story that one is reading. This he has done especially well in "Saint Johnson."

People who compare this book with Burnett's former novels show a surprising lack of critical perspective. If one wished to be alliterative one might say that Mr. Burnett improves in scope but not in skill. "Saint Johnson" is good reading—if one likes it.

JACK LENTZ.

"The Earth Is Strongest Of Us All"

Song of the Wheatfields. By Ferenc Móra. Translated from the Hungarian by George Halasz. New York: Brewer and Warren. 283 pp. $2.50.

Epics of the soil are becoming so numerous in fiction that one hesitates before choosing to spend an evening with a hard-labouring peasantry whose only end is to be swallowed by the earth its life is spent in tilling.

Such is the conclusion reached in *Song of the Wheatfields:* that "the earth is strongest of us all," for "the earth eats up everybody. But others come in our place and the earth is left to them."

Before this happy conclusion is reached there is ample space for Ferenc Móra to show how the lives of two families of Hungarian peasants are made pleasanter



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by mothers' addressing their children in such endearing terms as: "I'll run you through with the big pitchfork!" or "I'll push you into the hot-oven on a bread-baking shovel!", with young women cleaning out wells but forgetting to draw out new-born infants not in the well before, with Communist officers attempting to beat down the doors of innocent maidens' chambers and being doused with lye for their rashness, and many another such moving scene.

But through the book runs a sense of reality which is lacking in most of today's novels. One is convinced of the author's sincerity. And the characters are real. There is the Russian exile, faithful to the woman who kept him, sacrificing for means to buy wood to make a cross for her grave, and carrying his work there with the help of his woman's returned husband. There is Mátyás, the conservative, who laughed at Communism, a government with no king. "If there's no king whose picture will be on the money?" There is Ferenc who was not like a peasant because he did not sit on the edge of the chair, spreading himself out with feet and hands outstretched as though they did not belong to him, and who parted his hair on one side even on weekdays, who had seen America where stables are better than the homes of Priests in Hungary. One sees and understands the characters and believes with them in their strange visions and hallucinations.

The theme of the story is dark but not sordid. Ferenc, after the departure of the Russky who had been living with his wife, marries Etel, a neighbour whom he does not love. His son, Peter, in struggling with Etel's daughter for a piece of bread falls in the lake and drowns. So overcome with grief is the father that, when the child's dog romps about him for attention, he splits the animal's head in two with an axe. On receiving letters from Etel's first husband who is still alive and pressed by a sense of guilt, Ferenc tells Etel that he murdered Rokus, her husband, by refusing him bread as he lay starving to death. Etel goes mad, attempts to strangle her child, becomes the subject of a soothsayer, communicates with the Virgin Mary and is worshiped as a saint by the peasant women. One night in an attempt to follow the Virgin, Etel falls in the lake and is drowned. Ferenc who was only fond of the living Etel falls in love with the dead Etel. She comes to him each night, and tells him the honor to be bestowed upon him: he is to become the scare crow of the Heavenly Fields. One morning Ferenc is found swinging by his neck from a pear tree, much like a scare crow. Mátyás, Etel's father-in-law, receives word from the Russky that Rokus is still alive. But the old man has not fifty million korona to pay his son's ransom. He throws the letter into the lake, but it will not sink. "The lake that had killed Peter and Etel was tired of further sacrifices; it did not want to take the old man's son from him." But Mátyás sticks an axe in the envelope, hurls it into the water and the lake has one more secret to guard.

EDWARD MYLOD.

IN INDIA INK

(Continued from page 11)

At one time an impoverished Indian family faced starvation. They could live if there was one less. The young importuned the elders, but the oldest woman of all was resolute.

"It cannot be long, in any case, for me," she said, and carrying out her instructions they prepared to bury her alive. A grave was dug, she was placed in it and green boughs crossed over her body. As they were ready to throw in the earth she made her only murmur. "Gently," she said, "gently, just at first."

Lamotte returned to Sanare earlier than usual one day. He had been thinking many long thoughts, adding a *dhan* to a *masha,* as jewelers weigh, and had come to the conclusion that he would marry Sanare. He loved her and her devotion to him was as the sea to its tides, the moon to its months.

He would tell her and make her—could she be happier than she was now? Her feet seemed always to be dancing, her eyes might have been the source of laughter. Almost the wings of her spirit were visible.

Thinking on these things he saw a man, an Indian, move rapidly and stealthily into the scrub growth that ran in low and high scallops to the forest. He appeared to be coming from Lamotte's bungalow. Lamotte had a good look and was sure he had never seen him before. Indians were constantly coming and going—he would ask Sanare what the man wanted.

But he forgot it as soon as he entered the house. Sanare was always glad to see him as if they had been parted a year and endured, during that time, every privation known to mortal.

Once he rather rebuked her for it and she said, "My *Rana,* life is so short. Love is the highest blossom of life." Then she repeated those three words of unspeakable sadness when one is happy. "Nothing lasts forever."

He took her in his arms and told her she should be his *Rani,* his Princess. She was enraptured. Running out of the house she brought in blossoms from the white fruit trees, pink blossoms from the mimosas, crimson blossoms from the roses. She brought them by the arm full

and decorated the house until it was like the heart of a shell in ivory, blush, warm red. Then she separated the colors by palm branches.

Lamotte was happy also. Why should he live under a weight of care? These children of the sun did not. He had seen many an eastern beggar, deformed, leperous, palsied or famined who revelled more in one hour of life than did an Englishman, rich, well, in a year. *Do pahor hai!* It is noon! It is noon! There was no salt in any wound, no acid in his bread, no bitter on his tongue.

But these things are not given to last. No leaf lifts twice to April, no temple bell rings twice the same hour. The following day Lamotte remembered the man he had seen near the house, remembered that he had not asked Sanare about him, and some ill-defined feeling determined him to return earlier.

And again he saw the man near the house and was positive it was the same man who disappeared today as yesterday.

"Sanare," he questioned sternly, "who was that?"

But one might as well have tried to extinguish a bonfire with a grain of sand. The happiness of her made armor.

"It is another lover," she answered. "Sanare has—almost so many," and she held up the fingers of both hands. "And had it not been for my *Rana* I could have had ten times as many!" It was the only time she boasted to him of anything.

Lamotte saw he must make her understand, the childish desire that would increase her value for his sake. In heart and soul and spirit she was his own heart and soul and spirit.

"Sanare, you are to be my wife and so you are done with lovers. You must send this man about his business."

"His business is to love me," she replied, with a little peal of laughter. And then, at his grave look, "But I do not want him. *Main samajhta hun.* He shall be told I shall be your *Rani.*"

The suns came and sealed many things, and the stars masqueraded as suns. Snakes and lizards hurried from shade to shade or died on the journey. The jungle was returning to desert and the desert was deepening its sand.

So the first of the hot season. Men delivered themselves boldly to their own particular devils. Even the sun-baked Hindus seemed to put

by the protection of the Trimurti for that of an old rag or a withered palm leaf.

The heat troubled Lamotte less than it had ever done. Married six weeks he lived with Sanare in a strange land of happiness that seemed the last fulfillment of earthly desire. Not the brief intoxication of love, but a kingdom as eternal as memory.

But Lamotte heard Khanda pacing around the bungalow at night, slowly, rhythmically, with a step that varied not, even if—it must be at times—his foot found an adder.

"Can't you sleep, Khanda?" Lamotte inquired one morning when the man's anxious face and shrunken body made him appear really ill.

"I sleep well, Sahib, but one must talk with the stars by the sky full, sometimes. It is not well for us all to sleep at the same time; the beasts of prey track in the darkness."

The man was troubled about something, but after a brief attempt to discover it Lamotte said no more. His own affairs made him a doorless shrine.

It was a week later when he found Khanda waiting for him outside the bungalow, in an open space where there were no other eyes or ears.

He reached out his hands as in supplication. "You will not listen to me, Sahib, oh I know you will not listen," he began piteously, his gaze dark with dread, his face haggard from loss of sleep.

"But I will—what is it?"

"You have seen Chalinri, the man who comes to your house at noontide?"

Lamotte nodded. He knew Khanda meant the Hindu whom Sanare called her lover.

"He means trouble for you—and Sanare." The last words were said as a priest might bless.

Could there exist, wondered Lamotte, in this man's small, ill-favored body, in his narrow round of duty, almost an ant's round, the overwhelming love that he, Lamotte, had for Sanare? It must be so for the man was not particularly devoted to his Sahib, but he was devoted to keeping his place. Lamotte knew now it was to be near Sanare.

If she spoke, lifted her hand or the wind played with her hair—something as unconquerable as death burned in Khanda's regard.

"Sanare is my wife, Khanda. He would not dare."

"The Sahib will only believe—through his eyes," said Khanda shortly, and turned and went away, to commune with that east that is not visible.

The days came and went in long lengths of terrible heat, varied only by some little incident which served to make a knot, as it were. The skies were as expressionless as a tin pan and the karaits multiplied as fleas.

So it was when returning from a week's absence for reconnoitering purposes, Lamotte was stopped on the edge of the jungle by Khanda. At least he lifted his hand, but there was that in his face that would have stopped any man. "Get off," he said to Lamotte, and the something in his face was so compelling that neither noticed the servant was ordering and the master obeying.

"There is a tale to be told," said Khanda, and then, as he summoned his forces to command his lips, "the Sahib can bear its burden better so. Love is without caste," he went on slowly, "and there were as many reasons as the hair of her head why I should love Sanare. There was but one reason why she should not love me—myself."

Lamotte started to say something. This beggary of Khanda's, in tone and word and renunciation, was terrible, as though he fiercely separated his heart from his body.

Khanda lifted a hand. *"Khabardar raho!"* Then he repeated the two words slowly, deliberately, in English. "Take care!"

Lamotte bowed his head and looked away. Something was buried in this man on which no flower of sympathy could be placed. Passion, bare of every cloak, is not good for the eyes—nor remembrance.

"But love that comes not at command goes not for an army. I continued to love Sanare, hoping, as we ever do. . . . Then she saw you, Sahib, and I knew . . . what you know today. But she had other lovers and among them Chalinri."

His tone spoke the word as the point of a sword might thrust. "Do you know of what tribe he is? One of the Gujars, he says, but it is not true. He is from Burma where decoity is practised—on women."

"You mean stealing, as they steal other things?"

But Khanda heard him not. His eyes saw afar.

"He is as low as the least cur in India, deep as the waters are salt, revengeful as an elephant, more cruel than a jackal. *Afsos! Afsos!*"



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So—he, Khanda, had probably killed Chalinri and was preparing a defense. How ungovernable they were, their lives lived in an hour as is many an insect's.

"He did not cease to care for Sanare when she became the Memsahib, but offered her—" he swept his arms wide, "the width of the land if she left you. Sanare laughed at him at first. But while you were away she told him she would never be anything but your Memsahib—your only Memsahib.

"It maddened him. I could not hear all they said, but I knew—the eyes are the words sometimes. I heard him say he would kill you, Sahib, if Sanare did not leave you, kill you by throwing you to the jungle dogs and he would watch them devour you, mouthful by mouthful. I heard him swear it on the ground at her feet, with his naked sword, one stroke down and one across, for the heart and soul. And she promised that she would go—away.

"That night I lay through the hours at her door. I would have killed him, but because she is your Memsahib it is your privilege to do so. Sometime in the night I moved and I knew I had slept. May I live to bear all the curses pariahs can bestow!

"There was no breath from her room and I opened the door. She was gone and I followed. The night was crowded with sun-stars. Outside were her little tracks—straight to the jungle, Sahib. At the edge of the jungle were the wild dogs, fighting each other—there was nothing else to fight over. . . ."

Three years later Lamotte met the Colonel's sister at Delhi. He had forgotten her, but she had not forgotten him. And she was no longer Lucy Grafton but Mrs. Rendall, whose husband was dead.

Colonel Lamotte, he was not a captain now, was one of her oldest friends and certainly one of her best. Had she not known him in the jungle? But he had altered. She said this after she had definitely failed in her efforts to be more than a friend.

He was graver than she remembered and more reserved. A little peculiar, too. His behra said he could not endure the barking of a dog. He had been known to walk half the night if he heard one—in India it was unbelievable. . . . . .

So Rubert Barr finished his story and that night the men of Dunderee slept—or lay awake—without one thought of cholera.

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A COLLEGIAN AND HIS MONEY SOON PART—UNLESS HE BANKS IT

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Who's Who

Curtis Spence is a sophomore. This is his first appearance in the *Archive*. . . . A. Evelyn Newman makes her contribution from the West. She is a professor at Colorado State Teachers College. . . . Virginia Stait needs no introduction to *Archive* readers. . . . John Chapman, a medical student from Texas, is as well known as almost any contributor to the *Archive*. . . . Edward Mylod is a junior at Duke. . . . J. B. Clark is of the class of '33. This is his first appearance in the magazine. . . . W. C. Ogden was a former graduate student at Duke. . . . David Cornell DeJong sent verse to the *Archive* last year from Grand Rapids, Michigan. This year, however, he is pursuing graduate work at Duke—Welcome!

RESURRECTION

(Continued from page 15)

things prefers an unaged vintage.

[*The young man sits down and very speedily writes, and thereafter he peruses with gusto the thing which is formed. And as he reads he places upon his nose other steel blinkers, and very promptly he is like the first old man.*

At this point the two devils fuse into one and the young man who had once been old and the old man who just now had been young set together. And this thing does mightily provoke a very ancient law to operate upon the ground that x^2 *plus* y^2 *is equal to* r^2.]

Young Man II: I marvel, father, at your being in this place. For those so foregathered are they in whose hearts the grapes purple ripely in the summer sun. But you, if ever that pulsing stone had any depth of soil, you have overcropped your heart in which the stubble of an ancient season dessicates to its constituent dust.

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The ARCHIVE

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Who's Who . . . . . EDITOR

Announcement

The ARCHIVE announces a meeting of the entire staff on Friday, December 5th, 7:00. It is important that all members of the editorial, book review, and art departments be present. Meeting will be held at the ARCHIVE Office, 06 basement, Union Building, West Campus.



AUTUMN

Autumn

By Martha Singletary

Flame conquers a brown heap of withered leaves;
    Color eclipses their last lifeless trace;
Deep black of night, and swift sure red of fire
    Struggle and mingle in a mad embrace.
Red, orange, yellow, burning paints anew
    Sad relics of a bare, deserted tree;
One moment reincarnates a past hue
    Before they flare into eternity.

Splendor-vaunting, mocking, taunting,
    Flinging a challenge of glory high
Autumn-haunting, brilliant, flaunting,
    Dying as vivid things should die.

Smoke wraiths are left that weirdly flee before
    The grim and grayer ghosts of cold and dark;
One last warm breath—a dying ember falls,
    And sullen Winter smothers the last spark.

Some Remarks On The Movies

By H. M. Douty

Serious criticism of the American cinema has been noteworthy for its sweeping character. Some years ago a psychologist demonstrated that the average American motion picture was pitched to an eight-year-old mentality level, and immediately the cry arose, from certain quarters, that the estimate was too high. The films have been sneeringly attacked as trash. Acting as an art, say some, does not exist in the cinema. And, claim others, the technical aspects of the films have remained stationary since the pioneer work of Griffith.

In point of fact, these criticisms are valid for the average American film. The really fine pictures that have been produced serve merely to emphasize the inadequacy of the great majority. The screen version of *All Quiet on the Western Front,* for example, indicated that sincere, gripping productions could be made in America. *Hallelujah,* despite certain puerilities in plot and treatment, was a revelation to white audiences of the possibilities of the negro in the cinema. The Russian film, *Potemkin,* and particularly the German production, *Metropolis,* showed how effectively modern machinery and mass life could be used. Again, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,* in itself a pretty but superficial social comedy, marked out ways in which the motion picture could add elements to the stage play while keeping the latter virtually intact. *The Cabinet of Doctor Galigari,* further, displayed the large part that screen settings can have in illustrating mental states. The same may be said of the screen presentation of Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment,* where modernistic views of houses, furniture, streets, etc., reenforced greatly the almost pathologic horror that the film induced.

Advancing a step, it is fairly obvious that, at least theoretically, the cinema has numerous advantages over the stage as an art medium. In the spoken drama, for example, the elements of time and place can vary only within narrow limits; in the movies, on the other hand, time and place can be changed as rapidly and as often as the scenario demands. Another important factor is the illusion of reality that the camera, catching as it does the actual world, can furnish. But until about two

years ago the movies lacked the truly dynamic element of the theatre; namely, the magic of personality. Pantomine and sub-titles were insufficient for a realization of actors as people. A Charlie Chaplin, it is true, could make silence more eloquent than speech, but there were few Chaplins. Words, with their richness of subtlety and suggestion, were needed. Then came the talkies, bringing the spoken word to the cinema. This marked an advance of singular importance. It did not mean the disappearance of the legitimate theatre, as many thought at the time. The stage has charms that the movie can never possess. But the possibilities of the films were vastly enlarged.

In the movie we have, in simple terms, a medium of high potential value. As a means of artistic representation and communication it affords a scope that is denied its sister, the theatre. In a number of films, a few of which we have mentioned, some of its inherent possibilities have been explored. Despite this, the average American motion picture is not worth three whoops. Why?

Two major reasons readily suggest themselves. The nature of the first may perhaps be best indicated by two illustrations. Joan Crawford, a very charming young lady, recently appeared in a film called *Our Blushing Brides,* a sort of revised edition of *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model.* Joan, in the picture, is a model who spends her days exhibiting expensive gowns to plump society women. The handsome and wealthy son of the owner of the establishment desires her without benefit of clergy. Joan, although wishing to leave her drab, work-a-day world, refuses this method of escape. Her two most intimate friends, however, against her advice, trip along the primrose path and obtain richly appointed apartments. But tragedy befalls them. The angel of the one is arrested as a crook; the angel of the second, the brother of Joan's admirer, announces his engagement to another girl although he had promised to marry Joan's friend. The second girl swallows poison, bringing the two brothers to her bedside. The drama of the occasion causes the magnificent Jardene to realize that he has treated Joan shamefully. Therefore, after his several attempts at seduction, he offers to marry her. There is a loving finale, and the girls in the audience, both young and old, wipe away a silent tear.

The scene of the second picture (the title eludes me) is laid in a steel mill. Our hero, under the sinister influences of a man with whiskers,

organizes a strike in the plant. In the course of the strike, he falls in love with the lovely daughter of the mill-owner. With this event his point of view changes, and he discovers that his employer is a benevolent and misunderstood man. He marries the girl, of course, and leaps into the world of the rich. The film closes amid moon-light and roses.

The general content of these two pictures could be duplicated numberless times. Here we find a pattern that is used with monotonous frequency in the making of films. This pattern is ludicrously simple. The hero or heroine is poor. By marriage, by an unsuspected inheritance, or by luck wealth is obtained. Sweethearts are always acquired along with cash. And that is all. Usually lavish scenes are introduced, and what purports to be "society" is shown in intimate detail. The formula is familiar to every one who has poured over Alger books at the age of nine. The hero is bound to rise; Phil the fiddler succeeds; and although he is only a boot-black he owns the hotel and marries the girl at a suitable age.

Fairy tales all. A strike leader doesn't marry the mill owner's daughter in real life, nor does the gown model marry the son of the proprietor of the gown business. Myths all, but myths that are extremely profitable to the makers of films, and for a very definite reason. We live in an acquisitive society, and an acquisitive society delights in the "conspicuous consumption" of goods, to use Veblen's happy phrase. Also, as Veblen further points out, lower classes in the pecuniary scale tend to imitate those above them.[1] And this fact goes far toward explaining the fairy tales that the American films give form to. The underpaid clerk, the exploited factory hand, and the poorly compensated stenographer can live, for brief periods, in that other world that disturbs their dreams. In imagination they can lounge on yachts, sleep in luxurious apartments, and obtain the beautiful girl or the handsome man. They can secure all of the benefits that the lop-sided ideals of our lop-sided society make worth while—as long as the show lasts. And they are made blind to the genuine possibilities that reside in themselves and in their class.

The point is, for the purpose of this paper, that the type of film that we have considered can offer little in the way of artistic achievement. Its plot is set in a mold that varies only in non-essentials. Fine acting can not even relieve the plot, for the characters also are set in

[1] See his *Theory of the Leisure Class.*

molds. Only in the technical details of production is there chance for originality.

The situation probably could not be different at the present time. Big business sets the standards that most of us follow, and the motion picture industry is big. It is natural that it should give expression to the ideas of the circle in which it moves. The cinema, moreover, acts as a powerful educational force upon the masses. It is not surprising, then, that pictures that might expose some of the evils of our way of life simply are not produced. In fact, as far as I know, not one half-way truthful film of proletarian life has been made in America. Upton Sinclair relates that he has received several offers for the film rights to his novel, *The Jungle,* provided that he would consent to have it denatured. *High Treason,* a pacifistic motion picture produced in England, was banned from Pennsylvania and a number of other states. It went against the militarism of our age. In short, the films deal with but limited material. They do not—because of the nature of their origin—deal with life as it is. Fairy tales!

The second major reason for the poverty of the American cinema is our traditional Puritanism. By Puritanism is meant repression in the field of morals. Now Puritanism has had an effect on the films that is ironic in its contradiction, and must make the gods heave Gargantuan chuckles. It is also slightly amusing to earthly beings. What has happened could easily have been predicted by any emancipated person a hundred years ago, provided he could have envisioned the movies. It all came about because people refuse to recognize sex officially. The argument runs something like this: sex is sin; sin is bad; let's not talk about it, especially before the children. We are getting away from this attitude now, but still the most elementary biological facts, like family skeletons, are discreetly hidden.

The disconcerting fact is that sex, like scarlet bones, objects to staying put. The individual may be thoroughly convinced that sex is a weapon of the devil, he may be hedged about by a thousand inhibitions, but sex will out. Instead of playing the beautiful and significant role that it might assume in life, sex has become a rather ugly thing. Thus, the leer, the smutty joke, and the "art" magazines have become part of our national folkways. Sex has magnified itself chiefly because most of us have been educated in such a way that we are incapable of under-

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Ballad of Elephants

By Frances Dickenson Pinder

Bright on the edge of a goblin wood,
Hob-and-nob with the pixies there,
Is the whimsy house of a gossamer mood
With a trumpet-vine for a tricksy stair.

Foxglove steeples and stars for chimes,
A pair of young lovers to wind the clock,
A mad young poet to cobble the rhymes,
And wild bees' honey in a wild gourd crock.

And gay were the folk of the whimsy house,
With never a soul to mind the door,
For never as yet so much as a mouse
Had nibbled the cake or the crowns they wore.

Then when the stars in the steeples were still,
As the poet drowsed and the lovers slept,
An elephant lumbered over the sill
And half way up the green stair crept—

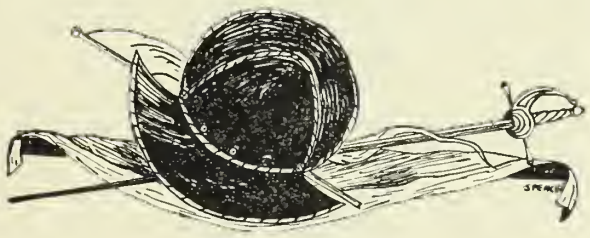
Half way up, and the frail stair swung,
In and out, till the steeples sang—
In and out, as the great beast clung,
While high as the rafters elf-laughter rang.

And the folk of the whimsy house laugh yet
When they see an elephant lumbering by:
Nor lock nor bar to their door is set—
A trumpet-vine keeps the way of the sky!

Epitaph For A Suicide's Tombstone

By Roy E. Buren

O Life,
Thou art a longing for death!
O Time,
Thou great incubator of sighs,
I owned enough of thee
To make complete my misery!
O Breath,
That brings anew the rack of pain;
O Heart,
Why toil you twain?
O Happiness,
Thou blithe deceiver of our fate,
Depart!
Bring back the gods of old:
Bring Thor, bring Zeus,
But harry Venus, Eros
From this sphere,
For gods that know and taste of mortal pangs
Are needed at all seasons of the year.



Introduction for a Sonnet-sequence in the Modern Manner

By Cleanth Brooks, Jr.

I do not write this verse to "eternize"
Your hands and hair—the glamor of your face,
Weaving a pattern intricate as lace,
Of silver syllables, graceful and wise,
With subtle tributes to your lips and eyes—
Each, by the loom, artfully laid in place.
The fabric of my verse is wholly base,
Not even with a warp of brilliant lies.

This verse is but a tawdry recompense,
Indeed, a song of threadbare eloquence.
It lies where moth corrupts—where metals rust.
I write on sand. I trace upon the dust.
My song is made of swift impermanence.
I do not even write because I must.



The Poet's Picnic

By Virginia Taylor McCormick

October blew in on a breeze like a flower's mouth; it was as sweet as it was soft, for all the wild flowers had bloomed anew and the mallows stood about the marshes like rosy saints around a celestial mirror.

"Let's have a picnic" cried the president of the Poet's Club: "let's have it tomorrow, while the days are like those of May and the water is as smooth and calm as if it had not swallowed men and boats only last week, in September's last wild storm."

There was a supreme orchestral chorus of "Let's, oh do let's."

So it came about that six of the poets set forth on a glorious day made for picnics—and poets—, feeling an overwhelming pity for those other poets whom conscience, or some other dread foe, had kept at home or at the official desk.

Now, a characteristic of poets is an unflagging appetite, so food was carefully and thoughtfully planned for; there was enough fried chicken for at least a dozen, with deviled eggs, sandwiches,—cheese, olive and plain ones,—fruit salad and chocolate cake in proportion to the chicken. The boxes and baskets were neatly packed and the picnic a-borning by ten o'clock in the morning. We went by a sandy and,—candour compels me to admit,—rough road, but no one thought of that in the delight of being in all of God's good outdoors and glad sunshine. What poet could remember sundry and varied bumps when her head touched the roof of the car after she had arrived at the mallow-guarded marshes and the flat sandy stretches of beach, patiently submitting to the caressing touch of foamy little waves guiltless of breakers?

We felt very practical this morning and were sure that nothing could go wrong; indeed we were beginning to be quite smug and to feel that poets are a grossly maligned class of people, when Bang! something had happened to our president's Ford tires. "Too bad!" she cried, "we must have a puncture." But it was a more serious thing than a mere puncture; the tire had unaccountably plunged from the rim and rolled gaily into a ditch from which vantage point it seemed to turn up as a

satiric and slightly scornful smile. Nothing daunted we put all the food and the president in Cassandra's car and the rest of us walked the remaining mile or so. The road at this stage of the journey was slippery with black mud and becoming with every hundred yards less like a "regular" road until suddenly as we turned a curve we came upon the car, too calm and still to make us feel that nothing had happened except an uncontrollable desire to sit and contemplate the scenery on the part of Mariana and Cassandra. The road, as a road, had ceased to exist and a deep ditch lay before us, a ditch that might have given pause to Caesar emerging from his winter rest that always is remembered by me in the words of my early Latin lessons as "in hiberna collocare."

Not Caesar's legions were more efficient than the poets in road mending: branches were gathered, large lumps of soft dirt were haled forward by white hands more accustomed to the pen than the pickaxe and behold: the crevasse no longer yawned menacingly ahead. Cassandra, our most modern exponent of free verse, drove with gusto and abandon over the slippery place and we proceeded along our way.

The scene of our destination was beyond reason lovely. A deserted farmhouse that had once imprisoned a witch in the early colonial days graced the landscape, a feature of romance and a spur to imagination. The bars are still upon the windows, though the room has been used for a cozy kitchen through many decades, but the sight of them sent us off upon boundless speculations. A magnolia grandiflora, with its wealth of crimson cones and myriads of waxy leaves, made the shade for our luncheon table (a cloth spread upon the soft green grass) and not even Sancho Panza was more insistent in his query "When do we eat?" than the poets once they had filled their eager eyes with the beauties of sand and water, blue sky and romance!

The sky was bluer than October has a right to hope for, much less experience; the gently flowing inlet was so smooth that one forgot last Sunday's hymn with its full-throated refrain "For those in peril on the sea." We have lived beside the sea and know its hungry maw and the stories of men who go down to it in ships,—and lie there until their bones become coral;—but today the sea was a caressing mother, a laughing lover, a silvery sprite, by turns; there was no peril in her soft long fingers that caught at little spears of marsh grass and let go as if

she were only joking and would not uproot them for worlds. The mocking birds sang as not even nightingales in the cacine at Florence may do, for the "four long notes of the nightingale" which Meredith has recorded for us, expand into the whole octave in the colatura of this favoured singer and he runs his scale as dauntlessly as, and less self-consciously than, the most finished opera singer.

Euphemia is our youngest and prettiest poet. Sometimes I feel that a poet has no right to be so lovely: to look into a quiet pool for a communion with nature and see a face that would have lured Narcissus to his destruction is to make a poem impossible, and even if Euphemia does go about like a poem incarnate she should be about her business of poesy, a thing not possible to such perfect self-satisfaction as must result from a glance at her mirrored face. This way smugness lies, and one cannot be smug and a poet too, can one?

Euphemia was even lovelier than is her wont today; she had left her hat at home, the place for all hats when picnics are the order, and the sun falling upon her soft brown hair as she lay face downwards, burned it to tawny gold and dark copper, such as one sees in the old pots in Dutch kitchens, that peculiarly luscious copper that reminds me of autumn days and ripe russet apples. Euphemia's beauty is as delicate as that of a camellia, as fragrant as star jessamine and as elusive as the mallows, now white, now pink, ranged in their freshly perfect dignity among the slender grasses. One of her charms is the changing phases of her loveliness; at times she will look almost plain; at such moments she regards her Phi Beta Kappa key, dangling from its slim black ribbon, as if bent upon evolving a new reason for the existence of the universe and expecting perhaps to find it in this tiny monument of a great labour. Then suddenly the wistful look will sweep over her face and as some one once said when he had surprised her with this special mood upon her, one wants to eat her as one would a plate of peaches and cream.

Ephemia is only a poet by adoption; sporadically she breaks into verse but usually she is concerned with some new and ever more engrossing fad; mushrooms have claimed her lately and after lunch she announced her intention of looking for new varieties, so with a dainty and alluring basket on her arm, she went,—and I followed, for I can never resist Euphemia; where she goes I am content to companion

beauty on its triumphant way. The basket was not an empty threat; it was a vehicle for the fruits of the chase, the game of the huntress. Green russelas, lovely, glowing red ones and even a pale bluish violet one lay upon the white paper lining the basket, looking too exquisite, and a wee bit too dangerous, to eat; a cloud-like dove grey oyster mushroom was added to the colour scheme and a fragile souchette almost thrust itself into Euphemia's hand as if knowing that she loved it for its beautiful fawn coloured silky covering, but the chicken mushroom, which is the same thing that the French call langue de boeuf, and which she sought meticulously for her adoring husband's dinner, evaded us somehow, helped I think by the pine needles, dried leaves and grasses that the recent storm had blown into circular eddies, as if mindful of the needs of comestible fungi against designing mushroom faddists.

The fairy-like amanitas tempted us to jokes and Euphemia on the spot composed an epitaph to a fanciful lady who had fallen a victim to its charms.

Here lies Margarita
Who ate a mushroom;
It was a deadly amanita
So she lies in her tomb,

caroled Euphemia as we returned to where Viola had fallen asleep, curled up in a spot of sunshine like a Persian kitten. She opened her blue eyes, which had taken the colour from the skies as Euphemia's had from the sea, and yawned happily. Viola is our lazy poet and only the muse is able to rouse her to real activity. She had a lyric to read us, a lyric too perfect for caviling; she had not dreamed it she said; it had come unsought, as all the finer emotions must, remembering a darling figurine of the old Germany; the Germany that was eighteenth century and of a fineness never quite equaled even by the porcelaine de Sevres. Viola is a lyricist; free verse never lures her as it does Euphemia nor engulfs her as it does Cassandra; her poetic voice is pure colatura and if she ever loses her fear of the critics enough to have a book it will be a book of lyrics; they will drop chains of sound as faint and as perfect as the echo of wings or the song of Keat's nightingale fading "past the near meadows, over the still stream."

Meadows and streams are parts of Viola's poetry; all nature has gone to make her beauty a rich exotic thing and her poetry is a reflec-

tion of nature itself distilled through her own loveliness; finer, more rarefied,—pure lyric, as I said before. The picnic had set Viola in her natural frame; magnolia trees and scarlet creepers; a cardinal on a bronzing oak bough, the hum of locusts, the sky's blueness and the deep green of the sea were all Viola's for this day; she will make them into songs, for Viola is a pirate and the blood of buccaneers flows in her veins. The world is her oyster and she is going to open it fearlessly,—but slowly, in a leisurely manner, with that dignity which only lazy people ever acquire. And when she has opened it, still maintaining her dignity, she will eat it with appetite, perhaps a little greedily. Viola loves this world, her oyster, and sees no reason for tasting it lightly and passing on; it is a good oyster and has the fine tang of salt water and the sauce for it all lies in Viola herself,—her piquancy which is part of her birthright and of which she is superbly unconscious.

Viola delights in picnics; the food, the sunshine and the birdsong; all of God's outdoors indeed, but most of all she loves the talk, the heated criticisms of poets and their poems, the condemnation, relentless and uncompromising, of the cliché, the anathema of the banal, the generous praise of the perfect line, the acknowledgment of the flair for the right word in the right place.

Giuletta and Mariana share especially in this love for good talk after good food; Mariana is the president of the Poets' Club, a poet of parts and a gallant friend of all poets. She is above all else the poet of intellect; she has found a healthy philosophy beside her salty river and under her sturdy pine trees and has woven it into her poetry with sharp clear phrases, that are like fine steel bands. . . . The sound of softly flowing waters has taught her melody and the wind in the pines has developed her sense of rhythm; she is as wholesome as her *troupe* of well-nourished children and as clean of heart; she believes in poetry even when the rest of us are most sceptical and always at her very doors nature puts new and untried things for her to make poems about. When the mallows disappear in a night, as is their wont, there remain the pinky-purple wild grasses, with a lovely botanical name that I never remember, about which she may, and does, make a poem. Winter brings her the vision of bare oak boughs, brown and grey, with a few red-bronze leaves always waiting to see the new green ones start, against a sky that is blue or windy-grey, and there are chilly looking

clumps of myrtle or adorable little pine cones like brown babies to tempt her muse. Nature is at once her inspiration and her subject, her phantasy and her philosophy.

Giuletta was a daring child today; a child freed quite suddenly from the restraining conventions. She combines many things, does Giuletta; she is the only one of the poets who knows the meaning of figures. She rescues us from sloughs of despond where we stumble among what look to us like hieroglyphics but to Giuletta are simple numerals, each with a definite meaning, and infinite possible combinations. To an understanding sympathy for her husband's interest in world series baseball games she adds a charming motherliness and her sturdy young son, with fat legs and Giuletta's fair skin, gives her in return the inspiration for delightful lyrics of childhood which remind one of Walter de la Mare and which pass Giuletta unquestioned into the highly esteemed dwelling between the backs of the latest and best anthologies, the Mecca of all poets. Giuletta is really our most versatile poet; she is not bound by prosody at all, but writes essays on a wood stove or a flock of turkeys with impunity and polish or makes plays that are at once delicately fantastic and of prize-winning originality; she evolves from old memories negro spirituals that enthrall our northern friends and she carrols a cradle song that endears her to mothers of babies and lovers of good poetry. Without Giuletta the picnic would have missed much of its Attic salt, even though she had to hurry back to her insistent family and a world series game.

Cassandra is like Euphemia in that she is only sporadically a poet: for the most part she writes stories, for Cassandra is romantic and a short story always offers an excuse for romance. Free verse, which is Cassandra's poetic medium, has many attributes but romanticism is not one of them; and after Cassandra has created a startlingly imagistic vers libre poem, with wild geese flying in a wedge and English members of parliament refusing political appointments in Uganda for a lady's smile, she re-acts immediately through a short story dealing with high romance in Greenwich Village or Fifth Avenue.

Cassandra is the velvety type; her hands and arms are like those of a lovely child, but one always feels that there are sinews of steel beneath the exotic looking flesh and that Cassandra would throttle life if it played her too mean a trick; she is determined to have romance if she

has to be a buccaneer and go out for it. Her greatest gift is a peculiar virginity of mind that enables her to pass over the ugly things of life and not be affected by them. She could read Jurgen and wonder why the censors treated it so cruelly; she might even achieve the end of Ulysses, as one Joyce sees it, but I doubt this. Even Cassandra's virgin mind is not proof against Ulysses, but Cassandra is clever,—she does not assay that which she is unable to achieve: she will look wise when Ulysses is discussed and not speak at all, for Cassandra has another special gift,—the gift of silence.

I suppose it was quite natural for a poets' picnic to end with accident and confusion,—poets are such careless creatures. Cassandra had a head-on collision with the ruthless driver of a Ford and Cassandra's husband, who is, thank heaven, a poet and able to sympathize with such catastrophes, will have a bill from the garage man for a cracked cylinder head, whatever that may be, for I am profoundly ignorant of the secrets of automobile souls and bodies, having driven fearlessly for many years with no desire to penetrate to their innermost regions through the shiny black cover beneath which they hide what they think of poets who are also drivers of cars.

If only poets might picnic every bright day there would be better poetry and less repining; I for one, should not even weep when I remember that a magazine deceived me brutally only last week by suddenly closing its doors and burning its left over and gaily coloured covers in a bonfire, while it passed quietly and unheralded to the hosts of dead and gone journals, owing me fifty dollars, and fifty dollars is a great sum in the world of poets. Candour however compels me to admit that this was not for a poem but for a short story; you see I am jealous of Cassandra and her world of romance, so, like the author of the *Areopagitica,* I stroll over the border line between prose and poetry, though for my happiness alone I should make lyrics, and ever more lyrics, had I the gift divine.

The poets' picnic has made me analytical; I wonder about so many things of which I never thought before, and this is due I think to the fact that a picnic shows people up in their real characters: for example, I never knew until today that Cassandra had the habit of giggling like a school girl. Now I am always prone to giggle over trivialties, but Cassandra has hitherto maintained a dignity of bearing, walking as one

(Continued on page 28)

Esthetes

By James A. Townshend

The cacophonous din
Of wild tumultuous waves
Beating, pounding
With never-ceasing
Strokes
Against the mangled, battered
Rocks
Fills one with awe
And
Almost with reverence.

Peeping shyly
Through
Dark, foreboding
Clouds
The moon
Casts a maudlin, eerie
Halo
Across
The water.

And there we sit:
Two products of modernity
Smoking "Luckies"
And
Swapping
Wisecracks.

BOOK REVIEWS

The South of The Twentieth Century

An American Epoch: Southern Portraiture in the National Picture. By Howard W. Odum. 379 pp. New York: Henry Holt and Co. $3.50.

An American Epoch is a comprehensive and sympathetic survey of the Old and New South. Such attempts as this at exhaustive portraiture of a sectional culture for as long a period as eighty years are rare; but the actual attainment of an accurate interpretation of a complex sectional culture is even rarer. Mr. Odum's study of the Old South and its growth to its present place in the national fabric is a distinctive achievement; and the book will probably go far towards creating in the South a consciousness of conditions of which the South has no right to be proud. But only by means of this awareness and a consequent self-indictment will the South free itself from the partly self-imposed and partly inherited inhibitions which have impeded its past growth.

In interpreting the southern mind, the writer sees the necessity of taking into account the varied cultural currents, the conflicting racial strains, and the forces of dissimilar psychological temperaments—all of which have made up the surface of paradox and complexity which the South has presented to the nation. Naturally, analysis of the South has been difficult, and misunderstandings and misinterpretations have been frequent.

Through the eyes of two men—"Uncle John" and the "Old Major"—of slightly different social positions, but of southern and, in so far as possible, just points of view, Mr. Odum records the story of the social, the educational, and the industrial post-war South. Through the eyes of their descendants, to the fourth generation, he continues the story to the present day.

There have been prevalent ever since the War between the States hundreds of hackneyed generalizations, trivial observations, and unfounded stories which the North has hoarded against the South, and the South against the North; most of these fictions naturally developed during the war, others developed from subsequent prejudice, and many from sheer ignorance of the opposing sections. Now they are looked upon as ridiculous and discreditable.

But the War between the States has had significant influence upon the psychology of the two minds. In the first place it plunged the South into a state of industrial and educational chaos; on the other hand, victory left the North disgusted and,

to a great extent, wholly unsympathetic with the indefinite southern traditions. Under these circumstances, progress in the South has been pitifully slow. It has been growing resentful and stubborn. What are the reasons, it is asked, for this inferiority, this backwardness, this narrow-mindedness, and lack of ambition? The answer is the answer to the riddle of the southern mind. The ignorance (with its prejudices and its false pride) of the great masses, the innate stubbornness of the Southerner, and the inherent tendency of the Southerner for rationalization have been the reasons for the slow progress and provincialism of the South.

Thus, the South, as a new part of a great and hostile nation, has been in travail. Its growth has been painful and slow; even pathetic and tragic; and for some it has been comic—the comic drama of the adjustment and expansion of a people in a new nation which rests upon the strange doctrines of tolerance for all religions and creeds, and of equal rights for the white and black man.

The tedious struggle, Mr. Odum says, has been due to lack of understanding. "If only the South would see itself and laugh! and work! If only it would add to pride humility, to humility humor, to humor zeal, to zeal knowledge. . . . If, too, the North would see itself and laugh and laugh with the South! Or if it would only study the building of culture and understand how civilizations grow!"

In the last chapter in the book—which is particularly well written—Mr. Odum sets the Old South in the national frame. And he sees a fair chance that sometime in the future, with its persistent pride and its vague cultural atmosphere as a background, the South will be a firm basis for a new national and American culture.

An American Epoch is not a literary work. It borders closely on the nature of a text book with its great store of facts and its tedious statistics. And, in a sense, it lacks coherence: at times one is not sure whether it is Uncle John, or the Major, or the writer who is speaking; and again there is no very definite scheme employed in its development. But, all in all, it is a valuable book for reference and a reliable source of information about the complex mind of a complex people.

Ovid W. Pierce, Jr.

Humanism As A Foundation Stone For Criticism

Toward Standards: A Study of the Present Critical Movement in American Letters. By Norman Foerster. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 224 pp. $2.50.

If humanism as "a general idea" endeavors to present a clear and a level-headed conception of the value of the middle ground between the divine and the natural in man, and the romantic and the realistic in literature, as Professor Foerster says that it does, then his new book, *Toward Standards,* is the most lucid and the most coherent, the most "humanistic" exposition and defence of the movement that we

have yet had. His sub-title limits his study to American literature, but the principles involved are universal in their application, and are, in this book, narrowed down only because the author feels that American criticism most of all is in need of the self-imposed restraint implied by humanistic reasoning. Through a synthesis that involves both the Humanism of the Renaissance exemplified by the teachings of Erasmus, and the modern humanism developed by Professor Irving Babbitt, Mr. Foerster considers the present status of traditional critical methods; i.e. impressionism and historicalism. But, unlike Matthew Arnold, he does not make the mistake of being too severe in his conclusion that we are in need of "Standards" in our judgment of literature.

In the preface to his book Professor Foerster states that

> . . . In criticism there are, broadly speaking, three possible points of view. Readers of Matthew Arnold will remember his clear-minded statement, novel in its day, of the three "estimates" used by critics of literature: the personal estimate, the historical estimate, and the real estimate.

The major portion of *Toward Standards* is given over to an analysis of these schools of criticism. Mr. Foerster feels that in the America of the past and the present far too much attention has been paid to the impressionistic and historical methods, and far too little to the "real" (or humanist) method. Because of its romantic reliance on personal feelings induced by circumstances of the moment he condemns "Impressionism," and leans rather toward a historical criticism modified by the right sense of proportion that is supposed to belong to humanism. This "right proportion" is based upon the idea that "literature exists because it has value," not that it has value because it exists. For Mr. Foerster, at least, the function of the critic and the test of his perceptive powers involves the trial by definite standards, derived both from the past and the present, of the enduring qualities that lie within each book brought to judgment. If the given book thus brought under consideration fails to meet this test of humanism, it is not to be admitted into the ranks of pure literature.

Because it is the work of one mind (and not, as was the case of *Humanism and America,* many minds) *Toward Standards* is a far more coherent statement of the place for, and the importance of humanism. Mr. Foerster is more careful than were the authors in his symposium in his organization of facts. He avoids repetition, and even if he does score rather heavily against Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, and Mr. Lewis Mumford, as prophets of the future in American letters, he is somewhat more lenient with journalistic critics like Dr. Canby, and the late Stuart P. Sherman. There is in *Toward Standards* much less of the quotation and re-quotation from Professor Babbitt, a lack that the most ardent followers of humanism can scarcely regret. In a word, Mr. Foerster has succeeded in being earnestly enthusiastic without being dogmatic. He, thus, contrives to convince even the unconverted of the possible worthiness of his cause.

There is appended to the last pages of the book a very valuable and worthwhile reading list of the most important recent books and magazine articles on the subject matter.

THOMAS J. SHAW, JR.

A Humanist Strikes Twelve

After Christianity—What? By Theodore W. Darnell. New York: Brewer and Warren. 310 pp. $2.50.

Theodore W. Darnell's new book *After Christianity—What?* is just off the Brewer and Warren press. The introduction, which is really an integral part of the book itself, is by Harry Elmer Barnes. Darnell and Barnes are two peas in one pod when it comes to their way of thinking and their method of writing. Both are naturalistic humanists of the most extreme type; both are extremely self-sufficient; and both are naïvely dogmatic in their new 'religion.'

Mr. Barnes says that Mr. Darnell's book fills a greater need in the religious field than any other book published in America in a generation. Interesting, if true!—and I think it is true in a sense which Barnes does not quite mean. Darnell has certainly precipitated something more sharply than almost any one else in a generation, and that is a kind of fluid naturalistic skepticism which we have all been feeling in a vague way, but none of us has been able to catch so neatly in a test tube as this author has done it.

Darnell is a clever writer, sharp and trenchant in his style. You have never the slightest doubt what he means; sometimes you wish he were not quite so devastatingly clear. You would at least like to give him the benefit of a doubt. He has a hard, brilliant, metallic style. He is as hard-baked as fine porcelain. But he is as shallow as fine porcelain dishes sometimes are. His philosophy is thin, clear, and utterly lacking in spiritual satisfaction to any one who has known what genuinely Christian experience can mean.

Nothing could exceed the arrogant dogmatism of this book. For example, Barnes writes, "A number of books published in the last decade have completely pulverized both orthodox religion and devout modernism." He compliments Darnell on "escaping the pitfalls of modernism," and on showing plainly that "No man —least of all an uninformed man—of 30 A.D. could possibly tell us much of value for 1930." Darnell, with equal naïveté, makes brilliant use of a smattering of New Testament criticism, reduces Jesus to a well-meaning but ignorant peasant who was guided into a Messianic delusion by the stronger mind of Peter, and blandly assures us that no thinking man today takes seriously a single one of the great doctrines which form the backbone of Christianity.

Darnell stands for "secular" religion, whatever that is. He has no place in his scheme for anything genuinely supernatural and laughs immortality out of court as a kindly but now exploded superstition. And yet in his godless and limited world he wants all the virtues which have been fostered by Jesus and his followers through all the deluded centuries. His religion is, in fact, a kind of Cheshire cat religion: he wants the 'grin,' but he denies the existence of the cat which did the grinning. He is guilty of the most flagrant fallacy of abstraction.

Apparently Darnell, supported by Barnes, imagines himself to be opening the way for a new religion. One suspects that the clever critic of Mr. H. G. Wells might also apply to Darnell the same tag he gave to Wells. "The trouble," he said "is that Mr. Wells has the Messiah complex." But Darnell is certainly not very original. Everything he stands for was stated with better balance by the famous old humanist, Auguste Comte.

The only constructive suggestion in the whole treatise is that we must now bring religion close to our every-day living and cease treating it as something apart, something that belongs distinctively to Sunday and some other world. But every earnest Christian preacher who ever lived believed and preached that.

FRANK S. HICKMAN.

Men In Their Settings

The Street of the Islands. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. Pp. 218. $2.50.

Sketches, such as these, from the hand of a well-known author of stories, are generally received politely but without enthusiasm. When we read a book by a good story-writer, we feel somewhat cheated if we get no story. I more than suspect that we prefer our essays and sketches from the pens of those whom we do not know as story-writers. These sketches by Mr. Stark Young are, perhaps, an exception.

At first glance they may appear to be the stuff from an author's notebook which he is too lazy to use properly or can not somehow work in—the ideas for stories. In this case they strike me as not this at all; rather they represent the exact form in which Mr. Young deliberately chose to present certain moods, scenes, and characters.

Of the eleven sketches six may be accounted stories in the sense that a tale is told; and one, *The Passionate Road,* has a fairly well-defined plot. The other five are character sketches pure and simple. The places are Italy, Spain, Texas, and the South.

Mr. Young's pre-occupation is the moods and emotions of our most secret selves and the aspirations of our hidden hearts. By this thread of interest the sketches, diverse in other respects, are held together. In penetrating into these things Mr. Young does not neglect to give us the time and place of his interesting creations. This last, it seems to me, he does extraordinarily well; his people melt into their background with a sort of eternal fitness of things. It may be that this sort of *locale* is easy to do—patios, cypress trees, moonlight—but I do not think that is all of it.

Mr. Young's style is always a pleasure to read. It is limpid and accurate and reasonable, free from rhetorical artificiality on the one hand and staccato effects on the other. It fits well these sketches, which are sympathetic but dispassionate, poised but not cold.

F. K. Mitchell.

Echoes From The Heroic Age

Son of Minos. By David Cheney. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1930. $2.00.

Son of Minos purports to be a tale of life in the ancient Minoan civilization. Thus, in a Foreword, Burton Rascoe tells us that the book ". . . has an archaeological as well as a story interest. . . ." As little seems known of Minoa, the archaeology, I imagine, must be taken on faith.

The story itself has a pleasing simplicity. Minos-tauros, ruler of Minoa, adopts a prince of Celeboni, of an alien though kindred race, as Minos-son, to sit after him on the throne of the Labyrinth, the palace with a thousand rooms. This arouses the wrath of the mad Lord Archites, brother of Minos, who desires the place for his supposed son, Tictys. The remainder of the book is taken up with the adventures of Minos-son in his conflict with Archites, and with his final conquest of the throne and of Ariadne, daughter of the mad lord. The story has an unsuspected twist which it would be unfair to reveal.

Mr. Cheney writes in a poetic prose, reminiscent of Palmer's translation of the *Odyssey*—without the magic. He even uses Homeric expressions, such as "winged words," and often falls into banalities of which ". . . the Moon Goddess had not yet ridden her silver chariot through the yeasty clouds" is an example.

The book is suited for a winter evening.

H. M. Douty.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF BOOKS RECEIVED

A River Goes With Heaven. By Howell Vines. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 290 pp. $2.00.
The Art of Drinking. By Dexter Mason. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 76 pp. $1.00.
Letters of Henry Adams. Edited by Worthington Ford. New York: Houghton Mifflin. 535 pp. $5.00.
Horace Walpole's England. By A. B. Mason. New York: Houghton Mifflin. $5.00.

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MILLION A DAY—IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

SOME REMARKS ON THE MOVIES

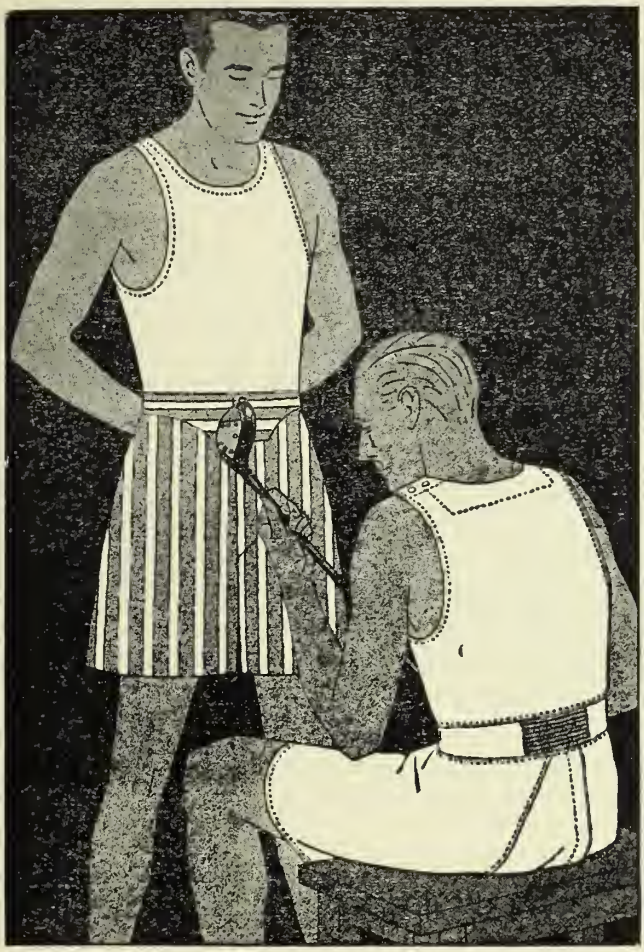
(Continued from page 7)

standing its place and function. Enter the motion picture. In its search for profit, the cinema has capitalized our desire for vicarious sex expression, and has carried the technique of respectable pornography to remarkable heights. How else could such a childish production as *Whoopie* earn dividends if the remarks of Mr. Eddie Cantor did not call forth snickers from the audience—snickers, not laughter. One can safely assume that, aside from Mr. Cantor, the huge number of beautiful-but-dumbs, whose only function was to look both beautiful and dumb, was the second most appealing feature of the film. A vast number of American motion pictures may be called "It" films. They exude sex appeal and nothing else. This advertisement for *Madam Satan* is a masterpiece of its kind: "A mysterious, seductive beauty . . . a night of abandon . . . blazing romance . . . the tremendous climax of a thousand revelers trapped in a zeppelin sweeping toward destruction! What a scene! What a panorama of amazing fashions . . . half-clad beauties for sale . . . flaring passions!" Jingle, jingle sounds the silver on the box-office till as emotionally warped people crowd to view this lurid offering.

Here we find another mold into which films are compressed—the sex mold. Often the mold fuses with the one derivative of social and economic conditions. Two in one. Many films are like that.

Some day, perhaps, the love theme will be treated simply, frankly, and with all of the understanding and sympathy that it deserves. But not yet. Some day life in its varied aspects will be treated frankly. The time is probably distant.

For a considerable period we shall have to content ourselves with the occasional fine picture that comes, by some freak of chance, out of the American Mecca. In the larger cities these may be increased by the addition of foreign productions, although many of these, in parting, leave much to be desired.



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THE POET'S PICNIC

(Continued from page 17)

within a wall of cool reserve; today she giggled at everything, or nothing; at Mariana's Ford touring car that had to be rescued from the dump heap of departed Fords when the sedan betrayed her trust; at the tattooed lady with long hair and no clothes upon the fore-arm of Mariana's butler, who is also the chauffeur, and was until recently a sailor, and most of all she giggled at the idea of eating Euphemia's vari-coloured russulas.

The next revelation came from Mariana; she excels in sonnets and heavy odes and suddenly I was aware of a yearning in her to do sea ballads and songs by Archey for the columns of Don Marquis, and Viola certainly showed for the first time a distinct revolt against her native style, which is introspective—and yes, mortuary.

In turn I am wondering if they discovered that I have a passion for deviled eggs, very mustardy, and a desire to be silent after meals, lying flat on my back, (with a paper under my head to keep marauding bugs, hard black ones, and soft green caterpillars, from creeping into my ears) tracing the delicate lace of the green foliage across the blue unclouded sky.

The thing about which I wondered the most is the future sympatica of the Poets' Club. Will Octavia and Justicia understand the allusions that must pass between Euphemia and Mariana, or Cassandra and Viola? Will they resent any reference that I may make to bluish-purple or glowing crimson russulas when Euphemia is looking wistful or to tattooed ladies when Cassandra is dignified and distant?

Octavia is a survival of the high-Victorian period in her morals and would be an ornament to the Georgian in her moments of inspired obsessions; it is because she is so flamboyantly the "noble spouse" that we have named her Octavia, and I am not at all sure that her wide sympathy with the people in another social scale extends to the limited circle of her own kind, that is her own kind applied to poets! Then, too, Justicia is unmarried and that lays its own inhibition upon her state of mind. It is not really experience that teaches, but the inexperienced still think so, and Justicia writes poems that are so profoundly subjective and so poignantly reminiscent of a broken heart that gallant young poets, also inexperienced, from all parts of this big country, pour

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out their hearts, by mail and carefully rhymed, in tribute to Justicia and her sorrows, so that she might have married at least a dozen in eleven months, without even waiting for Mrs. Grundy to introduce them, had she been so minded, but Justicia likes the aloofness of maidenhood; she may write what she pleases and the world will not wonder if her husband mistreats her, as it does occasionally about another of our group whose muse is frequently sable-clad and red eyed from much sorrowing over imaginary griefs.

I am afraid that Octavia and Justicia will often sit together on a sofa and whisper to each other that the rest of the poets have become very foolish, giggling as they do at nothing and speaking an incomprehensible lingo that includes green and bluish russulas or tattooed ladies and chauffeur-butlers absurdly coupled.

Then there are Gregory and Lorenzo to be considered. Gregory is Cassandra's husband and she, after the manner of poets who are also wives, with carefully applied words of one syllable, may be able to make him understand many things never seriously regarded before the picnic, but Lorenzo is unmarried. Indeed he is in that worst possible state of wanting to be married. It is not an abstract idea with Lorenzo, it is the concrete desire for a very lovely objective. It is really the lovely objective about which, or whom, being American, I worry. Lorenzo is our genius; his flame burns brightly beneath an exterior of deeply blushing shyness and he is let and hindered as are all poets and most geniuses by the needs of life itself, so that he is about the business of a Ph.D. as a possibility and a college professorship as a certainty.

The question I ask myself, and strive desperately for the courage to ask Lorenzo, is this: will the lovely objective, should he attain his desire, trim his wings to the domestic pattern, clipping off all the charming irregularities that are a part of genius? I cannot control this wondering; I have wondered so often if Dante would have been a great poet had he been a satisfied lover. I somehow cannot see him writing the Divine Comedy with Beatrice in lovely disarray, blond braids down her back and her fillet over one ear, brewing mediaeval herbs for a sick baby.

I should hate seeing Lorenzo in the modern environments which are the equivalent for mediaeval commonplaceness. Perhaps he would read the *Saturday Evening Post* while the lovely objective, having become

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the lovely attainment, powdered her really delicious little nose, ran her fingers through her boyish-bobbed hair and with the artlessness, which has the art of many centuries of inherited femininity, announced herself as ready for the movies. This I do know, that were this thing to happen he would lay down the highly tinted weekly and go! And if this much is true I could prophesy the rest; he would write no poetry, but only pot boilers and I feel impelled to arise and fight for his immunity from the commonplace, for genius is rare and there are many lovely objectives and even more strivers for the attainment of the commonplace.

I want Lorenzo untrammeled at least long enough to try his wings and I want his wings untrimmed to the domestic pattern. I want to see him expand at least a little towards the perfection that he suggests and I am not to be convinced that one can write a sonnet, which is at once faultless in technique and touched with the verse and beauty of genius, while the most lovely objective, having become the attainment, scallops tiny flannel petticoats or pasteurizes new milk.

I wish the picnic today had not had to end, but that it might have faded gradually into a realm of mist where each one might have his heart's desire and see his dearest hope fulfilled; that is possible only beyond the hill of dreams, and Euphemia, Lorenzo and many other dear delightful people live there, where all poets should live, and will I believe, when they have gotten away from this mental hazard which we call life.

Who's Who

Wade Adams who contributed art work to the Archive last year makes his initial début to Archive readers this year with the frontispiece . . . H. M. Douty is a junior at Duke. . . . Martha Singletary is the first co-ed to contribute to the Archive this year. . . . Virginia McCormick resides in Norfolk, Va. She is one of our most valuable outside contributors. . . . Cleanth Brooks, Jr. is Rhodes Scholar from Louisiana. . . . Roy E. Buren is pursuing graduate work in Sociology. . . . The author of Esthetes appears under the anonymous name of James L. Townshend. He is a student at Duke. . . . Ovid Pierce holds the position of book review editor of the Archive. . . . Thomas J. Shaw is a graduate student in English. . . . Frank S. Hickman is numbered among the faculty of the School of Religion.

The ARCHIVE

EDITORIAL STAFF: Gerald M. Crona, *Editor;* Elizabeth Williams, *Co-ed Editor;* Ovid Pierce, *Book Review Editor;* Mary Parkhurst, *Correspondence Secretary; Associate Editors:* H. M. Douty, Edward Mylod; *Contributors:* Martha Singletary, Orin Whitehead, Kitty Grigg Evans.

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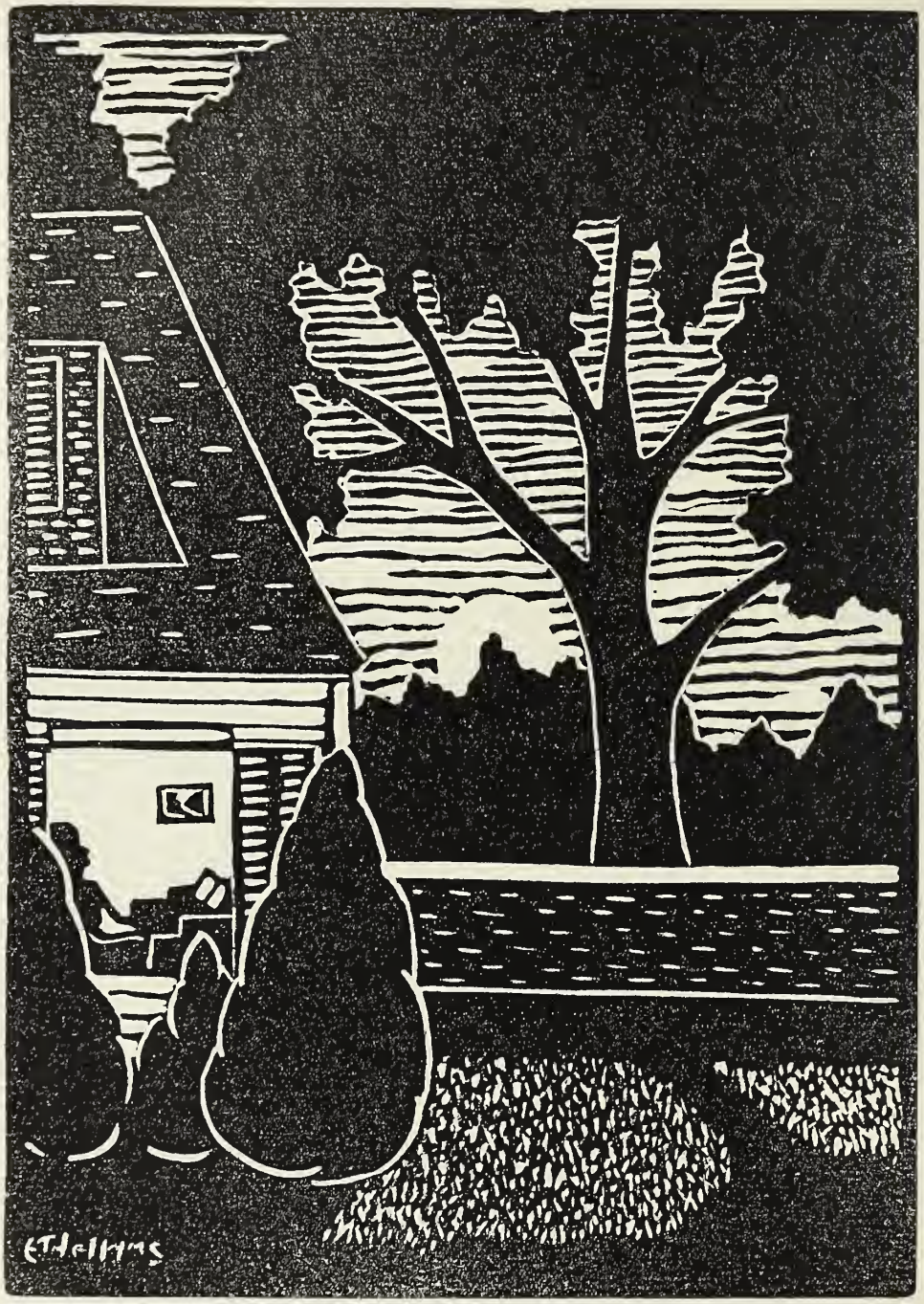
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Who's Who . . . . . EDITOR

Announcement

The ARCHIVE announces a meeting of the entire staff on Friday, January 9th, 7:00. It is important that all members of the editorial, book review, and art departments be present. Meeting will be held at the ARCHIVE Office, 06 basement, Union Building, West Campus.



"At sunset time when purple shadows glide
across the wall."

Mood, by Elsie Williamson Leathers.

Mood

By Elsie Williamson Leathers

At sunset time when purple shadows glide
Across the wall. I want you at my side.

When gold light stains the pallid ivory keys
It is the hour for twilight melodies:

Let me have liquid notes that rise and shake
To shed a stream of splendor as they break. . . .

Let me have running, glancing, madcap thrills
Rippling as laughter's music when it spills. . . .

Let me have plainting, tender little tunes
That nightingales have sung to many moons. . . .

And give me just a lilting Irish strain
To fill my heart with half-remembered pain. . . .

Then sparkling, dancing music for the gay
Glad dryads and the elves! This must you play—

Forget the crashing chords and fine technique,
At sunset there are greater things to seek.

Oh, trace with shining hands upon the keys
The patterns for my soul's rich tapestries.

What Price Patriotism?

By Anna Thompson Winecoff

"Funny thing about folks," remarked Sourdough Bill to the group around the Yukon stove in Harry Hawkins' trading post. "They're always hollerin' about romance bein' dead, an' give them realism in their readin', instid of so much 'mush,' an' yet, when they meets up with downright, stark realism, they shies at it like it was the scurvy an' says, 'What's the matter with the stories in the magazines these days? Life ain't like that.' Well, maybe it ain't, but I've lived in the North a good many years, an' if life ain't pretty much realism, Lord knows what you'd call it!"

It was one of those cold, still nights north of the Circle, when the thermometer hovered around 40 below, and the men in the village had gathered after supper in the trading post to settle the problems of the universe in general. The howl of the malamutes and the swish of the Northern Lights were the only sounds that broke the intense stillness of the winter night.

The men had secured the magazine section of a six months old New York *Sun,* and for lack of anything else to do, were commenting idly on its contents. Some of the men hadn't seen a white woman's face in nearly a year, and their reactions to the pictorial section were rather pitiful. One story in particular, it seemed, had made an impression on them, and Bill's comment had come after a period of meditative silence.

"I've often thought that folks Outside would think we were a bunch of damned liars if we was to tell them some of the most ordinary tragedies up here, an' when you think on them they do seem almost impossible. For instance, Fred, you remember Jim Thompson, don't you? Now who would have expected him to do what he did with all his bringin' up an' fine family? I saw that squaw of his today an' somehow it made my blood boil! She's gettin' worse every day. The Doc at the Mission says she can't hold out much longer. One lung is all gone an' the other mighty nigh it. But, somehow, she still believes Jim'll

come back someday, an' she just keeps on livin'. Realism—hell! If that ain't realism enough for the public then I don't know what they crave!"

Bill was a unique character and, I was to learn, a perfect storehouse of yarns about his beloved North. He had spent so many years of his life in the frozen wastes that the cognomen "Sourdough" had been added to him out of recognition of his long years of residence. As everyone knows, a "sourdough" is one who has seen the breakup of the ice in the Yukon in the spring, and the newcomer is called a "chechako" until he has been initiated into these rites. I was most decidedly a chechako, and it seemed that Bill delighted in telling me hair-raising tales of adventure and romance. I never could figure out whether it was in a spirit of boastful pride in that wonderful land of his, or whether it was to impress on my eastern consciousness that the gunmen of Chicago and New York weren't so much. At any rate, I was new to the North and any story of that wonderful country had a fascination for me that was powerful. The spell of the land had gripped me. Its immensity appalled me; its silences awed me; the simple lives of its men renewed my faith in humanity, and the stories I listened to on such winter nights were more marvelous than Arabian Nights tales. I kept rather a full diary thinking how many evenings I would spend at the club when I got back to New York telling these intriguing tales. This one I have told many times to my friends at the Atheneum, and it is at their urgent request that I give you Sourdough Bill's simple tale of "realism" as I heard it on that January night far north of the Circle.

We'll call the man Jim Thompson, chiefly because that wasn't his name. Jim was a British "younger son." He was of fine noble name and lineage and his father, Lord ————, was one of the greatest peers of the realm. Jim had two older brothers and the chances of his ever succeeding to the title were so slight that when he was graduated from Oxford he set out for Canada to see the Canadian wild-west, and try to earn a livelihood as best he could. Of course, his mother, Lady Alicia, violently opposed the exile, but Jim was firm in his determination to stand on his own feet, and so went out from home to seek his fortune.

Thompson was a fine looking lad, tall and upstanding, with a pair of innocent blue eyes that belied his harum-scarum boyhood. His breeding was impeccable, his tastes fastidious, and women were never

one of his temptations. His conversation was colored with apt quotations from Horace and Homer, and his French was pure Parisian. All this will serve to make his subsequent actions harder to understand. One might expect such actions from a man of another type, but it was the last thing, as Sourdough Bill said, one would expect of him.

He drifted for some weeks around Ontario and Quebec, but his eyes were turned ever to the further west. He drifted to Saskatchewan, then over on the Peace river, to Prince Rupert, and in the course of time to the Yukon. Dawson was past the crest of its wildest excitement, of course, but Thompson decided to try his luck with prospecting. The only trouble was he couldn't save a dollar. He would come to town from the creeks, and in one brief evening at the Northern Lights Saloon squander a month's hard earnings in gold dust on dancehall girls and whisky. He had developed the art of holding more liquor than any man in Dawson and not show it in his manner, except that the drunker he got the more Horace he quoted. A strange man, thought the dancehall women; one call for sympathy or a hard-luck story would bring out the gold dust poke, and it was theirs for the taking. Yet he seemed void of affection and feeling for his fellows. The years had hardened him, and his fastidiousness showed mainly when he was very drunk.

After a few months he decided to try the country down river, and buying a small launch from a man who owed him money, he started out for the lower river. He tarried only briefly in the towns along the river, but hearing of a good fur season up the Porcupine river, he decided to go on a trapline for the winter and see how that suited him.

The fall was coming on and the men were preparing their boats with provisions for the winter ahead, and leaving the village before the water got too low to pole their flat-bottomed crafts upstream. Thompson watched their preparations with interest, and suddenly decided to buy an outfit and map out a trapline for himself.

His first winter was a success, and the life, lonely as it was, suited him. The second year he followed the example of the other trappers and took a squaw with him for company and to help with the traps. He was now about as near the foot of the social ladder as he could get—a squawman without benefit of clergy. He was most particular that the situation be understood by Sarah, his dusky pardner. If the time should ever come when he grew tired of her, or decided to go back

to England—which was most unlikely—she was to go back to her people and he would go his way. His frankness in the situation was the only redeeming thing about it, but after all, you know, the savage doesn't understand the finer points of discrimination.

Sarah was a good Indian as squaws go. She was clean about the cabin and cooking, and was a tireless worker. On days when he didn't feel up to making the rounds she would set out, and by night come in with the catch, skin them, scrape the skins and put them on their boards to dry. She was valuable to Thompson and he knew it. Evenings when the wind whistled outside the cabin, or the Northern Lights swept the sky, he would sit by the fire and tell her tales of England and his noble parents, and even if she didn't understand them she appreciated the comradeship. She cared for him too, strangely enough, and though never demonstrative, she was loyal to him.

The third year a trader came up the river and established a small post near Thompson's cabin, and instead of going down the river for his supplies as was his custom, he bought of the trader. Thus he heard no news of the Outside or of the World War. He did not know that England and her allies had gone to war with Germany, or that his home was broken up. His two older brothers had fallen early in the war, and their loss, coupled with a frail constitution, had killed his father. Thompson was now the only heir to the vast estate and his mother was trying vainly to locate him.

That year misfortune seemed to dog their footsteps. Everything went wrong: The snow came later than usual, due to an extremely mild fall, and that meant the traps could not be as successfully covered from the cunning fox, mink and marten, and there would be a shorter fur season. Then after it did snow a severe cold spell set in and it was hard to make the rounds of the traplines. The catch was not as good as in previous years and the great grey wolves were bolder and hungrier than usual. The only silver fox he caught had been mangled by hungry wolves till the fur was torn and useless.

It was on one of the bitterest days near Christmas that Fate dealt her most savage blow. All day long there had been an air of expectancy about the cabin, and somehow Sarah felt a prescience of impending disaster. She even spoke of it to Jim when he started out that morning, but he laughed and told her he would bring home a silver fox that

night just to show her his luck had to change. That night Thompson failed to return and Sarah set out to find him. For hours she labored through the dark woods, their blackness lightened only by the deep snow and the moon which was nearing its full. Now and then she called his name, but was answered only by the intense silence that only the great Northland knows. It was bitterly cold and her eyelashes were covered with frost and had to be rubbed frequently to keep them from freezing shut. Her lungs hurt and her breath was labored, and still no sight of Jim. Now and then a grey lynx would slink across her trail, or a fox stand still beneath a tamarack tree and watch her pass. Everywhere that ghastly silence. Finally she found Jim weak from exposure and pain, his left foot caught in a big wolf trap and broken above the ankle. A few more minutes and the tale would have been finished. Sarah never knew how she got him home. For six weeks he lay with a broken leg and pneumonia, and it was many more weeks before he was able to be around again. Sarah now had double duty to perform. The traps must be attended to and food must be secured and cooked. Game was scarce and their food dwindled down to flapjacks and tea, and an occasional rabbit.

In the early spring Sarah's baby was born and died. Indian women do not need expert obstetrical care, but the strain of the trapline and the lack of sufficient food had been too much for her. Jim did all he could for her, but even between them they could not prolong the child's life. Sarah grieved silently. To Jim it was a secret relief,—one less tie.

The summer of 1915 found him downriver at the village once more. There he found waiting for him the letters of inquiry the British government had made for him at his mother's request, and the news of the tragedies that had wrecked his home. Now Thompson did the thing that was least expected of him.

His present obligations he did not recognize as such, but the call of the blood was surging in his veins. He must get home and straighten up the estate and offer himself to the service of his country. England needed him; needed every mother's son in the empire to keep her dominions intact. It never dawned on him to hesitate; he made his arrangements quite simply to go home. He engaged his passage without a word to Sarah, and the day before he left he turned over to her

(Continued on page 29)

Peace

By Tom Carriger

The light of the stars falls
    Caressing the shadows
While the world sleeps and is still.

Pale moonlight bathes the walls
    And the delicate spire
Of gothic chapel upon the hill.

A cooling breeze, the breath of roses,
    Gently sways the ancient trees
Where many a drowsy bird reposes.

In a diffused mellow glow the chimes
    Ring out a clear toned blessing
O'er the lake, the hill, and the pines.

The echoes replying
Now slowly are dying
And now from earth are gone.
Sleep on, O world, sleep on.



The Fool At The Door

By Oren Whitehead

The incense burns and all the lights are dim
Within this house of unforgotten song,
And softly whispers he whose stars are wrong
That she is waiting, waiting there for him.
As if, poor fool, a maid so sweet and slim
Does not have many lovers—lovers strong
And handsome, fair of speech, and long
Of limb—not twisted, darkly browed, and grim,
Or wordless in the presence of romance.
He dares to try the door and is aghast
To find it locked; he hears the song, the dance,
The rustling silks—her gown,—then stumbles past
In utter agony lest he shall chance
To see her in another's arms held fast.

Changes

after Carl Sandburg. . . .

By Edward Mylod

Growing up changes everybody.

It changed Shelley. He went wild.

It changed St. Francis. He was no flower in his youth. He used to run around a bit, and then he reformed and started feeding birds.

Edward Bok wrote about himself when he grew up. He came from Holland and edited *The Ladies Home Journal.*

Peg O'Neil used to slop the foam off beer in her father's dive and then she grew up and landed what became a vice-president.

Ninon de Lenclos knew her onions. She was a libertine, and had a chance to make all the big shots of her time. She left Voltaire some kale when she kicked off; he was a kid of twelve.

Cellini wasn't a bad egg in youth although it took a crack on the ear to make him swallow that salamander story, but look at what a bozo he turned out to be.

Look at Casanova and Mrs. Knapp, and look at this guy Rhinelander who married a coon, and Mae West with her lousy sex dramas, and look at Brigham Young trying to get away with all that harem in Utah.

I've been around and seen some things myself. I'm going to show you what growing up's done to some kids I used to pal with.

I

Everyone is wondering how a nice girl like Helen Earle can go around with a fat, lousy drunken bum like Joe Crunch.

When Helen was a little girl she played with the right kind of kids, and her mother dressed her in starched blue dresses with hair ribbons to match.

She never kept herself looking anything but neat and clean and blue-blooded old stock.

Helen shrugs her shoulders and thinks, Well, Joe has money and a car and he spends like a fish and he's a fool too, but she can keep him at his distance.

She still wears swell clothes and does her hair nice. I saw her the other day; she looked pretty keen.

II

Chuck Law got a break on the stock market and cleaned up, what I mean, and then a chorus jane roped him in. She had a gang of boy friends who put her wise to insuring the better half for p-l-e-n-t-y.

One day Sue, that was her name . . . Mona to the public . . . up and beats his head in with a sledge hammer, and then she rolls her lamps at the judge and gets off with insurance and boy friends and mob sympathy.

We used to know Chuck as a mopy guy with glasses. He was a nasty kind of a cuss. I never did like him; he always used to swipe my marbles, but I wouldn't have had all that happen to him for it.

III

Well, there's a gang of others. Slim Watts, guess you all know how he popped his old man off and tried to light him with a torch.

Sadie Adams made a million writing stories for *The Woman's Home Companion* after taking a correspondence course. I saw her picture on an ad; same buck-toothed Sadie; we used to kid her cause her mother made her wear muslin drawers.

To break the tension look at me. I used to be a big timer; now I'm writing this kind of garbage and getting paid for it.

The Business of Book Selling

By Gerald M. Crona

If the Niagara of books that flow from our thousands of presses each year were counted, there is scarcely anyone who would not be thoroughly amazed at the figures. No one can begin to read every volume that is printed, even in the field in which he is most interested. He is therefore, confronted with a serious problem, namely, which books are to be read, and which left unread? Admittedly the reader is at a disadvantage. He cannot answer the question, and so immediately seeks advice from the easiest accessible sources: the journals of review; "book every so often clubs"; "digest" magazines, in which one finds in abbreviated and pre-masticated form all that is seemingly important in the current journals and magazines; anthologies of poetry and short stories; and a wealth of other agencies that seek to guide the reader in his mammoth task of making intelligent choice in his reading.

That the aim and motive of the literary magazines and journals of review are honest, and that their effort to give the proper valuation to contemporary literature is such to be heartily commended goes without saying. But it is with those concerns and agencies that gain an audience through their pages that we here wish to quarrel.

The person interested in keeping himself abreast of the times in his reading goes naturally to the reputable literary journals, but in perusing them he must literally run a gauntlet of vicious advertisements of book concerns that cry at him from every page of the publications. As he turns leisurely through the average literary magazine, he is startled on one page by the ease with which he may become a master of the learning of the past and present by devoting only thirteen minutes a day to the study of specified books. He learns as he innocently devours the choice morsels of well phrased advertising that the actual selection of the books was effected by probably the world's greatest educator; and that the four and a half foot shelf of books is highly endorsed by prominent doctors, eminent lawyers, and were carried to one of the poles by a certain distinguished explorer.

Let us examine some of the statements thus encountered. Granted that the person selecting the books did hold an influential position in one of our best institutions, who is there that will not agree that we could find three or more men in almost any reputable institution of the country who could have made a selection of equal merit? No, the individual chosen for this particular job had a name, but it is feared that the advertising carried on by the company selling their books has done more to give this individual the universal greatness that we now associate with his name than any other one thing. In the case of the exalted laurels that are heaped upon the immortal work, one might ask how did they come about. In nine out of ten cases, they are testimonials that came as a result of free sets of the books that were given for that specific purpose; a little more dignified than the Lydia Pinkham advertisements, but embodying the same patent medicine principle. The most remarkable part of the whole idea is the results that accrue from devoting just thirteen minutes a day to their study. In the words of the copy writer, "The magic of (thirteen) minutes a day." One cannot help but wonder how many years would be consumed in reading the fifty volumes, and how much would be gained in the end from such a "daily dozen" manner of study.

The American reader has in truth become the victim of the book publisher, who does not stop at anything in disposing of his wares. He is hailed on almost every page of any average literary magazine by flagrant advertising, much of which is positively absurd, and still more, grossly exaggerated. Let us take for example an advertisement of a certain publisher that describes a certain book in the following words: "Gorgeous women, gorgeous wines, gorgeous abandon, a gorgeous quarrel, gorgeous tears and never a nasty taste in the mouth. And never a crease in the dress suit——" (If the copy writer had stopped to observe, he would probably have discovered that the book was bound with a gorgeous cover and inclosed in a gorgeous jacket). It will be interesting to note that this advertisement was taken from a journal that also carried a review of the book, which dealt with it much more unfavorably than one would be led to suspect from the above, part of it reading as follows: "———— ———— luxuriates in eighty-five characters, not one of whom is convincingly real." The above advertisement was evidently intended for intelligent readers, but I dare say

there is scarcely any one but the most excitable and superficial who would be led to read a book described in such a primitive and cheaply sentimental manner.

As further evidence of the suave and over-played-up manner in which obscure and very often "popular" books are introduced to the casual reader, we need only glance at the following to perceive how utterly valueless are the words that comprise them when they are boiled down to the meaning they actually convey. "——— ——— by——— ——— Astounding, maddening, but every word is true." Another, "Sweeping the country! Is selling so fast we can hardly keep it in stock." A third, "Like a fresh, purifying invigorating wind—comes this fine, stressful yet spirit-soothing powerful yet gentle book."

Granting that the average advertised book does possess some merit—and it is unquestionable to suppose that there are not many that possess much—their merit is so exaggerated and distorted by a profuse use of scintillating and highly colored adjectives that much of the dignity and fineness of the literary work is lost. The main body of any legitimate literary magazine is devoted to a serious criticism and reflection of the best literature of the time, but the book publisher manages to blaze his books into the minds of its readers, often against the advice of a very competent reviewer. Truly, the average book comes to the attention of the reader much after the fashion of a circus. The reader witnesses a parade of well flavored adjectives, sees on the outside of the sideshow a grossly exaggerated canvas reproduction of what dwells within, and amid a blare of fantastic clippings from prominent newspapers, the publisher through his barker ballyhoos the milling crowds past his stile. On the inside they are treated to what in the majority of cases is little more than a bitter disappointment.

Then there are the "Book of every so often clubs." It is almost pathetic to what extent the American public has allowed itself to be literally led around by the ear by such organizations. The tactics of such an organization are quite familiar. First, one is introduced to a galaxy of "distinguished" authors from both America and abroad. These, the advertisement informs the reader, meet every month to determine the best book to come from the presses of the world for that month. One would be led to believe that a staff composed of members from all sections of the world would find it extremely difficult assembling at the

rate of once a month. However, such a gymnastic performance as this is only one of the many features one has a right to expect from a modern well organized book concern. The interested person if he has taken the trouble to fill in a neat little blank at the bottom of the advertisement soon receives a stereotyped letter, which makes a desperate effort at being personal. In this letter he is made acquainted with the many advantages that are to be had from joining the club. He is informed that "all of this service, thorough-going and valuable though it is, costs you nothing," except that in the next paragraph he is made to understand, "Your only obligation is to support the club by buying at least four books a year," but of course "Most of our subscribers buy many more." Closely following, comes the grand and something-for-nothing climax. If the reader acts at the proper time, he will receive the first book free, and in addition, a complete set of somebody's works. This is the way it is done, and all around one may see people who have enlisted with no thought on their part, but completely sold by that mute but clever salesman, the modern advertisement.

Turn now to the anthologies of poetry and short stories, the prize winning novels of the year, and the digest magazines. There is scarcely no second rate poet who has not edited at least one anthology of verse. In the majority of cases the publishing of such a work is purely a commercial project, in which the editor agrees to publish in his anthology a certain number of poems of almost any author who will agree to pay a stipulated amount for the service, or buy a specific number of the books when they come from the press. Although the short story anthology and collection of the one hundred best short stories of the year are not quite as numerous as the anthologies of verse, they are numerous enough to make one wonder how they sell. As for the prize winning novels that are being brought out each year, it will not be long before there will be one for every day in the year. When the situation reaches this point, the amount of money won by the author will probably determine which books will be read. In considering the modern "digest" magazine it seems only sufficient to say that one should give little credence to their motto "all in a nut-shell." When one reaches the point when he believes any literary work may be reduced to a few paragraphs and still be a true reflection of the man who wrote it, he is making the

(Continued on page 32)

A Dialogue Between Arnold and Lord Cornwallis[1]

Submitted by Nelson M. Blake

A few days past no matter where
The place makes neither here nor there
Arnold and Lord Cornwallis met
And spent the Afternoon in Chat.

(Cornwallis)
Now General Arnold we are alone
Come let us make our Secrets known
Since you are a Man can keep a Charge
I'll tell you my affairs at large
But tell me first the thing that's true
How hath the matter been with you.

(Arnold)
I thank you Sir, for your Lampoon
Take repartee this afternoon
If I was treacherous in my post
I never stold a Negroe Host
Nor ever did I dig a Cave
From Cannon Balls my life to save
Drop all reproach my Lord if you
Would hear from me the thing that's true
When I was chosen first Commander
I thought of none but Alexander
Honour and conquest I desir'd
For nothing else my Soul aspired
To Canada I march'd with pains
And spilt my Blood on Abans Plains[2]
At Saratoga boldly fought[3]
Where Burgoyne was to ruin brought[4]
All bid fair to raise me high
I thought my exaltation nigh

None can deny but I am brave
Nothing venter nothing have
Since I have fled and Britain Join'd
I've been tormented in my mind
Sometimes I am frighted in my Dreams
And Honour vent my hedeous Screams
Three Thousand Guineas are not found
On every bough that bends around
Had Andre's Boot been a little lighter
His punishment would have been the Slighter
But he the Strength of Hemp has tried[5]
And I have got the Golden bribe.

(Cornwallis)

Dear Sir, and were you not afraid
That you should lose your paltry Head
Bold was the enterprize indeed
But Oh! the scheme did not succeed.

(Arnold)

The paper Money depreciated
My pay was low and that I hated
Gold rattled in my Pocket Pretty
And so I learnt the roman Ditty
My Son get money, get large estate
By Honest means, get it at any rate.
Generals like others are but men
And who can justly blame me then
If you my Lord were wholly free
Then cast a weighty stone *at me*[6]
Tis true my Head was in some danger
But to fear was a great Stranger.

(Cornwallis)

I then came to Virginia coast[7]
In hopes that I should rule the roast
I sent great Ison[8] with his crew
To frighten some, the rest Subdue
I ranged the Country all around
And plenty Negroes there I found

'Tis true Negroes Sale was poor
But when I had increased my Store
I Shipp'd them of where they were sold
And turn'd my blackamores[9] into Gold
Butt while I was so busy found
The clouds were gathering all around
The Marquis[10] with gallant train
Came Marching on the Spacious plain
I thought it best for to retreat
Lest they like Burgoyne me defeat
But ah! the Storms came rolling on
The Clouds soon hid the rising Sun
Degrats[11] with all his potent fleet
Had stopt my precipitate retreat
To little Yourk[12] in haste I went
And waited there the dread event
Buskins[13] Militia flocked around
And Frenchmen cover'd all the ground
I summoned all the hopes I had
That lingered in[14] my fainting head
But when I heard the Cutting sound
That Washingtong[15] was on the ground
My hopes at onece gave up the Ghost
And all my appetite was lost
The cunning Fox, the Lion Bold[16]
I knew for me was much too old
His cannon soon began to roar
And Spread distruction at my Door
Fear fell on the Prisoners all around
And with supprize fell on the ground
The Widows shriekes & Orphans cries
And prisoners groans had reached the skies
Vengeance upon my head did beat
Shame was my Drink & Grief my Meat
I thou't of all my Cruelties
Which filled my soul with sad supprize
Death was without & fear within

And guilty Conscience was my sting
My Day was past my end was come
And so I bowed to Washington.
I'm now a prisoner in Disgrace
Just fit to see your brazen face
Your wounded Leg & my blink Eye
Will be our friends when ever we die
And so old Dick, I say good by.
Finis.

This poem was found in an old notebook in the possession of Lucius L. Manry of Courtland, Virginia. The book formerly belonged to William Mahone who was a great-grandfather of Mr. Manry, and a grandfather of General William Mahone of Virginia. It contains notations as early as 1795 which would lead one to believe that this poem was written shortly after the Revolutionary War. The unusual vocabulary, spelling and grammar, and the frequent use of capital letters in the poem would also lead one to this conclusion. The poem appears in handwriting and no clew is given as to the author. It may have been written by William Mahone, but more than likely it was copied from some other source.

The various errors in the poem may be accounted for because of the fact that it has been copied exactly as it appears in the original manuscript. The editorial notes may help to explain certain obscure points.

[1] This poem represents an imaginary conversation between Benedict Arnold (1741-1801), Revolutionary general and traitor, and Lord Charles Cornwallis (1738-1805) English soldier and statesman. The time of the conversation is not stated but obviously it must have occurred shortly after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to Washington at Yorktown on October 19, 1781.

[2] Arnold led a force of men from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Quebec, Canada, through the Maine woods. In the attack on Quebec on December 31, 1775, Arnold was severely wounded. Abans Plains is a contraction for the Plains of Abraham at Quebec.

[3] Arnold fought at the first battle of Saratoga on September 19, 1777, and again at the second battle of Saratoga on October 7, 1777. In the second battle he was seriously wounded.

[4] Burgoyne surrendered to Gates at Saratoga on October 17, 1777.

[5] Early in 1780 Benedict Arnold made overtures to the British to betray to them the fortress of West Point on the Hudson. Major John André was appointed to negotiate with Arnold in this connection. The interview occurred on September 21, but André was captured by three American militiamen on September 23 as he was returning to the British lines. He was sent before a court-martial, condemned to death as a spy, and hanged at Tappan on October 2, 1780. Benedict Arnold escaped to the British lines.

[6] These underlined words are not entirely legible in the original manuscript.

[7] After defeating Greene at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, in 1781, Cornwallis came north to Virginia, and then proceeded east to the coast.

[8] The identity of Ison is obscure but evidently he was an ally of Cornwallis.

[9] This word is also spelled blackamoor and blackemore. It refers to the negro slaves which Cornwallis seized and sold.

[10] Refers, of course, to the Marquis de Lafayette.

[11] Refers to DeGrasse who was in charge of a French fleet in the West Indies. He now came north to the Virginia coast.

[12] Yorktown.

[13] Buskins is apparently a contraction for buckskin.

[14] Here again the underlined words are not entirely legible in the original manuscript.

[15] While the French fleet was guarding the coast of Virginia Washington and Lafayette united in an attack on Cornwallis at Yorktown.

[16] Probably refers to Lafayette and Washington.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Polite, Pleasant, and Superficially Observant"

Horace Walpole's England. By Alfred Bishop Mason. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. 389 pp. $5.00.

The "prince of letter-writers," as Horace Walpole has so often been called, here finds his domain considerably reduced. The 3,400 letters of the bulky Toynbee edition are here represented by less than a thousand short excerpts, presented in the order of composition, with only a very few explanatory notes and with the usual epistolary conventionalities boiled down to a mere statement of time, place, and recipient. At least three other editors in various ways have undertaken one-volume condensations of Walpole, but none has succeeded better than Mr. Mason in keeping himself out of the line of vision. It is a rather deft feat in editorial tact. Horace Walpole, one of the most polite, pleasant, and superficially observant products of a superficial age is to talk about the world he inhabits, and it seems good breeding not to interrupt.



Alfred B. Mason

His life covered eighty years of the 18th Century. His father, the wily, practical Sir Robert, early made him a lifelong provision out of the public funds. All his life he was free to travel, mingle in the best society, and cultivate his hobbies of literature, Gothic architecture, conversation, and letter-writing. He was never married except to dilettantism. He knew most Englishmen of his day worth knowing and he knew about them practically all that was current in literary and court gossip. He writes with the easy poise of the well-bred man to whom all doors are open and with a full, unexuberant enjoyment of life which is somehow not inconsistent with the detachment of an amused spectator. Perhaps it is an illusion caused by the fact that he is a well-bred 18th Century gentleman, but he seems in his letters never to have got close enough to life to be scorched or far enough off to become chilled. Though not a sentimentalist or a moralist (he thought Sterne insipid and tedious and Dr. Johnson absurd, mean, and bombastic) he was generous with his money, whimsically tolerant of his inefficient gardener, sympathetic toward oppressed peoples. If he expected the world to amuse him, his amusement was never mean except for a few not unbearably spiteful personal

judgments. Moreover, he expected to amuse in turn. Hence the letters to his friends, and hence their lasting interest.

Of course he had no intention of leaving to posterity the best contemporary picture of Georgian England. It is only by selection that we get from him such a remarkably vivid impression of the superficial polish of high society, against a background of the general brutality and coarseness of the age. Country squires are hard to distinguish from sirloins—both exude gravy. The famous Gunning beauties are presented at court, and noble lords stand on chairs to stare at them. Fox's opponents in an election roast a fox alive to symbolize what they will do to him. Highwaymen are so common that Walpole is several times robbed and carries a blunderbus for protection. The mob breaks windows indiscriminately and stops and insults the most famous beauties in England. Et cetera, et cetera.

Observing it all, Walpole records his famous bit of philosophy that life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel. It is not quite either to him, apparently. "I am certainly the greatest philosopher in the world, without ever having thought of being so: always employed and never busy, eager about trifles and indifferent to everything else."

NEWMAN I. WHITE.

"1 Part Gin, ½ Part French Vermouth"

The Art of Drinking. By Dexter Mason. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc. 76 pp. $1.00.

Evidently feeling the need for an etiquette book on the right canapé (should it be fish or meat?) to serve with the bottle one has, Dexter Mason has compiled a comprehensive anthology of the most tangible, as well as digestible, recipes for the cocktail and the canapé that travel hand in hand." So with a cocktail consisting of 1 part gin, ½ part French Vermouth, a dash of orange bitters, a dash of Angostura bitters, and a pickled onion in each glass, the most inviting canapé would be: "To a cup of absolutely lean, very finely ground raw steak add six anchovy filets, six capers, the yolk of an egg and a tablespoon of garlic olive-oil. Mash this all together and spread generously on rounds of thin pumpernickle or ryebread." For those of delicate constitution it should be noted that drinking, like everything else in the world, is an art, and, as Mr. Mason points out in his introduction towards the end of the bottle, ". . . the art of drinking is not a lost art. That8sa lot of %hooey, and every bosy that I knoe gill aggre wiyh me. Yoiu cant keep a good think dowm. Whoopfs." This book should be an essential addition to the apartments in town so many students plan yearly to occupy the second semester.

EDWARD MYLOD.

The Severity of Russian Expression

Cynics. By Anatal Marienhoff. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 1930. $2.50.

In this novel of the Russian Revolution, Marienhoff deviates widely from the generally accepted style of such literature. Nothing could be more concisely written, and the absence of any attempt at flowery language, the keenness and brusqueness of expression, and his sardonic sense of humor are among the most noticeable characteristics of this book. The author writes in sharp, finished paragraphs which simply state facts, and seldom does he enter into any description. However, when he does, it is with a brutal straightforwardness and sincerity that is unforgettable. There are times, nevertheless, when he over-steps himself and the result is an expression which is little short of ludicrous. At first sight, it would seem that this novel is entirely devoid of character analysis; the story moves swiftly, jumping around with extraordinary agility, and much of it is not in chronological order. There does not seem to be either time or space for anything except the story itself, yet Marienhoff manages to bring in many little incidents which shed considerable light, ironic and cynical though it may be, on his character. He never elaborates on any subject: he says something and that is all there is to it—he is then off on some other track, leaving the reader to fare as best he can. All this gives an impression of eccentricity which is either extremely refreshing or equally annoying, depending on the personality of the reader.

There is little beauty in "Cynics," but there is bravery, courage and realism, both in the book itself and in its author. Marienhoff refuses to conform to popular taste and writes boldly with an utter disregard for public opinion, thereby commanding admiration for his heroism and sacrifice.

MARY PARKHURST.

A Yale Professor and Four Novelists

Four Contemporary Novelists. By Wilbur L. Cross. New York: The MacMillan Company. 204 pp. $2.00.

Four Contemporary Novelists takes up the development of the English novel where the quintet of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Hardy left it. The four authors and novelists that Dr. Cross has chosen to treat in his latest work, and who in his mind consummate this development are Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett. and John Galsworthy.

The first of the author's biographical essays treats with Joseph Conrad (Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski) who though Polish by birth and French by adoption became the inimitable master of English who made a contribution to our language which will ever stand as an immortal monument to him. Dr. Cross

takes each of the author's works, and endeavors to show how his early background and his later experiences as a seaman in the British Service colored his writings and influenced the growth of the philosophy we find in his many works.

Arnold Bennett, the author of *The Old Wive's Tale, Clayhanger, These Twain, Buried Alive,* and numerous other novels, comes to the attention of the author next. In Bennett we have a product of the industrial world who leaves his habitat that reeks with iron-smelting, coal mining, and manufacturing of earthenware to accept the position of a solicitor's clerk in London, and later to drift into journalism. It was in this field that he was afforded the opportunity of developing his art that later made it possible to depict in novel form the scenes and adventures of his early boyhood.

Galsworthy stands in direct contrast to Bennett. The son of a London solicitor, he was sent to Harrow and on to Oxford, where he took honors in law, with a view to following his father's footsteps. But Galsworthy, though admitted to the bar, soon broke with his profession and consumed a number of years in travel on the continent. Broadened by his travels and questioning the whole range of English social order he settled down to writing. Besides the author of *The Forsyte Saga* and numerous other novels, Galsworthy has written many short stories and plays.

Lastly we have Mr. Wells. Winning a scholarship at the Royal College of Science at South Kensington, he deserted his job at a draper's shop. Living very meagerly, he studied under Huxley, and in time took his B.S. degree at London University with first class honors in zoölogy. Wells' overpowering ambition was to write, and it is a significant fact that he "came to fiction through science instead of the ancient classics or history or philosophy."

Of the four authors treated, Dr. Cross has given more space and seemingly more pains to his study of Conrad, and it is in his treatment of this author that he is perhaps at his best. Even then, the reviewer humbly predicts that this distinguished professor will never be consulted as an authority of any importance on this author. In his treatment of Conrad as well as the other three authors composing the quartet, Dr. Cross has devoted too much space to the life of the author and a kind of hasty reviewing of each of his works instead of an enlightening and comprehensive criticism *in toto* and a proper evaluation of his philosophy and technique.

GERALD M. CRONA.

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MILLION A DAY—IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

An English Novel With A Touch Of English Ribaldry

The Edwardians. By Victoria Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday-Doran and Co. 379 pp. $2.50.

England in the days when its aristocracy first began to realize the overpowering influence of the new order of things—of industrialism and socialism, and to understand the emptiness and shallowness of the complacent, well-ordered routine of life in the ancestral estates of its noblemen in contrast to the world of high adventure which lay beyond the traditional conventions of British society: in short, the Galsworthian England in the crumbling epoch at the end of Victoria's reign is again the theme of a charming, if somewhat idealistic, study of manners in Miss Sackville-West's novel, *The Edwardians.* But the book is certainly not, nor intended to be, a treatise upon English customs and economic changes in the early twentieth century; it is merely a delightful survey of the lives of a delightful people moving graciously in the envied circles of royal society, where the entrance requirements are noble birth and gentle breeding, or the favor of one who has them, where the supreme aim of conduct is to have a good time while yet upholding the standards of class, and where the only restraint is the commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out."

The story itself is trifling. Sebastian, a youthful duke, has a glimpse of a world unknown to his kind through the stories of Antequil, traveler and explorer, and a new comprehension of his own relative unimportance in the general scheme of things through the scorn of that man who, though embittered from his humble life in a fishing village and coming to Chevron to mock at its hollow traditions and ancient mannerisms, in truth finds there the innate fineness of caliber which the cultured, sequestered life of a manor-house breeds. But because the brilliant young aristocrat is too deeply bound to the soil of his fathers (oh, shades of Galsworthy!), he cannot answer the enticing call of the outside world, and throughout the book succeeds in managing his fine estates, in playing poker, attending dances, evading anxious mothers, and running through the customary gamut of love affairs with such a nonchalant attitude as would do credit to any English milord. And, in the end, because he too, senses the futility of his life and the hypocrisy of his people, which is itself as innate as is their ability to enter a drawing-room sensationally, he suddenly breaks away from his "sense of property" to follow Antequil out of London—and into blankness, for there the book closes, and whether he actually went with the explorer in his restless wanderings around the world or returned to Chevron, to the wife of his mother's choice, and to a life of phlegmatic respectability is never known.

The Edwardians does not, however, carry a note of rankling discontent, but it is rather a sympathetic glimpse into the peace of England only slightly, but emo-



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tionally, stirred by the inroads of modernism. Miss Sackville-West conveys this impression remarkably well, for she knows just the experiences and places and people of which she writes. Chevron is only another name for Knole, her ancestral home where she learned well to know the routine and fallacies, the beauties and mysteries of a manor house. Her characters are genuinely portrayed—Sebastian with his dashing restlessness, Viola with her calm search for release, Lucy with her flippant and frantic pleasure in society, and all the Edwardians who pass so appropriately through the halls of Chevron—and well should they be, for Miss Sackville-West says herself in the foreword that none of the characters are wholly fictitious.

Hence one trusts the accuracy of her impressions, and likewise enjoys them for their real poetry of language, for their sentiment of ideas, and for their charm of style. Miss Sackville-West has probably written the last accurate picture of that particular age, for the epoch has passed, England is stabilized, and the genius is not likely to be found which can re-picture its chaotic happenings from history.

MARY HESTON MARTIN.

An Alabama Thoreau

A River Goes With Heaven. By Howell Vines. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 280 pp. $2.00.

Voltaire has said that the passions of man are as the wind in the sails of a boat; and, certainly, in *A River Goes With Heaven,* we see a man, truthfully stripped of all pretense, carried away by his feeling for his native soil and his love for a girl. He is writing under the pressure of his emotions, not stopping to find the most appropriate word, or form a sentence that would be a masterpiece of grammar, but recording the feeling that the sight of a red bird brings, or the tumult that the morning-glory sunset and the song of the katydids rouses, or the lessons of the two warriors, flowing eternally, and always mysteriously beautiful.

He spends a summer in the Alabama woods, conducts a courtship that is the talk of all the "old timers" throughout the county, and converses earnestly and frankly with his old grandfather, a genius of his kind.

Never has a passionate adoration for a strip of earth and a girl been more truthfully or movingly portrayed. In giving himself wholly to his feelings, in which the poetry of the sunset, the flash of the blue bird, the song of the mocking bird, the beech trees, the pines, the curve of the rivers, are strangely mixed with that fire in a man called soul, he verges on the discovery of the "why" of everything. And he bases his life on that conception, as sure of the eternal companionship of nature as of his shadow in the sun.

The old grandfather's views on religion are novelly expressed, and would be an inspiration and a tonic to many.

The book will serve as an antidote to the pessimist, will prove a joy to the nature lover, and certainly contains value for anyone who would study a unique and original style of composition.

ELIZABETH BULLOCK.

Announcements

In May of the coming year, Harpers & Brothers will publish a new anthology of American verse. One hundred of the major colleges and universities of the United States will be represented in this book. The plan is to include two poems from each of these institutions. The poem must not be longer than thirty lines, and the authors must be students at the colleges or universities from which the poems are submitted. Any student of Duke desiring to submit manuscripts for consideration will communicate them to Jessie Rehder, Care of Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.

The New York Public Library writes that the April issue, vol. II, number 9 is needed to complete their files of this magazine. Any person possessing this copy, and wishing to do the New York Public Library a great courtesy will forward it to them at their New York address.

WHAT PRICE PATRIOTISM?

(Continued from page 8)

all he had except the amount needed to take him back to England, and told her kindly but without feeling that he was needed at home. Poor Sarah; she couldn't understand why her man was leaving her. She had been a good squaw and they had always agreed well enough, yet he was leaving her as calmly as if it were on a fishing trip. She said little, her eyes alone betraying her heartache—for even a savage can have a heart-ache—and when his few things were carefully packed she went to the steamer with him and apparently quite unemotionally watched him off; watched until the smoke from the steamer was barely visible on the horizon, then went back to her cabin, lay across the bed and turned her face to the wall.

Meanwhile Thompson's heart sang within him. He was going home. He wondered suddenly if Allison Paige were still single, or perhaps a war-widow. Strange how he remembered the golden glints in her curly hair, and the blue eyes that were so true and candid. Ah, well, when the war was over he could go and find her.

Arrived at home he settled up the affairs of the estate and after a few months joined the army. Of his life in the Yukon he said not

a word; of the woman he left behind he had not a thought. All those years in the North seemed wiped from his memory as though they had never been. Strange how easily men forget! Eighteen months he fought with the British forces in the East; months filled with the horrors of hell; months when the years in the Yukon were but a far-off dream. Once standing in the trenches, in the quiet of the "zero" hour, waiting for the signal to go over the top, he heard a recruit from Saskatchewan whisper hoarsely to his buddie, "It's a hell of a long way from B. C., ain't it Sam? Wish to God this war was over and we could go home!" Suddenly the years rolled back and he too longed to see the salmon leaping in the river and the caribou grazing on the hillside, and the sunshine in that hollow where the silver birches clustered. Suddenly the call came to "go over the top" and only a little later the boy from Saskatchewan found the war was over for him forever.

Wounded at Gallipoli Thompson was decorated for bravery. Again in Palestine he distinguished himself in the field and received more decorations. By this time he was a captain in his Majesty's service and the war was nearing its close. Meanwhile, his mother was growing frailer and the estates needed him, and as soon as he was mustered out he went back home.

The whole countryside welcomed him. He had forgotten that the birds could sing as sweetly, and the scent of new-mown hay was so fragrant, or that there was so much of human kindliness left in the world. To the villagers he was the young master come back, and they knew it would not be long before Lady Alicia would depend utterly on his strength and management.

The affairs of the estate were in a muddled state and it took much time to straighten things out. Months passed in golden procession and in utter content. He rode to the hounds once more and this time the lovely Allison was by his side. More and more the past years slipped from his memory, and if he ever did think of them it was only a flitting memory of how a certain cluster of birch grew in a hollow, or the stillness and quiet of the countryside reminded him of the north.

Allison's eyes were the same blue, her smile the same tenderness, and Thompson's heart found its haven. One crisp day in late autumn they were married and went home with Lady Alicia to live. Two sons have come to them, sturdy youngsters whose laughing chatter fills their

days with happiness. He never speaks of the Yukon, and the content in his wife's eyes deepens as she realizes that his wandering years are over.

Meantime, Sarah, with a faithfulness rare in savage tribes, broods on his memory. Every day for years she has gone to the bank of the river and watched the smoke of an approaching steamer, hoping that Jim will return. Always she is disappointed. A lack of nourishing food and grief have paved the way for tuberculosis, a disease all too common to Indians, and the mission doctor says it will not be long before Sarah will not watch the Yukon, for her days are few.

Never again will the village see Thompson, but it hasn't forgotten him. It wonders if there will ever come a time when he will remember the brown woman in the Yukon and his days be tortured with remorse.

And so, as Sourdough Bill observed, life in the Yukon is pretty much realism—and yet, "Life ain't like that!"—Well, maybe not.

THE END

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THE BUSINESS OF BOOK SELLING

(Continued from page 16)

way clear for a hasty return to almanacs and books of pithy sayings. When the author is to be taken from his work and his shadow substituted instead, it is time for the workers in this phenomena to lay aside their disguise as literary men and assume the garb of gross impostors as they are.

The literary reviews and magazines have become the village doctors to whom the well meaning reader goes for advice. The difference is that the periodicals are allowing much bad advice, in the form of pernicious advertising, to be dispensed through their mediums, which may not terminate with the best of results. In this respect, it seems that huge sums are being spent each year by the American people, to the great emolument of the publishing houses, with the result that, at the end, the reader has accumulated a shelf full of empty bottles, which may still bear the label of genuine "stuff," but whose contents are as insipid and lifeless as diluted milk. There is good advice to be had in every field, and book reading is no exception. If, therefore, the American people would seek this advice from reliable sources, turning a deaf ear to the seducements of glorified advertisements, it would not only result in a vast gain to themselves, but would increase the demand for scholarly advice, and therefore promote a much healthier growth of learning.

Who's Who

Ethel Williams is a freshman at Duke . . . Elsie Williamson Leathers, formerly Elsie Louise Williamson, was a student at Duke last year . . . Anna Thompson Winecoff is doing graduate work at Duke. She was a resident for a number of years of the Alaska of which she writes . . . Oren Whitehead ranks a sophomore . . . Tom Carriger comes to Duke from a small college in Tennessee. He strongly maintains that the poem he contributes to this issue was written with no knowledge of the proposed Duke chapel . . . Edward Mylod is a sophomore at Duke with junior standing . . . Nelson M. Blake is a graduate student at Duke who is working toward his Ph.D. in history. It was in the course of some of his research work in this field that the manuscript he submits to this issue was discovered . . . Dr. N. I. White is a professor of English at Duke . . . Mary Parkhurst, Mary Heston Martin, and Elizabeth Bullock are co-eds at Duke.

The ARCHIVE

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Who's Who . . . . . THE EDITOR



". . . like the sea stirred by startled hours, . . ."

Trinity, by DAVID CORNELL DEJONG.

Trinity

By David Cornell DeJong

Whatever the heart
And its random quivers
Be to the earth, be to it all
No more than grass to rivers,
Or a junco's call
In the vast cup of heaven.
Could it be, can it remain;
Surely, no more than seven
Cracked days in the sober refrain
Of the calm tune of years
To grate on the tenuous ears.

But there remains,
From the lips' first tasting,
Firm as a line
To the stilled brain's wasting,
Firm on the zigzag cross design
Of life's queered rambles
The cooled span of the mind,
Arched over its shambles,
Computed, stretched and designed
To tie the ends of time,
Above each fall, above each climb.

These, and last the soul
Clear like rain on flowers,
Vast like mountains, like the sea
Stirred by the startled hours,
Calm in the wild complexity
Of sages, moons and seasons,
A life span in a beetle's click,
A dove flight over storms of reasons,
There is the soul, too quick
To know the compass of a year,
Too slow to shun the thinnest fear.



The Red-Headed Boy

By Oren Whitehead

Adams stared unbelievingly down into the water, gripping the steel rail under his hand. "Not that way!" he shouted. "Damn it! Grab that limb!"

There was a little red-headed boy down there, who churned the current futilely, ineffectually, as it swept him along. Cursing frantically, Adams tore off his coat and climbed onto the rail. His hand gripped an upright, and he stood there, dazedly, like a man who has suddenly fetched up against an unexpected obstacle. He shouted no more directions to the drowning one.

The child disappeared in the steel-gray water. The man hung onto the bridge and tried to probe the current with his popping eyes. He looked wildly up the road, then down it. His body relaxed, and he hung limply by the hand clutching the upright.

The man dropped off the rail and crept to the center of the bridge, where the width of it hid the racing water from him. He threw furtive glances over the road, the level fields below, the rising hills above. He began walking rapidly.

He was sweating profusely, and the sun was full in his face. His feet dragged through deep dust. But he did not seem to mind. He could walk without thinking, he discovered. The rhythmic pace would silence the accusing voices that were in his brain, waiting for their chance to rend him.

The man came to a house and was met by a little boy.

"What you got for me, Daddy?" the youngster cried, pulling at his coat. Childlike, he had not noticed his father's pale face.

"Huh? What's that, Albert? Oh—no, nothing. Forgot this time. Bring you something tomorrow," Adams answered, groping for his words like a man who speaks in a foreign tongue. The child, who was disturbed by his father's strange voice, noticed his haggard appearance and slunk into the hall wordlessly.

Adams went into the dining room, where his wife was putting supper on the table. He sat down with the others, but he found that he could not eat. The thought of eating nauseated him. His eyes evaded their glances. He answered their direct queries detachedly, guiltily, failing to speak otherwise.

He left the room and climbed the stairs, taking the steps slowly, with the gait of an old man. In his room he sat on his bed for a long time before undressing, staring at a crack in the wall. The crack fascinated him. Strange that he had never noticed it before. Now that he thought of it the crack shaped itself into the profile of a girl. No, it was the outline of a little boy's face! Tilted nose, curving forehead, and all.

To shut out sight of the crack the man clasped his hands over his eyes. After an interval he stood up and undressed.

There was a total absence of night sounds. No birds, no frogs, no insects. The miserable man in the bed would have given all he possessed to hear the hoot of an owl. He lay quietly for an hour. Then he rolled over. He was uncomfortable; the bed clothes irked him so that he threw off all but a light sheet. All through the early part of the night he lay sleepless. The house was quiet as death.

Adams switched on the light and tried to read, but the print blurred before his eyes. He caught himself more than once gazing at the crack in the wall. His imagination filled out the bare outline; gave it a blue eye, a shock of red hair, freckles. The book dropped from the man's hand. He bent over the table where he sat.

I am not to blame, he thought. I am not a murderer. There was nothing I could do to save the child—nothing. Only a fool would have leaped in there. I have my family to think of.

He went back to bed, this time holding a dusty bottle of whiskey. He slept.

He was awakened by his wife's call. He blinked in the bright sunlight. His guilt descended upon him as he wiped the sleep from his eyes.

He forgot to shave, and found that he could eat no breakfast. His body was sore and tortured, as if from physical suffering.

When he entered his office, the clerks stared in amazement at the unshaven, unwashed man. He moved jerkily and mechanically about

the tables and desks, ending at his own cubby-hole, where he sank heavily into a chair. He groped in the drawer for a cigar.

He passed the day gazing apathetically at the distant hills, letting pass unnoticed the whispers of the various employees who expressed their amazement at his strange appearance and his stranger manner.

After closing time Adams sat at his desk until the clock struck five. He left then, forgetting to cover his typewriter, forgetting even to lock the doors. Regardless of the dust, he stepped into the street and plodded down it, glancing neither to right nor left. His face was drawn and pale, and his hands were cold as ice.

As he left the town and neared the bridge his eyes grew wilder. He clenched his fists and spread his hands alternately. An overhanging bush swept his hat into the dust, but he did not stop to retrieve it.

Jaw outthrust, shoulders sagging, he stalked onto the bridge. In the middle he stopped. Muttering and with glassy eyes, he stared down into the current.

* * * *

Two little boys clad in trunks were playing in the smooth water above the bridge. The larger of the two was red-headed. Suddenly he shouted to the other. They ran to a hollow tree, from which the red-head took a coil of rope. He tied one end around his waist, fastening the other end to a tree, and walked out into the midstream. The current swept him off his feet, and he was carried rapidly downstream. There he hung, held by the rope, under the bridge. He shouted and splashed and churned the water around him. Suddenly, however, his shouts turned to screams of fright. Frantically he pulled himself to shore.

Together the two ventured closer to the object that had frightened him.

It was the body of a man, bobbing gruesomely with the current, its foot caught in a growth of canes.

Youth-Complacency

By Roy E. Buren

Old Age, you need not tarry there for me;
I live today with Youth, where I am free.
For in the swirling stream of fleeting Twenty
Is life and joy and sport for me aplenty.
Some say that River Forty, down the mountains,
Pauses to drink the laughing Twenty fountains;

Yet farther on the slower Fifty-five
Moves, oh, so slow it hardly seems alive.
But though the current checked at Sixty-three
Shall seep into the peaceful Unknown Sea,—
Old Age, you need not tarry there for me;
I live today with Youth, so let me be!



Sonnet

By Edward Mylod

There is no end to madness in the mind:
The truth within a shuttered heart must rise;
And if the reason and the sense are blind,
The heart's shut depths will shadow in the eyes.
The maddening hurt, the stifled pain, the fierce
Despair of parting, and the burning thrust
Of hate will cry out in the heart and pierce
The tautness of the mind because it must.

Who lives within his senses kills his aims:
He chokes his grief, he holds his heart in hand,
And, like a child who does not understand,
Gulps down his sorrow, once again he tries
To piece his broken toys, to play his games—
The while the soul lies weeping in the eyes.



The Unknown Quantity

By Paul J. Johnson

Prior to my knowing days, and during that period in which the memory may not be expected to retain the impression, I fear that by some unknown means I received a strange inoculation which has rendered certain of my powers immune to comprehension. That this has happened or that the glands in which a certain branch of learning thrive have been removed, I am quite certain. It is needless to say that I grieve this infirmity. However, given ample opportunity, I think I shall be able to live the rest of my days in perfect peace and contentment in spite of the overwhelming loss I have sustained.

The branch of learning I refer to is that of mathematics. Who is there that has not tasted the bitterness of this weed? Who is there who has not had it gratuitously ladled out to him in the course of his studies, and who, if he questioned the necessity of such erudition in his store of knowledge, has not been reminded that it is one of the noblest of learnings? The individual if he still voices doubt is informed and counter informed of the antiquity of the subject, the intimate part it has played and still performs in the sciences, and lastly, the extraordinary training it imparts to the mind. That mathematical castles have been achieved I do not contend. I acquiesce in all good faith when told that by allowing "x" to equal to some fool thing and "y" to equal to another the distance may be accurately computed from the Earth to Saturn, and I show no signs of amazement when I am told of the many other extraordinary feats that have been accomplished by means of the simple formulas of which this branch of learning is composed. But with all, I have a horror of mathematics and am prompted to run every time I observe the sinister sight of slide rules and books on the subject.

That I could have mastered mathematics had I followed the advice of one of my reverend professors, I have yet to learn. His formula was simple, but with all its simplicity I fear for its adequacy in meet-

ing the demands of my case. He explained it as his practice when learning the subject to climb into the belfry of one of his institution's buildings, and there in the quietness of his retreat pore over his books until he literally bristled with "x's" and "y's." But since my aspirations were not so high, and since I rather preferred to remain on earth than to climb to such exalted heights, I have become a self-styled mathematical failure.

There are many who contend that, like languages, mathematics gives one an excellent opportunity for mental training, and stimulates the practice of regular study. May I not ask, is it not true that any branch of learning affords one this opportunity? Playing of the piano is unexcelled for training the mind in keenness and alertness, and as for regularity of study everyone knows it cannot be mastered otherwise. However, in the modern institution one is not led as a part of his study into a music room, and there instructed in that graceful art. How much more enjoyable it would be in after life, if such were the case. Certainly, it would be much easier to sit down to the piano, and instruct the son in playing a tuneful melody, than by being thoroughly embarrassed by one's failure to work a simple algebra problem.

If I should be questioned as to why I have such an utter dislike for mathematics, I should probably reply with, why does one dislike certain foods? There are certain vegetables which, no matter how choicely prepared, one will spurn when invited to partake of. In like manner, the mind has tastes equally as well developed. It matters very little what the higher institutions regard as wholesome mental nourishment for an individual, he will exert his taste and has a right to. The practice of forcing on one the study of mathematics is totally unfounded, and not at all in sympathy with the principles for which the better universities stand. Since when has it become a tenet of any great educator that one should be compelled to study a subject in which the process is only one of marking time. When one learns only to forget, he is marking time, therefore on what grounds does the principle stand that he should be compelled to pursue the study of a subject whose process is only that?

Let me confess that it was early in my life that I was seized with my peculiar case of mathematical inertia. However, I did not aban-

don my study of this branch of learning until I had been subjected to it for rather a prolonged period. Many a night have I wasted sheet after sheet of paper deliberately setting "y" down in close proximity to "z" with queer marks in between, and ended my futile undertaking with the unknown quantity still unknown. Many a time have I memorized formulas so perfectly that I could almost recite them backwards, and on entering the classroom for an examination, have found myself powerless to use them. A sudden paralysis would develop after which try as desperately as I might, I could not dislodge from my mind a single fact that could be called into use. The hour of the examination would last a day, and, confused at the end to the extent that I could hardly perceive the difference between "x" and "y." I would entertain all manner of vain hopes that I had by some strange means managed to secure a passing grade. The outcome was of course disastrous.

A word now about the modern tendency of mathematics. Strictly speaking, philosophy in the past has always been a branch of learning that has dealt with the abstract, and of recent date it appears that it is going still farther into the cold regions of infinity and coming to ally itself with the arch example of abstraction, mathematics. Or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that the present inclination is towards evolving mathematical formulas which will embrace and solve all the old problems of philosophy, and offer solution to life itself. If modern builders of formulas are successful, there is little doubt but that in the space of a comparatively few years a college education will be little more than a variation of mathematical studies. Let us pray that such will never be the case, for who is there that could long endure a life which was nothing more than the vacillation between algebraic formulas and geometric equations.

Of the character of the mathematicians, a good bit might be said. I have looked into their faces so long during my extended career as a backward mathematics student, and witnessed their abstracted meanderings about the classroom to such length, that I thoroughly believe I can detect one at sight as well as I can spot the tracks of certain animals with which I am familiar. I have very little doubt but that, given the knowledge that an individual is a professor, I can with much accuracy determine whether or not he is a professor of mathematics.

With some exceptions, he is generally sedate in his manner, frozen into a kind of bleakness of spirit, and seldom warms to the more human things in life. There is about him an appearance of stoicism, and an air of resignation and dispassionateness pervades his whole soul, belying that long intimacy with a drab and colorless study. What is there to be gained in after life from the pursuit of such a study unless it is a meager livelihood from its practice. The English scholar is continually in touch with life in all of its variegated forms. He can turn from his study of literature, and thoroughly enjoy an evening's perusal of the history of a people; the musician can revel in an evening with Shakespeare; but imagine either of these individuals sitting down at his desk to an evening's enjoyment with an Algebra book in one hand and a good supply of paper and pencils in the other.

I do not hesitate to admit that this peculiar blindness of perception that I possess as regards mathematics is a personal failing of mine, and, perhaps, a serious one, but who is there that does not possess some failing? I can only voice my utter abomination for this branch of learning, and go contentedly along my way. And in the end, should I reach that destination which I have set, how sweet it will seem to look back along the path I have come, and say, "Alas, I have come the distance, and done so without the aid of mathematics."

The Blasphemer

By J. B. Clark

It is Winter and the night
Of winds and snow
Subdues with eerie might
The lowering sun's last feeble glow.

Winds shrilly howl at the door
Of my lighted room;
Snow falls thicker than before
And casts ill-omened gloom.

* * * * * *

Snow, Snow, Snow,
Eternal snow!
It drives me mad
And makes me bad.
I curse my God—
Blaspheme His sod,
And then—
My head droops low
And darkness comes, so
I must pay the toll
Of sin.

Voices, dismal and weird,
Cry from without in the storm;
And I know they are voices of Things that I feared—
Things in ghastly, hideous form.

Closer, closer, closer,
Coming still closer!
The voices of dead
Swirl in my head;
Insanely I scream
And pitch to the floor,
Then crawl like a beast
To the opening door.
There, I clutch at the air
With never a care
Of what happens to me.
* * * * God! Now I can't see
The Things that are calling,
Their ghoulish steps falling
With ghastly sound
On the snow-covered ground.
Closer, Closer, CLOSER!

My sight, my sight,
Devoid of light,
I curse, I scream, I pray
To the God of unending day,
Until, imprisoned here alone,
I swoon and enter the unknown.

* * * * * *

To my ears comes music sweet—
Symbolical of Him who through
Untiring effort met in defeat
The Champion of Hellish hue.

My eyes, my eyes,
O God, I can see!
No more shall man's lies
Lure me from Thee.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

An Innovation

This issue marks the inception of a new department in THE ARCHIVE. It is the hope of the editor that *Editorial Comment* will become a permanent feature of the journal. We may explain its purpose, with all modesty, in a few sentences.

THE ARCHIVE, as a college literary magazine, has one primary function; namely, to provide a medium for student literary expression. In a significant sense it should, through the poetry, short stories, essays, and plays that it publishes, catch the emotions, feelings, and ideas of the student body that it represents. This it strives to do. The book review section maintains contact with the literary world beyond the campus, and reflects the reactions of student reviewers to at least some of the new books that are being printed. By *Editorial Comment* this contact will, we hope, be extended. By notice of specific matters, and by discussion of wider literary trends, we wish to sharpen the tone of THE ARCHIVE, furnish it with a point of view, and diminish the distance that exists between college and professional literary activity.

* * * * *

A New Duke Publication

We receive with much interest the information that there is shortly to be another magazine to represent Duke in the literary field. With the recent growth of Duke, and the incorporation of the School for Women on the East Campus, that in a way is a separate school unto itself, there are obvious advantages which should accrue from such a step. It is quite apparent that a school composed of about five hundred young women should have a separate and distinct publication as an outlet for its talent. Whereas, the *Chronicle,* the University's

newspaper; the *Chanticleer,* the School's annual publication; and the ARCHIVE, Duke's literary magazine, invite and encourage participation from the girls, there yet remains room for a publication the young women can call their own. Had the need not been sensed this year, and the initiative taken by members of the young women's student body and faculty, it would only have been a matter of a short time before resistance to the idea would have been impossible. In view of the fact that the hopes and plans for such a publication have materialized, those who have had a part in its conception should be commended for their foresight and for their energy in carrying the idea through to completion. It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that the ARCHIVE takes this occasion to congratulate the Women's School of Duke University on their attainment, and to wish the *Distaff* and its editor, Miss Mary Bradsher, much success.

* * * * *

Sinclair Lewis

We should like to express our pleasure, rather belatedly, at the award of the Nobel Prize in literature to Sinclair Lewis. Perhaps there were others more deserving than he; indeed, the rich growth of American literature during the past twenty years has given us novelists, poets, and dramatists of undoubted merit. It may be said with justice, however, that as a social satirist Lewis is unequalled by any contemporary that we could name. And something more substantial than mere satire gives value to his work. He knew Gopher Prairie and Zenith. Unless intimacy with the subject of criticism is possessed, the barbed darts of the satirist resolve themselves into harmless toys made of rubber that return without effect to the hand that threw them. Lewis' darts have not rebounded; on the contrary, they have stung, and, in place of unhesitating acceptance and belief, questioning and doubt have appeared. Others see, with the eyes of the Carol Kennicott of *Main Street,* the average American small town, with its dirty streets, its unattractive buildings, its overwhelming emphasis upon "getting ahead," for the drab, spiritless thing that it is. Gopher Prairie crushed its people before they had a chance to rise. It crippled them spiritually; it stunted them mentally. It forced them into a groove of dull meanness, and denied them the luxury of dreams. And

they, in turn, had a reciprocal effect upon the town. This is what one receives from *Main Street.* In *Babbitt,* with the scene laid in a larger city, the effect is similar. In *Arrowsmith,* with interest centered in the medical profession, a terrible indictment is drawn of the commercial spirit that rules our lives. We have read two other books by Lewis, *Elmer Gantry* and *The Man Who Knew Coolidge,* both of which are vastly inferior to the first three that we mentioned. Sinclair Lewis, to conclude, has cut deeply into a large segment of American life. He has wounded the middle class with his satire. He has interpolated a question mark between the complacency and mediocrity of its existence.

* * * * *

Ogden Nash

In these days when hundreds of volumes of poetry are being written yearly, it is refreshing to encounter such verse as has recently come from the pen of Ogden Nash. Almost unheard of a year ago, this nonsense writer has with no trumpeting in advance burst upon the public in a big way. The old adage that great events cast their shadows before does not apply to Mr. Nash. He is different and therefore it is only appropriate that his appearance on the literary horizon be greeted in a distinctive way. Other humorous poets such as Samuel Hoffenstein, Don Marquis, and Dorothy Parker and droll prose writers as Robert Benchley and John Riddell have won their way into public favor in their own peculiar manner, and now for the moment all eyes turn to the new member of this group.

It is rather early to pass judgment on a writer when the ink of his first book is hardly dry, but an hundred pages of his wit should give one some idea of his merit. Whereas Ogden Nash is exceedingly funny in some of his lines and very thought provoking in others, it is feared that his is just a literary fad that will soon cloy and lose its force. When a poet coins such lines as

"A girl who is bespectacled
Don't even get her nectacled"

one is inclined to laugh slyly, but when the same wit utters words after the fashion of

"Philo Vance
Needs a kick in the pance."

there are not many who are so gratuitous that they could spare a laugh. When an author takes perfectly good English words as "economy" and "America" and concocts such rhymes for them as "Anno Domony" and "esoterica", it appears that he is choosing a rather insecure way to build his art—certainly he is laying himself open to all manner of satirizing. But in all fairness to Mr. Nash, he is original. Whereas in some of his effusions he has chosen rather crude and risky ways of being original, there is much that will please for its cleverness and good sense, and some that will cause a good size laugh.

* * * * *

An Anthology of College Verse

With the exception of occasional collections of verse by students of the same college, anthologies of student verse have been abandoned for the past few years. Harpers and Brothers, New York, is undertaking a *New Anthology of College Verse* which is a comprehensive collection of the best poems by students of colleges in every part of the country, under the editorship of Miss Jessie Rehder and with a critical introduction by Christopher Morley. This is the first undertaking of the sort since Schnittkind's *Poets of the Future* series. If the book is a success, Harpers hopes to establish it as a bi-annual publication. The first edition will be off the press sometime in April: material was selected from 4,200 contributions from almost 300 colleges. Duke University is represented in this volume by two poets whose work is familiar to ARCHIVE readers, Edward Mylod of the Sophomore class, and David DeJong, a graduate student in the department of English. The large umber of contributions submitted is evidence of the wide interest that has been aroused by this new undertaking. The book should gain not only the interest of the colleges throughout the country, but also of the reading public.

Seventy-Five Dollars in Awards

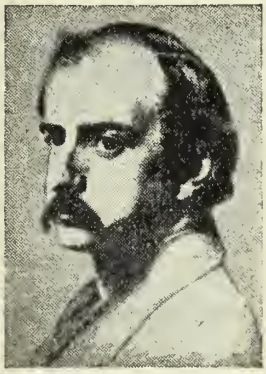
In keeping with the aim of the ARCHIVE to encourage and stimulate writing, we announce three prizes for future contributions. The prizes consist of an award of twenty-five dollars for the best short-story, an award of twenty-five dollars for the best one-act play, and an award of the same amount for the best poem or poems. Competition for these prizes is open only to students of the Undergraduate School. Contributions must be submitted to the ARCHIVE, and must succeed in appearing in the publication in order to be eligible for competition. All contributions submitted will be judged by a committee composed of members of the faculty, administration, and student body. The contest will begin with the February issue of the ARCHIVE, and only those contributions which appear in that and the three subsequent issues will be open for consideration. The awards will be made in May when material for the final issue has been selected.

BOOK REVIEWS

Henry Adams In His Letters

Letters of Henry Adams (1858-1891). Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. vi, 552 pp. $5.00.

Here are over five hundred large pages of the letters of Henry Adams, from his student years in Germany (1858-1860), troubled with "the excessive difficulty of this very repulsive language," to a four weeks' "nightmare" in Paris in the winter of 1891-1892—"In all Paris—literature, theatre, art, people and cuisine—I have not yet seen one healthy new thing. Nothing simple, or simply felt, or healthy; all forced even in its effort to be simple." (This judgment he partly recanted a decade later.) Between lie the one score years and ten which make up the more active part of Adams' life, down to the publication of the final volume of his *History:* the choice of profession (that is, the failure to choose definitely), the strange interlude of two years' teaching history at Harvard, marriage (very little of this, however), intervals of political and the higher journalism, alternations of Washington and Europe. In 1886 there was an excursion to Japan (with John Lafarge), where he was impressed chiefly by the dirt and odors, the too pervasive laughter, and the fairy-book childishness of everything—"All is toy; sometimes . . . repulsive; sometimes laughable. . . . Life is a dream, and in Japan one dreams of the nursery." But he succeeded in drawing a sort of amusement from it. Then three years in America, an eighteen months' trip around the world, and the melancholy conclusion in Paris.



Henry Adams

These are all selected fragments, of course; for about 1885 Adams destroyed his private papers, and from time to time he recalled and destroyed his letters to correspondents. The earlier letters surviving and here printed are mainly to Charles Francis Adams, Jr.; the greater number are to his lifelong friend

Charles Milner Gaskell, M.P.; with a sprinkling later to Henry Cabot Lodge and to John Hay at the close; and to a few others. The editor's hope is that they may make Henry Adams "better and more humanly known than he can be from the detached examination of himself in the 'Education'." The Letters is thus a supplement to the *Education,* partly because it helps to fill the gap of twenty years (between chapters xx and xxi in the autobiography) and partly because it adds intimate "corroborative details" to the somewhat formal narrative of the *Education.* Yet one may really doubt if we learn much that is significantly new. The *Education* is a set-piece of self-analysis and description—an attempted self-apologia, perhaps—but it contains nearly the whole man, frankly, with his peculiar blend of achievement, failure, and disillusion. The *Letters* reveals a little more gaiety than we might have supposed, a gaiety however not successful in expression and perhaps not always genuine. But what we need to complete the portrait is his unpublished *Esther* ("my melancholy little *Esther*"), written in his "heart's blood," unmentioned in the autobiography and mentioned only twice in these letters: once to Hay in 1886, and again to Elizabeth Cameron in 1891—"I care more for one chapter, or any dozen pages of *Esther* than for the whole history, including maps and indexes."

Supplementary items, then, of Henry Adams' special observation of life, of his philosophy of history, the *Letters* affords us, and a little fuller knowledge of his pride and of his humility; and for those who are not solely concerned with Henry Adams and his Education there are many valuable commentaries on the social and political life of both America and Europe in the sixties, seventies, and eighties of the last century.

PAULL F. BAUM.

A First-Novel That Comes Second

Claudia. By Arnold Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 254 pp. $2.50.

The fact that *Claudia* was the first novel written and published by Arnold Zweig will probably come as a great surprise to most readers who are familiar with his first work to reach America, *Sergent Grischa.* It is the greatness of this second novel that has paved the way for *Claudia.*

Although in a wholly different manner, *Claudia* is perhaps equally as great as Mr. Zweig's second novel. The scene is laid in Germany, and has for a background the Germany of art and music. It is the portrait of a modern girl who

has chosen to woo an artist. In his company she moves in a thoroughly cultured and artistic atmosphere all the while failing to perceive the artists' viewpoint of art for art's sake, but in spite of this, eventually marrying the person of her choice. The reader follows her through the story as she questions the justice of leaving her parents to live forever with a person that has casually come into her life; the horror that married life involves; and the gradual adjustment of the great cleavage that only comes after marriage.

One cannot fail to admire the technique of Arnold Zweig. From beginning to end the book is the treatment of situations and intimacies that call for sympathy, understanding and imagination. The author's mastery of language and the vigour and grace with which he writes is probably surpassed by no living author.

GERALD M. CRONA.

Serious "Expression of the Moment"

Fountain of Life. By Havelock Ellis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. 488 pp. $4.00.

Within the traditions of English literature a small section is reserved for the keepers of "Commonplace" books, little notebooks sometimes expanded through the years into thick volumes, in which momentary thoughts and reactions to life and books and men, are preserved. Ben Jonson's *Timber,* and Coleridge's *Anima Poetae* are books of this type. In modern times there have been other notebook-keepers of more or less distinction, but the most successful one appears to be Mr. Havelock Ellis, whose *Fountain of Life* is a record of his own *Impressions and Comments.*

Over a period of eleven years, 1912 to 1923, Mr. Ellis jotted down his scattered comments, publishing them in a series of books, the third and final volume of which appeared in 1924. In *Fountain of Life* these volumes are brought together under one title. Readers who are already familiar with the general spirit that motivates Mr. Ellis's reactions to the world in which he lives will not need to be told over again that his interests are catholic, including the whole panorama of the world. Nature and art, men and books, and sex and beauty, are all component parts of the pattern of life for him. But, unlike the average man, he is able to probe beneath their surface valuations.

A revival of Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Faithful Shepherdess* is an artistic experience for Mr. Ellis, but it is also the occasion for an analysis of the nature of the pastoral, and of its meaning for those of us who happen to be living in the twentieth century. A performance by Gabys Deslys recalls Stella Bianca, whose naked dance was more in accord with aesthetics and the truth of morality. In like manner, the sight of a drunken woman being helped by a young girl of the working class, brings up the problem of the reversal of chivalry between the sexes in the modern world.

There are critics who profess to admire *Impressions and Comments* more than the *Dance of Life*. With these critics I am constrained to disagree. The sum and substance of Ellis's notebooks may be as valuable and as significant as his study of the rhythm behind world forces, but the real difference between the two books is like the gulf between spontaneous and creative art. His note-books make no pretension of being anything other than reactions of the moment set down upon paper at the time of their birth. As such thoughts they have their own value. At the other side of the scales, the *Dance of Life* embodies a definite philosophy and a direct code. In reading the two books it is easy to see that the notebooks, although published after the more finished volume, have but served as foundations for the greater one.

Impressions and Comments was too good a title to throw away. It seems a bit unfair that Mr. Ellis's publishers should attempt to capitalize upon the popularity and merits of one book at the expense of the other. But, as book making, the physical aspect of *Fountain of Life* is pleasing; it is a compact book carrying all of the Ellis notes without bulkiness.

THOMAS J. SHAW, JR.

Hand Book on Willa Cather

Willa Cather. By Rene Rapin. Robert M. McBride & Company: New York. 1930. 115 pp. $1.50.

The eighth of the Modern American Writers series, a critical estimate of the work of Willa Cather is written nicely and with a complete understanding of the subject. The book is slim: comprised of but thirteen chapters, dealing with the background of the writer, the characters and plot of each of her novels: their

development, and the success of the work as fiction and art. The book is appendixed with notes on the text and also a complete bibliography of Willa Cather's books, prefaces written by her, and her contributions to periodicals as well as books and articles written of her. Miss Cather first drew attention in 1913 with the publication of her novel, *O Pioneers!* and has since gained the name and deservedly of America's foremost woman novelist. As an appreciative handbook of Miss Cather's work, the book is admirable.

EDWARD MYLOD.

The Diary of a War Hostess

A Chateau at the Front. By the Marquise de Foucault. Translated by George B. Ives. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 338 pp. $4.00.

There is a quiet courage, a vigorous and intensely human reality about this diary which suggests the qualities displayed by its author in sticking to her post for four years while the tides of battle swirled about her. It is a vivid picture of people and events which extends from a few kilometers behind the trenches into the heart of warring France. But it is a picture in which there is one dominating and very interesting personality, the marquise herself.

Madame la Marquise de Foucault, of an ancient family of Anjou, began this journal on June 25, 1914, a few days after she had moved into her recently acquired chateau of Pronleroy in Picardy. Hardly had she become acquainted with her new home when the murders at Sarajevo precipitated the crisis with which the first few pages of the book deal. Events moved so swiftly that the author soon found herself in the midst of the war zone, and there she remained. When the German invasion pushed forward on its thrust for Paris, Pronleroy was behind the Prussian lines for twenty days. After the Marne the chateau emerged with the French between it and the enemy, but the lines ran close enough to make it definitely a part of the "advanced zone." Not until the battle of Méry-Courcelles, which General Mangin directed from the chateau on August 24, 1918, carried the fighting farther to the east did the sound of firing and the nightly whir of hostile airplanes cease to be a part of the daily life of this home in the midst of desolation.

Of these four years the marquise has set down a daily account that is more than a static record. It is a moving narrative in which the reader feels the war creep up on him and break into the stirring succession of events that crowd each other through the book. There are vague rumors; then the tenseness produced by the "peace mentality" transforming itself into the "war mind," and finally actual conflict, bringing the unending stream of troops to whom the chatelaine opens her chateau. She offers her home and her services to France and is happy only when the government has unwound enough red tape to accept them. When, after two months of waiting, Pronleroy is designated as a billet for troops, her hospitality never seems to be over-taxed by the soldiers who move all sorts of military paraphernalia into her rooms, ransack her pantry shelves and tear up her vegetable garden. There is a tinge of irony in the efforts of this aristocrat to preserve social formality in her entertainment of the officers while shells scream overhead and booms fall in the courtyard.

Brief but vivid personal sketches are scattered throughout the book. Next to the marquise, who has unconsciously written herself into every line, the army officers are the most interesting people one encounters. She developed the art of making them talk about themselves, their experiences and their opinions. She is constantly noting manners of interpreting the war which differ according to the branch of service to which the speaker belongs: dashing confidence in the cavalry officers, solemn obstinacy among the artillerymen. Officers from generals down pass before the reader, but enlisted men seem vague, unreal figures marching by, barely within the writer's vision. There is little insight into the life of the French private.

One is never allowed to forget that the marquise is a royalist. Her leanings constantly color her appraisal of events. She displays patriotism, but it is "for France," not for the government for which she feels distrust and contempt when it flees from Paris to Bordeaux after broadcasting false communiqués claiming victory. Considering this, it is difficult to ascertain just how accurately the diary reflects the general temper of the French people outside the nobility between 1914 and 1918. Obviously, however, it was not intended to be an unadorned register of mass opinion. Its worth lies in its vital human interest and the index which it gives to the attitude of the French aristocracy in a war of the Republic.

EDGAR J. HOCUTT.

A Neglected Poet

Selected Poems of Katherine Lee Bates. Edited by Marion Pelton Guild. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 230 pp. $2.50.

The anthologists have consistently neglected Katharine Lee Bates, which is difficult to explain when we find them constantly including lesser poets in their perennial compendiums of "best," "representative," et cetera. This neglect may be partly traced to that aversion of the later compilers of anthologies, and critics as well, for the slight tincture of religiosity that clouds many an otherwise clear-cut poetic gem of hers. As a result, Miss Bates is known to American readers in general only as the author of the popular patriotic anthem "America the Beautiful" a song inferior to many of her less-known lyrics.

Although her art attained an early maturity of intense lyric beauty, it has never found the sympathy it deserves. Her earlier work was composed in the lean years of America's poetic past, which were survived by only a few major poets; and she has continued to sing in the traditional key of her time, another fact which may account for the lack of recognition accorded her work.

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A COLLEGIAN AND HIS MONEY SOON PART—UNLESS HE BANKS IT

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The present *Selected Poems* will do little to foster Miss Bates' fame, it is to be feared, as it gives no true indication of the poet's greatness. Much of her best work has been omitted, and several manifestly inferior poems are included. This is not to say that the book is wholly undeserving of praise: simply one feels that what might have been a distinctive selection from the works of a distinguished poet turns out to be just another volume of verse, which will be thumbed through, put away, and forgotten. Meanwhile, we who desire a closer acquaintance with Katharine Lee Bates will have to go to the library, where, if we are fortunate, we may find some of her earlier books.

OREN WHITEHEAD.

Who's Who

ETHEL WILLIAMS, a freshman Co-ed, again draws the frontispiece for the ARCHIVE . . . DAVID CORNELL DEJONG is a graduate student in English . . . OREN WHITEHEAD is a sophomore at Duke . . . ROY F. BUREN is a graduate student in Economics . . . EDWARD MYLOD needs no introduction, he has appeared in each issue of the ARCHIVE thus far . . . PAUL J. JOHNSON is a senior at Duke . . . J. B. CLARK came from Henderson, N. C.; he is a sophomore . . . PAULL F. BAUM is a professor of English at Duke . . . EDWARD J. HOCUTT is a senior.

ANNOUNCEMENT

There will be a meeting of the entire staff of the ARCHIVE Monday, February 16, 7:00 P.M., at ARCHIVE office, 06 Union Building.

The ARCHIVE

EDITORIAL STAFF: Gerald M. Crona, *Editor;* Elizabeth Williams, *Co-ed Editor;* Ovid Pierce, *Book Review Editor;* Mary Parkhurst, *Correspondence Secretary; Associate Editors:* H. M. Douty, Edward Mylod; *Contributors:* Martha Singletary, Oren Whitehead, Kitty Grigg Evans.

ART STAFF: Preston Moses, Wade H. Adams, Jr., Curtis Spence, Ethel Williams.

BUSINESS STAFF: *Business Manager,* J. I. Morgan, Jr.; *Co-ed Business Manager,* Elizabeth Caldwell; *Assistant Business Managers,* D. L. Boone, Alfred Williams.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

There will be a meeting of the entire staff Friday, March 20, at 7:00 P. M.—ARCHIVE Office, 06 Union Building.



"Deep in a garden, breezes come and pass:
Sprinkle of scattered phlox and petal-fall;"

—*Sonnet.*
By EDWARD MYLOD.

Sonnet

By Edward Mylod

Deep in a garden, breezes come and pass:
Sprinkle of scattered phlox and petal-fall;
The cool caressing fingers of the grass
Quiver and spread: the startled blossoms sprawl.
Purple grapes and green, and honey pear
Listen to voices silences have stirred;
A trailing current of the sleeping air
Thrills to the sparkling throbbings of a bird.

The breath of beauty cools the burning strain
Of restless seeking, of inert desire
That keeps within its slow consuming fire
The senses crowded and the spirit taut;
And thirsting spirits driven out with pain
May find a peace their craving never sought.

Cracked Portraits With Rusty Gold Frames

By Ovid Williams Pierce, Jr.

The Southerners were on the defensive side during the War Between the States, and has been ever since. It seems to me that the later cultural developments of the section—individual and provincial as they were—were partly due to this defensive attitude which had for so many years prevailed in the South. But of all characterizations of Southerners that have been made, most of them ambiguous in term or implication, "individual" is perhaps most justly applied: that is, individual in the eyes of those born into a different scheme of life—for whom, it is said, the Southerners' way of thinking will never be understandable. This enduring defensive attitude naturally developed in them an adept skill at rationalizing; and rationalizing necessitated a further exercise of defense. Thus, it is, in the present day, that when a Southern question, either social or cultural, is introduced there can be no clear-sighted perception of what issues are really involved. But Southerners, for the most part, have always vaguely felt, and do to the present feel, that they have something to defend.

However, those people of the South who did not learn until they were twenty years old that "God-damned-Yankee" was an epithet of three words are passing; at least they are fewer than they were in 1900, not to mention the contrast with their number in the 1870's. Yet even now, in curtained sitting rooms, there are certain old ladies of pertinacity and musty satin who clandestinely punch out the eyes of Lincoln's pictures in fourth grade history books; and there are others who, with indignant deprecation, turn from the nation's marble memorial to the rugged-faced President. And it was only a little over a generation ago that the spirited schoolboy of the rural South sang with a fine feeling of patriotism:

Jeff Davis rode a white horse,
Lincoln rode a mule;

Jeff Davis was a gentleman,
And Lincoln was a fool.

But these rebels, as some of them like to call themselves, have, in the words of John Crowe Ransom—contributor to the recent book *I'll Take My Stand*—by now become anachronisms. "They cannot be uprooted, but must be plowed around and left to rot in their soil." This high partisan spirit, though, was to be expected in a period immediately following war; at any rate, it has always had its place. I do not think, for that reason, that the post-war hostile spirit of the South is necessarily indicative of any particular hot-headedness, such as has been indiscriminately attributed to the Southerners for the past fifty years. Indeed there has been illiteracy and stagnant conservatism in the South. Such a book as Dr. Howard Odum's *An American Epoch* exposes it authoritatively and simply; but those staunch persons who still experience some indefinable exultation when they contemplate the "glory of the South that was" are more than apt to be those persons who saw for themselves, or heard their own fathers tell of, the desolation and depression of the defeated agrarian section: an aggregate loss of two billion dollars in slaves alone, burnt homes and towns, torn bridges, rusty plows, choked cotton rows, and insulted pride and honor. But this condition of the South was a part of the Southerner's heritage, and with that heritage his task of adaption has been the more slow and difficult. But now, after so long a time, little good can come of an attempt to justify the enimity of the traditionally prejudiced South toward the North.

But evidence of the persistence of this attitude of defense has recently recurred. With renewed vigor Southern writers (for the most part, younger ones) have resumed the task of extolling the glories of the past agrarian civilization and of denouncing the encroachment of industrialism. These well-meant efforts, I believe, have served only to revive again the smoldering flames of controversy; and it is upon these controversialists that the blame should be placed for having prevented a quicker settling of the South into the national frame; rather than that the blame should be laid upon the Southerner's obstinate individualism. Very few people, apparently, have been able to attain a sympathetic appreciation of this sectional culture. And today the reason that the Southerner is not able to determine what his heritage really is lies in

the fact that the significant aspects of his heritage have been obscured by the arguments of the controversialists. This presupposes for the time, of course, that there was a Southern culture that was worth preserving. It is my belief that the Southerners themselves have done a great part to provoke this controversy—with a subsequent exposure of Southern ideals and institutions to ridicule.

Mr. Stringfellow Barr, editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review,* chooses to call the Southerners who confidently look to the past, believing that it alone is good, and who diffidently look to the future, the "traditionalists," "the principal custodians of a tradition which they at least consider valuable," and "the historically minded and therefore skeptical of revolution, industrial and otherwise." The assignation of "traditionalist" to this particular type is, I think, significant; "the term," Mr. Barr adds, "is of course an incriminating one in a nation more willing to purchase the past than to comprehend it." If that is not too severely put, it is a discerning criticism. For, after all, perhaps there has been less comprehension and appreciation of the past than there has been willingness to defend it. These traditionalists are therefore not wrongly placed among those who have delayed national sympathy for the provincial South. This, the traditionalists have done by insisting upon an emphasis on relatively unimportant aspects of the past Southern civilization: the vague and doubtful codes of honor, abstract and dead ideals, and the outworn theory of Jeffersonian democracy. And it is well time for the traditionalists to stop talking about Southern hospitality, Southern chivalry, and the beauty of the old plantation life. Perhaps the most common of all the great store of fallacies that have accumulated is the one of the romantic life of the Old South as portrayed in the Southern romantic novel. Nothing is farther from the truth than the notion that the states below the Mason and Dixon line, before the war, were a land of contiguous cotton and rice fields, of hundreds of Sabine Halls, Montpeliers, Monticellos, and Hermitages, of year-round warm breezes, of tinkling glasses, and of sun-tanned gentlemen who retired in the evenings to library tables laden with brown leather copies of George Eliot, Catullus, and Shakespeare. In that splendid, almost epic, poem of his: *John Brown's Body,* Stephen Vincent Benét has seen the real need of stripping from Southern tradition all glamor and all romance that is false:

Bury the minstrel with the honey mouth,
Bury the broadsword virtues of the clan,
Bury the unmachined, the planters' pride,
The courtesy and the bitter arrogance,
The pistol-hearted horsemen who could ride
Like jolly centaurs under the hot stars.
* * * * * * *
Bury the fiddle-music and the dance,
The sick magnolias of the false romance
And all the chivalry that went to seed
Before its ripening.

In the book previously mentioned, *An American Epoch,* the author propounds counter arguments for a good number of the established myths of the Old South: for every colonaded veranda overlooking the rolling banks of a river, there were ten two-roomed cabins in each of which a family of a dozen lived; and for every planters' son who went to England to school, there were others who did not go to school at all. It is not that the traditionalists are unaware of the "glory that was not the South's"; but it is that in their almost instinctive ardor for defense they have seen only what they have wanted to see. In a way there is something pathetic in the lives of these people; their actual joy in living is derived from the realization that they are standing against heavy odds and that their defense, though eloquent, is vain. Stark Young, in his essay, *Reconstructed But Unregenerate,* adequately explains the persisting patriotism of any defeated people: "I am not sure that one of the deep mysteries, of the great, as it were, natural beauties of the heart, does not lie in one's love for one's own land. If there is a sadness, or old memory, added to this sense, it may become a part of the substance on which the soul makes its tragic journey." The lives of the traditionalists are guided and inspired by those slender men and dark-eyed women who live in cracked portraits with rusty gold frames. The traditionalists believe in this past until it becomes their creed, and for some, religion. It is stimulating and consoling for them, fatigued by the harsh and soulless life of their own day. The glory of the past! The glory of the past!

But unquestionably these traditionalists who are more willing to defend than to comprehend are doing a great part to defeat their own

(Continued on page 28)

Renaissance

By Mary E. Bradsher

Kneeling beside my father in the cool dusk of evening,
I heard his sweet low droning voice
As he spoke words of worship to a kindly Father;
And I thought of peace.
Then dimly in the distance came the sound of rushing waters.
A torrent caught me, hurled me downward, sucked by its violent breath
Until at length I came to lie upon the bottom covered, calm.
In that moment life was gone.
From the darkness rose a picture—
You beside an open fire place, pipe in hand, smoke rings curling upward;
Our bread upon the table, our coffee on the fire; and I
Rocking, book in hand, seeing you in love and in devotion.
My body slipped along the bottom.
O God! I was not dead. Life again?
The brimming flow threw my body upward, belched it forth
To grasp a root upon the bank.
Feeling the outward tide surge past
And the magic whirling of the winds above me in the trees,
I cried aloud in ecstacy
And knew that life! life! life! was vain.
But no regret could tear me from this mad, wild pleasure,
Seeing the womb of earth torn in travail.

Sad-Eyes

By Oren Whitehead

The old man moved on down the street, the serrated wheels of his lawn mower grinding harshly upon the cobblestones. From time to time he paused and squinted over the green surface of one of the lawns, nearly always continuing his labored progress with a slow, hopeless shake of the head. Once or twice he aimed through his yellow and scraggled moustache, squirted tobacco-juice at a silvery steel rail in the street, and grunted vexedly when he missed. He muttered incessantly to himself, sometimes smiling, more often frowning. In his eyes, even when he smiled, was a strange sad cast.



A woman wearing a lace house-cap called to him from her porch and pointed to the narrow strip of grass between the house and the sidewalk. Obediently the mower swerved, clattered over the curbstone, and came to rest on the turf.

"Want yer grass cut, ma'am?"

"Yes. And be sure you trim it good around the edges."

"Yes, ma'am," he promised, "I will."

"When you finish, come around to the kitchen door," she called to him over her broad, hefty back.

For half an hour the old man worked on the strip of grass, striking expertly at the big tough blades with his curved sickle, or laboriously pushing the mower up and down over the smooth part, leaving his footprints in a widening swath of lighter green. The damp grass, thrown back by the whirling blades, stuck to his down-at-heel brogans, and a few drops of perspiration rolled down his yellow, wrinkled cheeks. Some of it got in his eye, causing him to dig his black-lined finger into it and curse in his slow sad tones. Once while he was kneeling with the

sickle his hand struck a stone. He gazed dully at the skinned place, grunted, and cursed again unfeelingly.

All the while Sad-Eyes talked to himself, his lips forming a strange, disconnected flow of jargon: "Broad back, slim belly—good fer a quarter—makes a dollar forty-five—tobaccy, beans—beans, beans, the musical fruit—hell, it takes all I can rake and scrape to buy grub—can't even get no decent rags to wear—Nance always pee-exin' me—yeah, Jim Bailey ought to git more. Ain't he thirty years younger'n me?—nothin' but trash, though—good-lookin' wife. Yup, built like a brick privy—fat-back and corn-bread—the Lord is my shepherd—" He squatted like a dog and surveyed his job. "Reckin I'll charge you thirty-five cents fer that, Miz Broad-back."

He clumped up the driveway to the kitchen door. The woman came out.

"How much you charge?" she asked, staring coldly at him, adding, "You're an awful slow worker."

He hesitated. "Thirty cents."

"I'll give you a quarter—and no more."

"All right, ma'am. Thankin' you."

He left, wiping the sweat from his face with a big red handkerchief, got his mower, and trundled it out into the street.

In the next block a woman was watering a row of nasturtiums from a big green can. He stopped.

"Need yer grass cut today?"

"No. Come around next week."

He sighed. They all said that. Next week he might be in his grave.

Flames in the windows of a building blocks away told Sad-Eyes that the sun was getting very low.

"Time to be gettin' home," he muttered, and steered the mower into a side street. It was paved with asphalt, and the loud clatter of iron on stone ceased. He came to a little unpainted shack, which was covered with signs bearing the admonitions, "Drink Coca-Cola" and "Enjoy the pause that refreshes." Sad-Eyes' face grew momentarily bright with lust as he studied the bathing girl on one of the signs. "Lord, I'm gettin' old, though."

He propped the mower against a post, reached into his coat pocket, and brought out a handful of dirty silver. He went into the store and

bought two pounds of dried beans. "Can't get no tobaccy this time," he said gravely to the store-keeper. "Times is hard."

"Yup, they's hard as hell," agreed the man.

"Times is hard," Sad-Eyes ruminated as he resumed his homeward trek. He had earned a dollar and forty-five cents that day—enough to buy a little meat, some beans, and a few pounds of corn meal, and perhaps a yard or two of cheap goods in which to dress the young-uns. The money would buy grub; the grub would give him strength to earn more money to buy more grub. The cycle confused him. "But they's a promised land comin'," he comforted himself.

The pavement ended, and the mower slid down into the fine dust of the roadway. It rose in clouds in the wake of the wheels and settled on the old man's trousers, giving him a travel-worn appearance. He was almost home now; and, as if in anticipation of the rest that was to follow, his tired body became ever slower in its movement. The smell of the municipal incinerator, where they burned the refuse of the town, came to his nostrils warm and pungent. Years of proximity had invested this odor with a sentimental pleasantness. It was by no means obnoxious.

He saw his tattered young son playing marbles in the dust of the roadside with a ragged, tousle-headed group.

"G'on hom, Ish!" the old man yelled.

He climbed a cinder bank, pulling the heavy mower behind him, and opened a ramshackle door in the side of his red-painted dwelling. He rolled the machine in over a mass of ashes, tin cans, and old rags that cluttered the earthen floor. His feebleness became more apparent when he climbed the rickety outside steps of the house.

His wife was bending over the woodstove frying something when he entered. She straightened up, pushing aside a tangle of dull red hair, and came to him. She was dressed in a dirty, grease-spotted jersey that clung to her formless figure, accentuating its formlessness. To him came the idea that she was infinitely unattractive like this. He thought of the trim housewives for whom he worked, then thrust them from his mind, saying to himself almost fiercely, "She's wuth a *dozen* of 'em."

"Made a dollar forty-five today, Nance. Here it is." He handed her the money, which she counted with clutching fingers. "Oh, I spent a quarter for the beans."

She put the money in a vase and moved back to the stove.

"Supper'll be ready in a minute or two," she said. "Git me some more wood if you ain't too tard."

Nope, he wasn't too tired. He went down the road to a newly dumped heap of trash, and selected a wooden box, which he split with a dull axe. It was damp and mouldy, but it was the best he could find—the neighbors had beaten him to the trash heap tonight.

When he returned supper was ready—on a bare table charred biscuits, fat bacon, and pork and beans. Before eating, Sad-Eyes divested himself of his coat and shoes. In their woolen socks his toes stretched gratefully and grew comfortably cool.

"Where in tarnation's Ish?" he demanded. "Hain't he come in yet?"

"I'll call him."

She went to the door.

"Ish! Oh, Ishmael! Supper's ready! Tell sister to come on, and you better git here yourself, or I'll whup the livers outa you!"

In a moment Ishmael came in, followed by his sister—lanky, leggy, hungry-eyed, and slightly less ragged. The old man and woman had already filled their plates. The children sat down in silence and began to eat. They ate in silence. The old man was too tired to talk. Ishmael and Violet were reserved and self-conscious in the presence of their parents. They ate with the wolfish intentness of creatures who often knew hunger.

Sad-Eyes rose, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, stretched, and reclined in a plush-covered old chair, while Nance cleared the table and the children slunk out. He almost dozed, but a dull ache in his leg kept him awake. It was about time for another spell of rheumatism; more than two months now since the last time. He sighed, not sadly, for it was good to sit there and rest after a hard day's work. The memory of the countless nights he had flung himself there to rest came to him. He tried to compute the amount of labor he had done during his life.

He had provided for himself and a family of eight. Now there were only three of the children left at home—Ishmael, Violet, and Kizzie. Kizzie was the oldest—Kizzie, who worked in a downtown store till all hours of the night. John, the oldest boy—and his father's favorite—had been killed in France. Matt, who was married and had two young-uns, lived in a distant city. His intermittent letters were filled with discontent and hard luck. The other two, Ed and Adam, were truck-drivers and did not live with their parents, preferring to spend their nights at the Flat Rock Hotel in an atmosphere of alcoholism and harlotry.

The old man was worried about Ed and Adam.

"Milt, how about takin' the other cheer. I swear I'm about to drop. Ever' day seems like this housework gets harder 'n' harder." He saw that she had finished clearing the table. The dishes were in a large pan, where they would remain unwashed over night.

Milt gave her his chair and sat on a hard straight one. They did not talk now. In the distance a train whistled. Nance looked at the clock.

"Hit's time to git started, Milt," she said.

"Hell far! You goin' to drag me around to that old camp-meetin'?"

"You promised to go."

"Aw, I know, Hon. But cain't you see I'm literally tard out?"

"Besides, it ain't no camp-meetin'. Hit's a revival. You won't never git another chanct to hear Reverent Potter."

"You take the kids and go on without me."

"Milt," said she determinedly, "You got to go with us. He might do yer rheumatism some good if you'd let him touch it, like he did fer Miz French's milk leg."

The old man gave up and began to pull on his shoes. Nance called Ishmael and Violet into the house.

They started, boy and girl in front, man and woman behind. They were all uncomfortable, being unaccustomed to the neatness and cleanliness which they felt was obligatory for churchgoers.

They crossed the railway tracks and joined a man and woman also bound for the evangelist's tabernacle. The group at last reached the long low pine building, scene of many a soul-saving. As Sad-Eyes

started in, his wife tugged at his sleeve, and whispered, "Git rid of that tobaccy, Milt. Hit ain't decent to chew in church."

"All right, Nance," he acquiesced, removing it.

He blinked in the bright lights, and felt the skin of his face grow hard and hot. He was unspeakably awed in the presence of these hundreds in their best clothes. He wanted to sit in the most secluded corner.

They took seats on the front row, however, where Milt's ears burned at the thought of so many people behind, staring at the frayed collar of his old brown coat. He took final stock of the surroundings—the pine walls, the hard wooden benches crowded with people, the clean, sawdust-covered floor. He breathed in sanctity. In front was a raised wooden platform, on which were several chairs and a table with a tumbler and a pitcher of water upon it. At the left was the choir-loft, in which the members of the choir were seating themselves.

Every one was looking towards the center aisle. There came down it a strange procession—three men, one of them extraordinarily short and fat, and a woman. Milt would have laughed had he been anywhere else, for they were a queer looking quartet. They gained the platform, where they all sat down, except one of the men, who faced the audience with a benevolent smile and a raised palm for silence.

When finally the house whispered itself out, he announced a hymn. The woman went to the piano and mauled out a few bars; then the song started, a vast rythmic cacophony. Sad-Eyes compressed his lips shyly, until he heard his wife's cracked soprano shrilling beside him, when he shakily tried his voice. The rythm took hold in him; he forgot himself and fairly roared. The hymn came to an end.

The fat man spoke without rising:

"Let's have another one, folks. Show your spirit. Let Jehovah know you're here tonight."

They sang again.

Testimonials were given by sinners who had been cured by faith of various afflictions. It appeared to Sad-Eyes that the fat man was a magician who could drive out any ill by touching the sufferer. He was half-determined to see if his rheumatism could not be cured.

A certain frenzy began to develop. A great love of God had its birth in the soul of Sad-Eyes. The pleasant birth-pains pricked themselves up and down his spine. "Praise God," he said to himself. He

repeated it endlessly. His face grew flushed and his pulse beat faster. A woman in the rear sprang up and shouted in a queer shrill monotone.

Sad-Eyes heard the short fat man announce his sermon. He took for his text "Multiply and be fruitful." For a long time he preached, running the length of the platform time and again, stamping, shouting.

"It's my duty, your duty, everyone's duty to be parents! (Sad-Eyes thought joyfully that he had done his duty.) And darn good ones, friends. The gracious Father of us all has seen fit to bless me with a pair of bright-eyed toddlers; and I say unto you that if I were to die this minute, knowing they were well provided for, my soul would be filled with a vast contentment. For I know that I have given my Father two lives in exchange for my poor one. What more can any man do?

"But just to beget and provide for them is not your only duty, my friends. No, not by a long sight. You've got to implant in them Christian ideals, the teachings of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. You've got to watch over them night and day until it comes their time to go out into the wide world. And even then your duty is not performed. Sacrifice—what a *glo*-rious word!—is your lot and your blessing. You got to be prepared to sacrifice everything for them—for the little mites you've brought into the world. And not only while they're little, but always . . . always."

The lengthy sermon ended. Then, while the choir sang, the evangelist called upon all the sinners in this vast multitude to come to Jesus. Sad-Eyes rose and walked to the platform and was among the first to be converted. He was filled with ardor, like a young lover; he felt rejuvenated.

Sad-Eyes and his family came out into the cool night air.

Suddenly Nance pulled at his sleeve.

"Milt, there's Kizzie! What's she doin' here?"

The girl came to them breathlessly, her face very white.

"Mamma! Paw—" she cried brokenly.

"What is it, Kizzie? Ye're pale as a ghost, child!"

"Somethin' terrible's happened, Mamma!" she gasped.

"What *is* it, Kizzie?" cried the old man.

"I runned all the way to tell you—Adam and Ed's both in jail—fer *killin'* a man!"

(Continued on page 29)

Southern Prophecy

By Roy E. Buren



Only black men hoeing cotton,
Glad for the sinking sun—
Long shadows measuring long furrows
As another night's rest is won.



Only factory whistles
Piercing the early morn,
Yet this is the future of children
And their children's children unborn.



Tonight I feveredly walk
After we say Goodbye.
The Moon would turn into blood
Should this story die.

The Small Things

By Harriet Fraser

There are lands for plowing, there are fields for sowing,
And young green things that must be kept growing;
There are fires to be laid and books to be read,
And things to be written and things to be said;
There are countless small routine jobs that must be done
Between the rising and the setting of the sun.
These things are all that keep me here alive;
For getting up at four in the morning to drive
A pair of bays through a field all day
Helps to keep the queer thoughts and bitter thoughts away;
Keeps me from thinking of eyes and mouth and hair,
From hearing footsteps, and no footsteps there.
And chopping cordwood and tilling the ground
Keeps the mind from straying to a stone-headed mound.

Damned

By Tom Carriges

This barren land
Has snarled the hand
And blown the light of the soul
Of many a hopeless man.

This fruitless sand,
These stumps of trees
Are within his command
And he is their chained slave.

Fountains of hope
Are twilight skies,
And filled with promise
Are the days' good-byes
Which a pine framed moon
Shows true—and we forget the grave.

Not so for this poor shrunken man
He seeks the helpless jingle of an old cow bell
Knowing in a dull half gladdened way—it is his knell
Blot out the lights of heaven
Wrap the moon in cloud
Only blackness has he known
The night must be his shroud.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Simplicity in Literature

We enjoyed a suggestive essay by Mr. Isidor Schneider in the midwinter book number of the *Nation* (Feb. 18, 1931). The essay was entitled "The Fetish of Simplicity," and dealt with the modern over-emphasis upon simplicity as a mark of literary excellence. Mr. Schneider's remarks were aimed chiefly at the hard-boiled Hemingway brigade, but he noted also that other "schools" were not guiltless of affecting the simple. The chief problem that Mr. Schneider considered was that of conversation. Should rhetoric be kicked scornfully out of the window? Can the reproduction of colloquial speech adequately convey the feelings and emotions of characters; is it even desirable that characters should have emotions? Mr. Schneider contends that neglect of emotion leads to unbalanced characterization, and that stark colloquial conversation is not enough. For when people talk their remarks, however poor, their vocabularies are often rich in expression, in various degrees of emotional intensity. This is due to changing tonal qualities of the voice, and to facial and bodily movements. To represent these on paper, bare words alone are not sufficient; the author must utilize literary tricks of divers kinds. The subterfuges of rhetoric must be employed. Despite the genuine force of *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms,* this conclusion seems sound.

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"Debunking" Continued

February, very appropriately, has been the date for the appearance of a number of works on Abraham Lincoln. Of those recently published, the volume that necessarily has evoked the largest share of discussion is that of Edgar Lee Masters, entitled *Lincoln the Man.* Whereas Mr. Masters has achieved recognition chiefly through his excellence in the field of poetry, he is not totally unqualified for research in history as *Domesday* and other of his works in this vein testify. It is to be seriously doubted though with the appearance of his recent book and the intense criticism that has descended upon it if the author of

Spoon River Anthology is to become greater in literary stature as a result of his diligence. Aside from giving an extremely readable account of the politics of the time, it appears that the poet has done very little for which he can hope to receive applause from the critics. Using the lives of Lincoln by Herndon and Beveridge as sources, Mr. Masters sets out to give a picture of the man, and interprets every myth to show him in an unkindly light. The result is a person scarcely recognizable as the Lincoln of whom Herndon, his law partner wrote, or the Lincoln which resulted from the comprehensive researches of Beveridge. There is no open minded person who is unwilling to accept the facts which an inquiry into a man's life disclose, and who hesitates to judge that person by the facts revealed; but a deliberate attempt on the part of an author to misconstrue facts, to minimize virtues, and exaggerate failings is strong evidence of his vastly inadequate ability as a biographer.

Mr. Masters has employed all the common "debunking" devices known in his interpretation of Lincoln, and in the opinion of most critics done so with almost a demoniacal zeal. Biography writing, in the past in many instances, has shown signs of a tendency toward the sensational, and it is to be feared that the most recent biography of Lincoln can do little more than popularize this tendency.

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A Beginning

Even though artists are said to be born and not made, and probably within certain limits the same is true of those possessing the lesser gift of appreciation, an understanding of art is approached through a directed observation of things artistic. Few people possess the full endowment needed for artistic appreciation, but many are able to participate in a partial understanding of art. At the present time critics are breaking down the interpretation of the realm of art as absolutely separated from ordinary interest. There becomes evident a tendency for the association of education and art, since life is pervaded with objects suitable for æsthetic appreciation.

It has long been hoped that greater artistic interest could be aroused in our university life. This, of course, was impossible without some definite means of awakening interest and cultivating appreciation. The recent and initial exhibition of The Art Association of Duke University was an effective and encouraging beginning. The members of the asso-

ciation, assuming a democratic view of art, have gathered together a remarkable collection within easy reach. Their presentation of this collection to the public is an attainment which has deservedly been crowned with a display of interest and gratitude.

* * * * *

The Family of London Writers

The Sitwells, those snippy New Yorkers of London, have broken out again with some miscellanies. Osbert was last heard from with his novel *The Man Who Lost Himself* (Coward-McCann), a sinuous revelation of the inner life of Tristram Orlander, a poet, who as a young man encounters the old man he is to be, and who through the course of pages of intricate sneers and smirks and descriptions of Spain, comes one day to see himself as he was when a young man, and is killed by the shock. In his newest venture, brother Osbert has devoted his attention to a collection of short stories with the title: *Dumb-Animal* (J. P. Lippincott & Co.). The stories, of course, are satirical, and bear such titles as "Charles and Charlemagne," "Alive—Alive, Oh!," and "That Flesh is Heir To . . . ." Meanwhile sister Edith's astonishing biography of *Alexander Pope* (Cosmopolitan), the poet, whose poetically beautiful portrait Miss Sitwell weeps before, each time she enters the London Museum, is still turning critics upside down, as well as Pope and the long established conceptions of his personality. Now Miss Sitwell has collected her poems together (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) including everything from "the king of China's daughter" "her face like yellow water" beside "her nutmeg tree" with her jump-rope "made of painted notes of singing birds among the fields of tea" to the meanest class of femininity with poor "Jane, Jane, Tall as a crane" who is advised to comb her "coxcomb ragged hair" and come down the stairs to see the "wooden stalactites" of the "creaking rain." This invocation to the stupid servant girl is one of the poems found to be so difficult for the plebian mind of the public to comprehend, that Miss Sitwell was obliged to debase her art with the appending of explanatory notes as a key to her verses. Brother Sacheverell has not been heard from since he sprawled on the Middle Ages and produced the *Gothic North* (Houghton, Mifflin Co.). Perhaps he is still schottishing across the ages filling Medieval culture with himself.

Doggerel

By Martha Singletary

Majestic measures flow from mighty art,
And lilting lyrics rise from a glad heart;
Sharp satire is the product of the mind,
But my poor verse is of a meaner kind.

For "love" and "thinking of" by me may rime
"Adore her" placed with "Nora" is no crime;
She thinks me great—so what have I to do
With Grecian urns or Khans in Zanadu?

BOOK REVIEWS

Russia's New Economic Life

The Economic Life of Soviet Russia. By Calvin B. Hoover. New York: Macmillan Co. 1931. 361 pp. $3.00.

Books and articles on the great communist experiment in Russia are usually more colored by subjective opinion than clarified by objective facts. A Bill Foster will enthusiastically accept the Soviet régime; a disillusioned Spargo will unconditionally reject its results and implications. The Matthew Wolls and Hamilton Fishes, ofttimes on the basis of sheer rumor, will indulge in long shudders of holy horror, and begin, forthwith, to save the country from the red terror. In simple, little attempt is made to examine the experiment critically. The exploration and factual testing of the new economic and social forms that are emerging in the U. S. S. R. seem undertakings too prosaic for gentlemen with rich emotional endowments.



CALVIN B. HOOVER

Professor Hoover's *The Economic Life of Soviet Russia* —the result of a year's stay in the Union—is of peculiar value in that his treatment of the subject is affected by neither an apparent radical nor conservative bias. The volume differs, for example, from Nearing's *Economic Organization of the Soviet Union* by the inclusion of a number of things that Nearing delicately omitted. Dr. Hoover's book, indeed, presents a well-rounded picture of Soviet economy. He has compressed a vast amount of information into his pages, and his conclusions are clear and definite.

Marx once stated, in answer to a question proposed by his children, that the quality he liked best in man was singleness of purpose. The great socialist theoretician would doubtlessly be pleased by the resoluteness of the effort to socialize the Soviet Union. The general impression that one receives from Dr. Hoover's work is the almost maddening intensity of the drive for a socialist economy. He shows very clearly that the New Economic Policy of 1921 was, in truth, merely a strategic retreat, and not, as many thought at the time, a serious flirtation with capitalism. Under the impetus of the Five Year Plan, the necessity of industrializing the country—as a base for a more complete socialization in every sphere of life—is being met despite the terrible suffering of the masses.

Professor Hoover describes in some detail the organization of industry in the Union with reference to the different categories of industry, their integration, and their organs of control. Although this organization is complex, he concludes that "comparison with the organizational form of industry in a capitalistic country would not be unfavorable to Soviet industry in every respect." In the section on productivity and capital investment, he discusses the increasing productivity of Soviet industry, and effectively disposes of the notion that saving under a socialist economic system is impossible. There are valuable chapters on internal and foreign trade. In these chapters, as well as in those on banking and money, the integration of the elements in Soviet economic life is vividly seen. The discussion of money serves well to illustrate economic departures from capitalist practice. The coöperatives—consumers', producers', and agricultural producers'—, representing a vital factor in the socialist scheme of things, are treated. In his consideration of the State Planning Commission, Professor Hoover discusses not only the technique of Soviet planning, but indicates weaknesses that have crept in.

A long chapter on agriculture deals with the types of collective agricultural enterprises, the daring campaign of collectivization of last year, and much more. If collectivization succeeds, "the peasant problem," writes Dr. Hoover, "will have disappeared because the peasant will have ceased to exist."

In the section on labor, Dr. Hoover points out that the trade unions do not have the bargaining functions of trade unions in capitalist countries. They are important, however, as cultural centers. Membership in them confers numerous advantages. The unions are also used to further the Five Year Plan by increasing labor efficiency, etc. The wages and hours of the workers are considered. The nine categories into which the social insurance system falls are likewise covered.

Dr. Hoover has a concluding chapter on "Russian Communism and Human Welfare." He cites the rôle of force in Soviet life, the air-tight dictatorship of the Communist party, the suppression of freedom of speech, and the like. But there are items on the credit side of the ledger. "It [Communism] at least has had the courage to try out radical solutions for economic problems such as the agricultural and unemployment problems and for such a social problem as that of the status of women in modern economic life." The money standard as a measurement for the values of life is being displaced. The socialist economic system seems likely to survive. "If the Soviet economic system," he writes, "can surmount the present food crisis it will have demonstrated its stability."

In reading this book one realizes what advances have been made since John Reed, intoxicated by the drama about him, wrote his *Ten Days That Shook the World.*

H. M. Douty.

Montana Miner

Wide Open Town. By Myron Brinig. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 306 pp. $2.50.

In *Wide Open Town,* Mr. Brinig carries us West again, as he did in *Singermann,* to Silver Bow, a roaring mining town in Montana, at the time when the saloon, the town spieler, and the prostitute held illimitable sway, when Theodore Roosevelt was wielding the "Big Stick," and when Carrie Nation was hacking at swinging doors back East.

John Donnelly is the principal male in the cast. He comes fresh from Ireland to Silver Bow, a man of stout Catholic devoutness, and of a wistful æstheticism which revolted against the blackness and ugliness of work in the mines. The net result of a visit "Down the Line," "where the Red Light girls hang out their blood-red lights," is that he meets Zola Peterson, immediately falls in love with her, and rents a suite of rooms, where they live as if man and wife. From this point, the story is that of the disparities between the two lives; of the man, accustomed to the small, friendly, greenness of Ireland, dazed in the immensity of America, and of the woman, to whom life was nothing without movement, suddenness, surprise, and freedom, imprisoned by an attraction to one man for the first time in her eventful life. John's mysticism and Zola's pragmaticism are incompatible. For Zola, the end is tragic in accidental death; for John, it is glorious in the ultimate realization that, although she was now dead, Zola loved him.

There are other threads of minor interest. On the story and character of Roddy Cornett, Mr. Brinig does better work than on that of John and Zola. One really should know Roddy, the town "spieler," who was blessed with a voice "packed with all the colors and sounds and thrills—of Sousa's band." The story of the loss of his voice, his tragic bewilderment, and his rediscovery of his voice is well done. The story of Christian Weber, an accomplished pianist, but a slave to the "swinging doors" of the saloon, is the pathetic story of the tragic unfulfillment of youth. Mr. Brinig breeds contempt for Angelina, daughter of Roddy, a strait-laced, unfeeling ascetic, and for Oswald, whom she marries, a creature masculine only in that he wears trousers. The story of the strike and its attendant circumstances, and of Phil Whipple, the Union agitator and organizer, is done particularly well.

Mr. Brinig has told a vigorous and masculine story in a vigorous and masculine style. Violent emotions are portrayed in sentences which seem to tumble over one another in their eagerness to speak. The plot is skillfully laid out and the characters are drawn with clarity.

ALBERT STANBURY.

"*Inspired by the* Flora"

The Natural Year—January. By Frederick Edwards. New York: James T. White & Company. 1930. 72 pp.

This little book is one of a projected series of twelve volumes, the motif of which is revealed in the title. It contains fifty-four lyrics of widely varying emotion. The author is evidently a native of Florida, for many of the poems seem to have been inspired by the *flora* and the life of that state.

At first reading one is inclined to label these poems as the trite product of a poetaster: it is only after careful contemplation that a few gleams of excellence become discernible here and there among them. Mr. Edwards' best verse is that of the lighter, humorous variety. When he attempts to portray elemental emotions, he succeeds in arousing only a vague feeling of embarrassment comparable to the effect of a scene of obviously-forced emotion in the theatre. Many more of the lyrics are mere patterns of rhyme, superficial and filled with *clichés.*

One sonnet stands out alone as the most truly sincere poem in the book, although it has its unfortunately-chosen words. It is entitled *A Little House* and describes a perfect love. If the genuine sentiment of this sonnet were present in the other verses one would feel justified in recommending the book.

OREN WHITEHEAD.

Playing With But Two Strings

Sailor With Banjo. By Hamish Maclaren. New York: The Macmillan Co. 85 pp. $1.50.

Sailor With Banjo, a slight volume of some forty or fifty lyrics and ballads, takes the reader to many ports and through many experiences of sea-life, and brings him back to land with scarcely a new sensation. If the author has endeavored to reproduce in vivid meter something of the drama and romance of sailor life, he has accomplished it only in a very limited way. The poet has probably lived the life of the sea-farer, but in so far as he has attempted to write its spirit and reality into his poetry he has failed. I dare say almost any keenly observant person who at the same time is poetically inclined could with a geography and a few "sailor movies" as a background do almost as well as has Mr. Maclaren.

Whereas *Sailor With Banjo* fails in the larger sense to move the reader one way or the other, it would be amiss to say that it does not possess some merit. In such lines as

> "Apple-green the water is, over the coral tops,
> And the sand is silver where the anchor drops,
> And fish like sapphire arrows and bright as tangerines
> Float down in the lovie and the apple-greens."

The author strikes a rich note. It is to be regretted that such freshness and beauty finds so small a part in Maclaren's verse.

GERALD M. CRONA.

"From Parish to Parish"

Nonnulla. By Joseph Blount Cheshire. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1930. 248 pp. $4.00.

Nonnulla has that leisurely interest and charm that journals of reminiscences and personal observations do have. For half a century Bishop Cheshire has been traveling over North Carolina, particularly the eastern part. As a gentle shepherd going from parish to parish, there is not much that the scholarly and mellow old gentleman has missed.

Nonnulla—literally, from the Latin, *Not Nothings,* which the author has very modestly named the book—is really a good collection of rare tales—rare tales which all together make something more than a tale. I believe that one can learn more about the past of this state by reading a book like this than by reading a history book; anyway, Ministers of the Word have a license to know more than historians. It is amazing that one man has been able to follow with such studied interest so many different lines of progress in the state: Bishop Cheshire writes about teachers, lawyers, and politicians; he knows the grandfather of everybody in the state who claims to have had one. And besides having had this great range of personal contacts, Bishop Cheshire has been a shrewd commentator on public affairs in the state.

This rich and genial prose makes delightful reading. And a good many North Carolinians will be pleased to read about their grandfathers in it.

Ovid W. Pierce, Jr.

CRACKED PORTRAITS WITH RUSTY GOLD FRAMES

(Continued from page 7)

purposes. Yet, on the other hand, a considerable portion of the controversialists are outsiders—people of different ways of life to whom the Southerners' notions seem silly and pretentious. It is with an equal want of discernment and with an equal degree of impetuosity that they have become professionally critical of the South, speaking from hearsay and unauthoritative sources; of course, they, likewise, have helped to delay the national appreciation of the culture of the once seceded states.

Thus between these two extremes of indiscreet judgments upon the heritage that the Old South handed to the New, one is not in a way to get a fair notion of what the old civilization of the South really has to offer. Although well nigh impossible, it would be well if these two sections of opposing economic systems could interpret developments of circumstances as the natural courses of events; and, in particular, if the Southerner could shake the past from him and carry on only that which merits preservation. And that young Southerner is fortunate who can clear-sightedly look back over the past—the whole panorama of Southern tradition and culture: the magnolias, the illiteracy, the beautiful ladies, the swearing gentlemen, the poverty and prejudice, the codes of honor and heroism, the bastard children, the haughtiness and pride—and determine for himself what his heritage of heterogeneous aspects has to offer and what should forever be locked up in the archives of libraries. But every man will draw from the past what he most needs; and to each man the Southern heritage will offer something different. And I believe that it is sound that if the contemplation of an honorable forbear means anything to the descendant that contemplation is worthwhile. And if the present generation looks back upon a code of ideals and upon a certain manner of life, and if the vision of that code and that manner is in any way encouraging or inspiring, whether that code and that manner ever existed or not, the vision is the most real thing in all reality. And no fair-minded man will condemn him for looking back.

SAD-EYES

(Continued from page 15)

"What's that you're sayin', Kizzie? What is it—fer God's sakes?"

"They runned over him in Adam's truck."

"Lord Almighty!" breathed Sad-Eyes. Then he whispered tensely, "Was Adam drunk?"

"They both was."

They were silent for a moment, as people are who are faced by a new and disastrous situation. Ishmael began to sob. The old man spoke slowly and quietly.

"You-uns go on home. I'll git around to the jail."

So they parted, Sad-Eyes going one way, his family the other. He walked with rapid, shearing steps at first, but his pace soon became slower. The streets were becoming deserted, and lights were few. Occasionally an automobile passed him; and once a girl shouted, "Hey, old man!" from a dilapidated old Dodge that ground past furiously.

He came to the jail and stopped before it. Years since he had seen the building, when a mob had stormed it in search of a negro rapist. Effortlessly now his mind wandered to the occasion, and he knew again the dark red bricks in the light of the torches, the dark groups of men, the hoarse shouts. He entered and asked a jailer for permission to see his sons. The man took him through a tiny ill-lit hall to a cell at the rear. Through the bars the old man could see Adam, sitting with his head in his hands. Ed was stretched out on a cot, snoring lugubriously.

"Adam!" the old man called, and the boy stared sullenly. "Adam—I come to help ye."

"Yeah? Well, what you goin' to do about it?"

"I do' know yet, son. Got to figure out what's best."

"They ain't anything to be done, Dad," Adam said. His sullenness was rapidly leaving him.

The old man thought for a moment. "We got to get you a lawyer."

"And a damn good un. Reckin you know it was Kingsley Brown we run down."

"Why'd you do it, Adam? They ain't no sense in gettin' drunk and raisin' Cain."

"Hell! Better men than me has been caught havin' a good time. If that's all you got to say you can just go on home and leave us be." These words created a void between the two men. Incommunicability settled upon them. Adam, sobering fast became more and more frightened. "Naw, Dad, I didn't mean that. What I was tryin' to say was—well—oh, Jesus, we're in a hell of a mess, and regrettin' ain't goin' to get us out." All the sullenness was gone now, the barrier down. "Ever since we was little you been helpin' me and Ed, Daddy. I reckin we just cain't git along without you."

Sad-Eyes wanted to reach out and put his arms around his son. He felt strangely like weeping. He said, "I got forty dollars in the bank."

"It ain't enough, Dad. Not near enough. Hit'll take hundreds, I guess."

The jailer returned, yawning, and told Sad-Eyes he would have to go. The old man left in a daze, hearing Adam's last plea for help after they had turned a corner and the cell had disappeared. "Dad, they—they might even *hang* me."

He walked the streets, racking his brain, seeing before him Adam's face, imploring, frightened. "Lord, they didn't mean to do it—they didn't," the old man kept whispering. "And he said he was sorry, and if he ever got out of jail he was goin' to be a changed man."

He passed an office building, and a sign fluttering there beneath the arc-light caught his eye. "Bonds, Loans, Insurance," the sign said. That started him on a new train of thought. He whispered to himself, trotting through the gloom: "I got me a policy. You got to be prepared. Yup, got me a policy."

He crossed the railway tracks and went on a few hundred feet, then he heard the whistle of a train for the crossing. He stopped and stood frozen for a moment; he turned and retraced his steps. He could see the tracks ahead. Slowly they were turning to molten silver bands. The roar of the locomotive now filled his ears.

He stumbled, seemed to lean for a moment on the beam of the headlight. Then he fell.

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A COLLEGIAN AND
HIS MONEY SOON
PART—UNLESS HE
BANKS IT



The Fidelity Bank

Durham, N. C.

Who's Who

Ethel Williams is a freshman. This marks the third issue to which Miss Williams has contributed the frontispiece. Edward Mylod is a sophomore . . . Oren Whitehead was the author of "The Red-Headed Boy," which appeared in the last issue of the *Archive,* and again contributes a short story . . . Ovid W. Pierce, Jr. is a junior and *Book Review* editor of the *Archive* . . . Mary Bradsher is a senior, and is editor of the women's publication the *Distaff* . . . Roy E. Buren is a graduate student in Sociology . . . Martha Singletary is a junior, and business manager of the *Distaff* . . . H. M. Douty is Associate Editor of the *Archive* . . . Albert Stanbury is a senior.

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A strong contemptuous face, but wistful eyes

An Autumn Memory
—*Edward Mylod.*

An Autumn Memory

By Edward Mylod

I

THE WANDERER

When bonfires catch the rustle of dead thought
And flicker into childhood's failing lamps,
The mind recalls the restless child who sought
October's wagon tracks and gypsy camps.

And darts in flame against the darkening pine
A strong contemptuous face, hurt wistful eyes,
The subtle body of the beast, the fine
And slender points of stars slit through the skies.

Beside the fire sprawled, he cut the dark
With broken song for her the shadows hid:
The flower early blown, the scattered spark,
The virgin eye behind the tight drawn lid.

His song comes back with crisp October eves
Where his lost tracks lie covered with dead leaves.

II

HIS SONG

"She who was song, the beauty and the light
Of colors that the weaving dreamers sing
Has fallen to the crisp, the glassy night—
Thin petal in the wind, soft broken wing!

"To be sad after pine, and fields of clover,
To want the mossy bank, the violet bed:
These are not lost, but beauty's search is over—
For she was beautiful and she is dead.

"Out of this life forever she has flown:
No greater than the smallest flower's loss;
And underneath the silence of the stone,
The hand that held the chalice holds the cross.

"But though her voice is mute within the frost
She lives, a lovely presence never lost."

Whinnery Captures A Tartar

By John L. Greene

"Nobody aint never had nothin' on the boss," Reddy Clair told the sheriff. "An' I can't understand it 'cause he is the softest I ever heard of that runs rum."

They were talking about Big-hearted Bernie—the sheriff, a deputy, and the prosecuting attorney. "What do you mean 'soft'?" as Red with the sheriff turned back toward the cell block in Edgetown's county jail.

The sheriff eased Red back into a chair. Red lit a cigarette. "Soft, that is what I mean," Red repeated. "Some says Bernie was onct a college guy. Some says he was an artist. You know, one of them guys what draws pictures of dames for magazines. Another guy tells me Bernie is a poet. This guy tells me that onct when they was layin' out waitin' for the coppers to ride by, Bernie starts recitin' the hooey. Settin' sun, dyin' days, birds and buttercups. He says it was good. One guy from Pittsburg achually cried. They was all about nuts when it starts to rain, and they run back on the road.

"Bernie don't believe in no guy carrying a rod. He takes care of everybody what is right. He gives to kids and old geezers. He don't even pass a bum on the road without giving him a lift. Whatever my bail is, it'll be here in the morning."

"Maybe he comes himself. Or maybe he sends a lawyer like you. Bernie is a big-hearted boy, and nobody aint never had nothin' on him."

They had heard of Big-hearted Bernie. He was reputed to be the money and brains back of a gang of rum runners. To their knowledge, Red and his truck was the first bootleg truck supposed to be operated by Bernie that had ever had the temerity to pass through the county, to say nothing of Edgetown, the county seat. True enough, the sheriff had been tipped off by telephone that Red and his truck were coming through. That was not unusual from a rival gang, but even at that you cannot always tell about tip-offs. But this time the description and the time were accurate enough. Red did not argue when they took him

into custody. Bail and legal assistance he seemed sure of in the morning.

The prosecutor turned on Red. He berated him vigorously. He concluded with, "I don't believe anything you told me. Just a smart pack of lies."

Red made an expansive gesture. Dropped his cigarette to the floor, and turned on it with his heel.

He looked up at the prosecutor. "What a sucker I'd be to get mad at you." He laughed. "One of the things Big-hearted Bernie tells us guys, is to be agreeable. They aint no use fightin' when you're caught and it don't do no good."

The idea of Big-hearted Bernie running his rum down the highway through Edgetown did not please either the sheriff or the prosecuting attorney. One gang was enough. Perhaps if he was in jail. They talked it over long after Red had gone back to his cell and was sound asleep.

Whinnery, the deputy sheriff, stood outside the fence at a sharp turn in the road. Inside the fence, leaning against a post, stood a rifle.

At this point most motorists heed the warning "Sharp Turn—Slow." From this vantage point Whinnery was convinced that, in any event, escape would be impossible. He could at least blow the tires with rifle shots. Though never before claiming any special intuitive power, Whinnery was convinced that he would recognize Big-hearted Bernie the moment he saw him.

And he was correct.

Down the road, up over the bridge, came a high-powered car. It had shown no especial speed—it had simply climbed the brief, steep rise easily, uncomplainingly, and with power to spare.

Something told Whinnery that the man he was waiting for was in that big, powerful, stylish car. The certainty that Big-hearted Bernie was coming caused him to gasp for breath. He felt a little nervous. Maybe Red had lied to him. His arm trembled a little as he raised his hand, thumb pointing down the road, and gave those interrogating jerks of the hitch-hiker.

There was no time to reach inside the fence and grasp the rifle. Big-hearted Bernie might easily have misunderstood such a gesture. He might have sped away to safety. Or Whinnery's broad back bent over

the fence might have suggested to Bernie a quick and certain way of keeping the rifle on the other side of the fence.

But if Bernie had expected Whinnery, the arrangements could hardly have been better. The car stopped quickly. The door swung open. And Whinnery faced a good-looking, well-dressed young man who agreeably called, "Sure. Get in."

If Bernie noticed Whinnery's momentary hesitancy, he did not show it. Bernie only smiled, pleasantly, and with what Whinnery at the moment thought was childish innocence. Red was no doubt right. Bernie's smile was kindly, friendly, like a little latchet that might open a closet of mirth. And Whinnery, even in his eagerness to make this capture, unconsciously sensed a superiority in Big-hearted Bernie. There was an intelligent, well-bred ring to his cheery youth. His clothes were well-tailored, but they were conservative—almost genteel. To Whinnery, Big-hearted Bernie held a collegiate air. He might, Whinnery speculated, be a doctor, a young banker, some successful business or professional man. And yet Whinnery knew that this air of exclusiveness might be merely a mask that hid his real self. Unconsciously Whinnery's hand touched his hip pocket. The outline of the automatic was immediately reassuring. Red had said that Bernie never carried a gun.

The car was a brougham. Bernie sat forward to the left in the driver's seat. The seat next to the driver had been folded back. So it was with supreme satisfaction that Whinnery followed Bernie's suggestion and dropped into the back seat. As he got into the car Whinnery had noticed a long black satchel that seemed very much like a physician's case. And there was another smaller box-like case along side of it that looked unmistakably like those in which doctors carry medicine, particularly pills. In the mirror Bernie noticed Whinnery's quizzical expression. He called back over his shoulder. "If they bother you, put those two bags on that ledge over at the left."

Whinnery caught Bernie's smile in the mirror. And almost before he could agree, Bernie had pulled the door to a close, the great car had gathered her strength, and, like some mighty animal, was swinging into an increasingly powerful stride down the road. For the briefest part of a moment Whinnery thought Bernie's smile betrayed satisfaction as if Whinnery himself had been taken in on a trick instead of Bernie.

But that, Whinnery told himself, was simply a momentary misgiving, a transient fear that Bernie might outwit him. Again as Bernie seemed to meet his every glance in the mirror with an ingratiating smile, Whinnery had the feeling that his every movement was watched. Twice his right hand had furtively reached his hip pocket. Once his fingers had actually closed in, ready to grip the handle. He was convinced that Bernie could not have seen or suspected what he had been doing. Red had said that Bernie had never carried a gun. Red may have been lying. Bernie might have changed his mind. And then this might not be Bernie after all. He looked just like a doctor.

The car swerved a little. Just why, Whinnery could not see. There was nothing in the road to . . . then it came to Whinnery like a shot. Now is the time! Bernie's eyes were on the road ahead, and both hands were gripping the wheel. Though the car was going along at a high rate of speed, they were on the upgrade.

Whinnery whipped the automatic from his pocket. Bernie apparently had not seen the action. Anyway he never turned. In another second Whinnery had shoved the muzzle of the automatic against Bernie's back.

Bernie's move was almost imperceptible. He leaned forward, ever so slightly. Perhaps that was instinctive, for when Whinnery saw Bernie's face in the mirror, Bernie's smile was just a little wider, the light in his eyes just a bit more a-twinkle.

The car sped on up the hill on the other side of which, nestling in a broad valley, lay Edgetown, and the county jail.

"Now you drive just where I tell you to drive," Whinnery commanded. "If you don't I'll let you have this automatic right as she lies."

Almost as if whipped by Whinnery's first words the car leaped forward and increased speed. The speedometer jumped forward and then wavered at sixty-five. Immediately the car veered to one side of the road, and sped precariously close to the curb that separated the pavement from a deep ditch that gaped along the highway.

"Not so fast!" Whinnery cried, emphatically jamming the gun into Bernie's broad back.

But the black and white lines on the speedometer grinned back a reply. Sixty-eight miles an hour! Whinnery saw that. He knew they had passed the crest of the hill. He heard Bernie blow a long blast on

the horn. At the foot of the hill, coming on the crossroad, he saw a car approaching.

Whinnery stood up. His gun was in his hand. "Stop you crazy fool!" he cried. "Stop! Stop, or I'll blow your damn head off!"

The black and white lines wavered slightly. The car was going seventy miles an hour.

Bernie called back. "Shoot me and you wreck the car. We go out together. Go ahead! Shoot!"

They had neared the crossroad. Instead of going on, Bernie was swinging his car for a turn. And down the road into which Bernie was intending to turn came that other car.

Whinnery heard the sound of horns. Then he felt the car slide, slip, scrape. Then he felt it tip, rise. For the smallest fraction of a second it seemed to have left the ground, tipping slowly in space. Then Whinnery unconsciously drew back, gathered himself together, and dropped, shrinking, cowering dumbly in the corner. His hand clutched the automatic, but it was a nerveless hand, limp, paralyzed with fear. Another fraction of an inch and the car would go catapulting off the road, and over into the ditch. A bit, just a tiny bit more speed and this car would tear itself to pieces. Whinnery fell to the floor. Something black had passed the window. The screech of brakes pierced his heart. He spoke two words, "Oh God," and waited for the end.

The other car had passed. Bernie had righted his car, but like a madman he was racing along the rim of the road at seventy miles an hour.

Whinnery pleaded. "For God's sake man, do you want to kill us?"

Crouched at the bottom of the car he could see Bernie smile. It was not much of a smile. But it was a smile. Whinnery hesitated, but only for a moment. He felt the car leave the pavement and pound the rough ground. He tossed the automatic out of the window.

"Now get on the floor and stay there!"

Whinnery remained on the floor. How many miles they had gone he did not know. He only felt a great relief when the car slowed up and Bernie thrust open the door. The fact that there were long stretches of woods on either side of the road gave him no alarm. He got out.

(Continued on page 28)

Madman

By Mary E. Bradsher

Build your dreams of cobwebs. In the dawn
You'll find them dew-sparkling, or, gone.

All is nothingness, the drone of silver bees,
Love beneath a winter moon, rippling laughter,
Cool crisp fruit, soft colors richly stained,
Dark waters in a deep lagoon, and ragged, twisted trees;
For life is but a web of phantasies woven into dreams
Whose warp and woof twine in and out to form a pattern
Undefined with multicolored patchwork bright
Weaving there an image which is never what it seems,
And now the loveliest cobweb of them all is gone,
And restless, brooding thought would seek to find
That strange unuttered word that makes the sunset glow
And the warm earth smell sweet at evening when the day is done.

Ringing the Curtain on the "Little Theatre"

By Oren Whitehead

A few years ago this country witnessed the inception of an institution known as the Little Theatre. A hybrid organism at best, this child of the theatre and of literature was never adapted to the environment into which it was born. In the first place the people whom it interested were of a social class which is not likely to contribute anything of value to art—the avowed purpose of the "movement." Its appeal was chiefly felt by the wealthy bourgeoisie, who cared only for the opportunity afforded herein to divert themselves. Their sons and daughters joined the thing with like selfish motives. Here was no deep-rooted desire for the fulfillment of artistic yearnings, or for the creation and advancement of a live, vital drama. And if such motives had been present, not among these people would the means have existed for accomplishing them: it seems that artistic genius comes only from a genuine leisure class, or from a class that has known the conflicts, the elemental emotions of life—certainly not from this group whose lives are bound by conventions superficial and insipid. Indeed, America has not as yet developed a society that can produce artists.

What a brilliant future they predicted, then, for this Little Theatre movement. And the ironical fact is that this future has arrived, but with a tawdriness, a scintillating, flashy glare that must sicken those who have waited and hoped for a rich fruition of that early promise. The history of the Little Theatre reads like the life story of a child prodigy: early indications of genius, partial achievement, then a settling down into mediocrity.

The Little Theatre can not be accused of professionalism, an accusation not degrading in itself, for even the commercial theatre has to an infinitesimal degree tried to supply the small demand for worthwhile drama that exists here. This was to have been the mission of the amateur organization, if I may dignify it by that name. It set for

itself also the task of creating a desire to witness and to take part in the presentation of the great dramatic works of the past and present. Miss Eva Le Gallienne with her Civic Repertory Company has accomplished these two ends much more satisfactorily in her territory than all the Little Theatres in the country, with the possible exception of two or three in widely separated localities.

Let us examine the flourishing success of the Little Theatre today. It is a true success, too, in the majority of instances, for, in spite of many protestations to the contrary, the members wanted only amusement and publicity (with a larger salary for the director), which they are getting. Their audiences are large enough to convince them that their efforts are not going unrewarded. But see the plays they are producing: here we have a late-lamented Broadway hit, there a piece that will display to best advantage the charms of some rich debutante whose years considerably outnumber her suitors. The *motif* of the advertising is always the same: "Ran for two solid years in New York," *et cetera.* Here is no Ibsen, no Shakespeare, none of the better European dramatists, only a dreary routine of plays that have received wide publicity and have a trail of overstuffed box-offices behind them.

Yes, it is splendid diversion, the Little Theatre. The members have some charming bridge parties and dinners and dances. They bask in the limelight of newspaper publicity; and occasionally a young lady receives a proposal because she looked so sweet as a chorus-girl in *Broadway.* There is great sport, too, for those who enjoy puffing languidly at a long cigarette holder the while they repeat what was said to them by 'Gene, and Eva, and Ethel, and Helen the last time they dropped backstage in New York. They even discuss Art. But why not join a country club for this sort of thing?

Inasmuch as the Little Theatre as an institution has failed to reach any of the goals set by its founders, it is becoming a neglible quantity. Whatever hope America has of evolving a national taste for drama, it seems, must be centered around the university dramatic organizations and the professional companies motivated by ends other than making money. The latter is an almost unheard-of phenomenon; but at some time in the future, when our audiences have been educated, a company may be able to give us art without having to starve to do so.

The university dramatic club has fewer restrictions than the other

organizations. It does not have to show a large net profit in order to justify its existence, nor does it have to play to a perennially crowded house to keep up the enthusiasm of the members. The university community has the added advantage of having always some members who seek culture and artistic achievement more than social distinction and publicity. There are even a very few who devote themselves to advancing the cause of an art or science from altruistic motives.

While the well-known clubs of this nature are now far fewer than the highly-touted Little Theatres, their number is proportionately larger; and I believe that it will continue to grow, as the other clubs drag out their powdery existence to an oblivion of social disrepute. A recent writer in the *Theatre Arts Monthly* makes the ironical observation that by according actors and writers social standing society has dealt the drama and literature a serious blow.

It is well to keep an eye on the work of the universities in the drama. From such institutions as the Universities of Michigan, of North Carolina, Yale, and others may come the impetus to establish a native and a universal drama in the United States. The anomalous community groups of Dallas, Texas; Pasadena, California; Columbia, South Carolina; and Savannah, Georgia, have thrown off the shackles of their kind, and they, too, may yet contribute something of lasting value. The future of dramatic art in this country is still a glowing one.

Secular Discourse

By Kenneth White Munden

I

MAN TO THE WORLD

You are my slave: why must we hate like this?
We have been bitter since we both began:
World finding wit to crush her tyrant man;
Man showing world just who her master is.

I strip you, world, and laugh in stripping too,
And what I can not keep I throw away;
This much I know, and this to you I say:
I mock you, world, yet am a part of you.

I dry your mountain veins of silver spoil,
My tall ships sail upon your river tears,
I drag you with me through the running years,
I dam your pores and irrigate your soil.

There's nothing one can't do when he is king:
You are my puppet, world: I pull the string.

II

THE WORLD TO MAN

I too have wondered why we are so bitter,
And would we faced the facts, if not for love;
Let us be stalwart equal children of
Our Mother God—we are her common litter.

Still, man is able: he can flee the storm,
Or run and hide if bowels in me burst;
You war with me until you know the worst
That I can do, yet dying praise my form.

I fancy though you are not all you say,
And what there is of you is petty cold;
And though you prick my mountains for my gold
I take it back at last with you as pay.

For I can buy your carven ivory heart
And sell again at any public mart.

"Snowflakes Are the Shadows of Dreams"

By Liston Pope

Snowflakes are the shadows of dreams,
Tumbling tumultously through the mystic spaces
Of infinite mind.

Falling from skies that are leaden,
Drifting with gay abandon,
Grounding themselves in earthly things.

Covering the ugly . . .
Crowning the beautiful . . .
Enshrouding the gloom . . .

Melting away into currents
Flowing deep in the strata of life . . .
Becoming the storms of tomorrow—
Snowflakes are the shadows of dreams.

The Incredible Again

By Wade H. Adams, Jr.

"You know Jean du Mont d'Aréçi, do you not? Well, I can tell you a most unusual story about him. He is a Provençal of the worst sort. He is incredibly impulsive, nervous, imaginative, superstitious, cowardly, cruel, and,—eh, greasy, as the Americans say. You know what I mean; there are a good number like that in the Midi, although fortunately they become ever fewer as our public education progresses. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I should have said, for this progress, this enlightenment, while improving conditions in so many respects, nevertheless destroys the colorful and picturesque so dear to many of us. But I digress. Although of noble and moderately wealthy family, Jean is miserably educated; what little he has, he received in a disorganized fashion, and at irregular periods, from the Jesuits. He has always done everything spasmatically, and everything he does is wild, irrational, crazy. Moreover, he is a chronic drunkard, and something of a dope-fiend. In short, he has virtually no good characteristics in proportion to his bad ones, and while he seems to have a rather surprising number of friends here, I think that most people really dislike him. I am not sure that I actually like him, although I think that I rather enjoy his company, for one reason or another. Perhaps he fascinates me just because he is so, —— *awful,* as you say. Then too, of course, he is certainly very clever: one of the most interesting people in Paris, I will dare to say."

"Oh yes, he's a damned good sculptor, all right. No end of a good one. Not that it's a high compliment, but I thought his work the most interesting in the whole exhibit last month, and damned well done, too. He goes to a lot of trouble with it."

"But what ideas he has! *Sacré nom du Diable!* His motifs are always crazy and erratic; his work would be of little value but for the fact that it is so well executed. He never gets so excited over one of his incredible ideas that he neglects the technical part of his work. Indeed, I think that it is his passionate interest in his themes that makes

him so careful in his work; he recognizes that an idea can always be most effectively rendered with good technique."

"But, my dear Pierre, let me remind you that with the expression 'good technique,' as with any other expression, the meaning depends entirely upon what the speaker means by it. Purely a question of definition. Hence, what is 'good technique' in one school may constitute complete disregard for it, according to another. For example, the cubist has. . . ."

"Why talk about anything so absurd? Picasso, and everyone else, is through with all that nonsense."

"Certainly; you know I am as conventional in my tastes as you. Between us, there is no disagreement as to what is good in that respect." he was last working, no? *Hien!* It is not yet finished, and, of course,

"Well, at all events, let me get on with my story. It is quite typical of Mont d'Aréçi. I suppose you have never seen the piece on which he was last working. No? *Hien!* It is not yet finished, and, of course, was not in the exhibition. But, to be sure, you did see his *Chiens combattants*? He did that one just before he began the one I refer to. These two pieces are the first, and, *le bon Dieu* forbid that it be otherwise, the last, in which he represents his ghastly, hideous conception





of the dog. It is plain enough that Jean has a most contemptible attitude of fear, hatred, and loathing toward dogs, and the trouble all began when the notion entered his mind to carve them. I suppose he did the *Chiens combattants* in Provence, for I imagine that he had to sit about all day watching dog-fights, of an incredibly gruesome nature, to judge from his work. Imagine a person so loathsome as to make dogs fight and tear each other to pieces that he might have models! He could never do so rotten a thing as instigate dog-fights anywhere else in France; indeed, I hardly see how he could have done it even there."

"Nor do I. Really, Pierre, you are too hard on the vicious Midi, and besides, how can you be so naïve as to think M. du Mont d'Aréçi had to see exactly what he carved? One's models really needn't be quite so realistic, you know. I must say, I don't see how Gardet could have managed having panthers tearing each other up all day before doing his *Panthères combattants,* which, of course, is absolutely incomparable."

"But then Jean told me that he had sat about watching dog-fights before he did the piece. Besides, he would enjoy that sort of thing

purely as a means of diverting himself. Ah, you do not know Jean, nor can you understand his temperament."

"Very well, if you insist upon having it that way."

"Well, however, he did it, the group is one of the most nauseatingly hideous, blood-curdling things that I have ever seen; it should have been excluded, but his work is quite popular. Some liked it very much, and I suppose it is of a certain value. The grouping: it is superbly balanced. Then there is a certain hectic rhythm; almost diabolical. And then, taken individually, the bodies do have an undeniable suppleness and beauty of form, in spite of . . ."

"Oh, come off, my dear fellow. You are not doing a criticism for a better-things-in-life culture magazine. I know all those expressions; I have written that sort of stuff myself, you know."

"Really, I am sorry if I bore you, my friend. But you are quite right: I should come to the story a little faster. Well then; the second dog group, which, as I said, is not finished, he called: *La martyre déchirée de chiens.* It is a Christian martyr being torn to pieces by half-starved dogs: a good old Roman custom, as you say. Aline Pichot posed for him as the martyr, and very effectively. He did a figure of her that satisfied him thoroughly, and which I think should satisfy anyone: I consider it superb. I saw a good deal of the work, for, not knowing of the other part of the group, I was very enthusiastic about it. I consider this figure the best piece that Jean has done so far, and I was able to give him some advice in technical matters. Aline's posing was wonderful, and Jean, who is a sadist as you say to the last ditch, did splendid work, as you may imagine, on the lovely martyr in epitomes of agony. Then came his dog group which he worked on at his studio, keeping the dogs there in spite of protests. The canine models, of course, had first to be starved half to death; then Jean chained them, at the proper position about an appetizing dummy representing the martyr, and was then ready to work up this part in plaster, also. He next got his models in the mood that he required: mad, frenzied, foaming, howling, roaring, indescribably hideous. What he did to them can be imagined, if one's mind is of the type that can imagine such things, but I fear that it is beyond my powers to describe it. At all events, they raised a hideous, blood-curdling, utterly ghastly row; and one of your compatriots, who occupied the floor above Mont d'Aréçi, it would seem,

came down, battered the wretch almost to death, and released the dogs, or chloroformed them, or something.

"It would seem that all this time Jean had been keeping his nerves, which, as you may imagine, must have been threadbare, deadened by prodigious drinking, and quarts of absynthe, with considerable quantities of drugs, which he took in lieu of sleeping when working all night on his terrible project. He was about half crazy from absynthe, to begin with, and was already in a most deplorable state: an utter wreck, mentally and physically, at the time his neighbor beat him up. Aline told me that he was about to die, so I went over to see him, and he did indeed look like a corpse, but with the face of a veritable fiend. His expression would have made the black Siva change to green from jealousy. I suggested that we take him to a hospital, although I thought that an insane asylum would be more appropriate, but he and Aline would not agree, and she said that she would look after him.

"A few days later I chanced to meet Aline in the Gare Saint-Lazare, and she hurried away, saying that she was leaving Paris for a holiday, and to be where she would not think of Jean, who had died, but continued to stay about as a vampire of some sort. I did not know whether she was making a joke or not. She never knows what she says, or what she does either. But that night I had a visit from Mont d'Aréçi. He looked worse than ever before. His face was horrible; his whole aspect was simply ghastly. He was in a cold sweat, and the sight of him and the ghastly sound of his voice made me become the same way. Then I discovered what Aline had meant. It seemed that one night, some time past, he had gone to bed on his couch in the studio, which was placed quite near to the incompleted plaster of his horrible, fiendish dog group. A full moon cast an eerie light through a great sky-light at the end of the room, making everything just so much more dreadful. He was quite alone; Aline, as you may imagine, was spending the night with the *vidame* de Saint-Yves, in the Boulevard Saint Michel. She usually came over to see Jean for a while every day, but she is not on our side of the river so much as formerly. Jean could not sleep; he lay on his couch and gazed at the moon, the moonlit snow outside, and the horrible fiend-dogs, which looked like white, ghostly wolves, fighting terribly in the wan moonlight. In this weird atmosphere, he had gazed

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Cause of America In Writing

A recent statement by Sinclair Lewis to the effect that "the American reader is not yet ready to appreciate the best books or the best plays, that only a minority of us are grateful for what the accomplished artist, the honest thinker can bring us, that the majority of us try to get from an author only such neutral and enervating entertainment as no he-author would care to provide," has offered John Erskine subject for a very penetrating article. (The American Author: New York *Herald*).

Mr. Erskine accepts the above as his main thesis, but enlarges upon it considerably. He finds that whereas Poe and Whitman are arch examples of authors that were overlooked during their time, writers of the present day have no complaint against reception. The American author of today, Mr. Erskine believes, has every opportunity to succeed, but thinks that he is making too great an effort to write for immortality, and in doing so is drawing up a barrier around his work that is self destroying. The American author wishes an audience but makes stipulations that are far too rigid. This is a practice of all authors more or less, but according to Mr. Erskine an offence which is particularly characteristic of American writers. Of more significance perhaps, is his charge that our authors are given to winking at and circumventing the truth rather than making a straightforward assertion of it. By this meaning that the American author is a caterer of the worst kind; seeking to satisfy those people who, "If they wish a thing to be so, and can read often enough that it is so are better contented."

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Lafcadio Hearn's Letters

The Boni Paper Books series has been enriched by the publication of the correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn with Henry Watkin (*Letters from the Raven,* Albert & Charles Boni, 1930, 50c.) The letters, ap-

parently, were first issued in 1907, but the present edition, because of its inexpensiveness and the mounting interest in Hearn, is timely. Born of an English father and a Greek mother, Hearn, destined for the priesthood, ran away from a monastery in Wales at the age of nineteen, and arrived, friendless and penniless, in Cincinnati in 1869. Through a chance acquaintance, he was introduced to Henry Watkin, a self-educated Englishman and the proprietor of a little printing shop. Thus began the dearest and most intimate friendship that the shy, lonely, deeply introspective Hearn, who finally found escape in the mystery and calm of Japan, ever had. In 1877, Hearn left Cincinnati for New Orleans. The majority of the letters were written from this city where Hearn, after a severe struggle, became recognized for his newspaper work and for his translations from the French; four or five are from other places in America, and only four are from Japan. The total number of letters is not large. They reveal, however, much of his personality—of his mocking humor, of his brooding, of his moments of despair. In one of these, he sums up his idea of happiness. "My idea of perfect bliss," he writes, "would be ease and quiet,—silence, dreams, tepidness,—great quaint rooms overlooking a street full of shadows and emptiness,—friends in the evening, a pipe, a little philosophy, wandering under the moon. . . ." The letters yield facts about a life of which all too few facts are known. Exquisitely written for the most part, they should be read for their own sake, and for their revelation of the fine, warm nature of his friendship for his "Dear Old Man." Two other sets of letters, also of considerable interest, are included in the volume.

* * * * *

Our English Visitors

Since the earliest stages in the development of the United States, British authors have made extensive visits and have returned to record their sorry impressions. Dickens noted that Americans spit (which is, however, forbidden in trolley cars), Mrs. Trollope found that Americans at the opera put their feet on the edges of the boxes, and recently St. John Ervine, British dramatist, accused Americans of calling poetry "sissy" when it is "the conversation of heroes." Now comes J. B. Priestly *(Angel Pavement, The Good Companions)* and accuses Americans of buying but not reading books: his proof is the fact that an

English friend has found the novels of Sinclair Lewis "uncut" in American homes. Furthermore, Priestly scoffed at American womanhood, saying, "I am going to write a novel about an American girl who will call everything either 'swell' or 'lousy.' I expect she'll be lousier than she is swell. (No doubt the book will—and how has he slighted 'putrid'? Fannie Hurst *(Humoresque, Mannequin)* arose to the occasion crying, "America once more awakens to the crack of a whip across her cheek by a foreign visitor, and this time, hopefully, the welt seems a little higher and redder than usual." She added that it serves America "jolly well right" since "year after year we submit to the patronage of a procession of such visitors, turn the other cheek, and apparently yearn for the third, that we might also turn it." Priestly has come as a "visiting patronizer seeking American patronage." He stated, "The nearest I ever came to North America before was Central America. When I got there I turned in the direction of the United States and thumbed my nose." Ogden Nash, of New Yorker fame, *(Hard Lines)* has best summed up the matter, writing:

"I'd stand in a corner
And mutter, 'beastly!'
Could I talk as tactless
As J. B. Priestly."

BOOK REVIEWS

The Immortal Twelve

Contemporary Immortals. By Archibald Henderson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1930. 208 pp. $2.50.

In any age the biographer of the contemporary immortals sets for himself a two-fold task: he must propose by what attainments a man may be known to his contemporaries as sure of lasting fame; and, secondly, he must show how the persons whom he has selected as the immortals measure up to this standard, as it were. To set forth very simply and definitely the purpose of the book in the foreword is tantamount to the creating of a standard for criticism, which is done, of course, at the risk of the writer. Dr. Henderson sees his standard in his definition of the great man:



The great man is one who lives for aims other than personal and local ones; who gives himself for posterity; who senses the future and strives for the race's betterment. The great man is one who procures for humanity a larger liberty, a freer release of vital energies, a wider horizon and a vaster outlook, a greater and a purer happiness, a completer mastery of the force of nature and a deeper understanding of mankind.

Upon that definition of the great man he names as the contemporary immortals, Einstein, Gandhi, Edison, Marconi, Bernard Shaw, Jane Addams, Orville Wright, Paderewski, Mussolini, Marie Curie, Henry Ford, and Kipling. Perhaps not more than half of the names included here will stand unquestioned; but it seems to me that the importance of this book lies not in the strength of the predictions that Dr. Henderson has made but rather in his critical appreciation of present-day personalities.

The essay on Einstein, to whom the book is dedicated, is too slight to give one an adequate conception of that "most intricately organized intelligence of our era"; the reader somehow fails to appreciate what brilliant and permanent contributions he has actually made to the abstract sciences of mathematics and physics. The sketches of Jane Addams and Mahatma Gandhi are more convincing; something akin to inspiration comes from the study of that quiet woman of Hull House and

that strange figure of India. With striking aptness Dr. Henderson writes of Gandhi: "The great man is never to be judged by temporary failure or the inability to realize ideal ends—else were Lee judged by Appomattox, Wilson by the fatal Article X, and Christ by Calvary." The character of this "genius of inspired leadership" is delineated, I think, with fine critical judgment.

Those portraits which really give less of character analysis are those on Edison, Marconi, Wright and Curie; curiously enough all of them save Edison are persons whose reputations are staked on some single magnificent achievement. The essay on Bernard Shaw, which one would think would be developed in most detail, makes the bearded author of *Saint Joan* a complete enigma. Perhaps that is a stroke of skill on the part of the biographer. But least satisfactory is the study of Henry Ford. One is inclined to believe that it will take all of his millions when he bargains with the gods for his portion of immortality.

On a whole *Contemporary Immortals* does not measure up to Dr. Henderson's inimitable study of Bernard Shaw. Ostensibly his more recent task was the more difficult. As finely drawn as some of the characters are, the reader is likely to set a purpose for the portrait which the author never held. Certainly it is a vain effort for any man to attempt to insure twelve persons of immortality in 208 pages. But without aiming to draw twelve permanent biographical portraits, Dr. Henderson has made sane and decisive estimations of these contemporary characters.

Ovid W. Pierce, Jr.

Realism and Poetry

The Serpent in the Cloud. By Theodore Morrison. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $2.50.

Through the medium of a poetical narrative, Mr. Morrison attempts to express modern thoughts and lives in poetical form. Realism and poetry make a difficult combination, and it is not surprising that the author does not quite succeed in his effort to blend these two elements. Taken separately, both components show skillful handling, but only in those sections of the book in which emotional heights are reached does the author smooth down the rugged edges of reality, and forget the exaltation of poetry enough to make the two compatible. In the first part of the book, especially, one notices an unpleasantly jarring contrast between the highly imaginative, vivid lyricism and the grave reality of human emotions and experiences.

The plot of this poem is interesting and realistic. It deals with the love of Bruce Herrick and Rose Leighton, both of whom undergo much sorrow and suffering before the poem is happily concluded. The possibility of a streak of

insanity in Bruce's family which rises from the abnormalities of his half-mad brother, casts an apparently ineffaceable shadow on the lives of the two lovers. However, only once does the serpent strike effectually, leaving Bruce's father to bear the burden of grief imposed by the deaths of his wife and of his backward son. The serpent's venom grazes Bruce and passed on "although his weakness made a shining mark for him to shoot at."

However, the main force and interest of the poem lie in the keen characterizations. Rose and Bruce are portrayed with a deep sympathy and human touch. Rose is a character whose strength and honesty with herself as well as with others are worthy of everyone's respect. Her lover, on the other hand, is inclined to be weaker, yet his struggle to do what he believes is right and his courageousness in the face of adversity build up a strong character which, although of a different sort from that of Rose, is equally admirable.

MARY PARKHURST.

A Philosopher Looks At Humanism

The Genteel Tradition at Bay. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. 74 pp. $1.25.

Observing humanism, new and old, from a philosophic point of view, Mr. Santayana presents in this book his own conclusions as to the ultimate valuations inherent for us in the double aspects of the movement. There are three sections in his essay; one, in which he gives an analysis of the true nature of real humanism, and an account of the rise of a false humanism living under the shadow of a name in the "Genteel Tradition"; another, in which he points out the logical development in the latter type of an "Appeal to the Supernatural"; and a final section, in which he shows the weakness of false humanism, by placing it against what he calls the "Moral Adequacy of Naturalism." In order to make clear Mr. Santayana's attitude toward the "new" humanism it is necessary to see what he means by the "Genteel Tradition," and to do that the reader has to recall, either through memory or history, according to his age, the standards left to us by such people as Matthew Arnold, in England, and the late Professor Norton of our own Harvard University. By using the names of Arnold and Norton as illustrative types Mr. Santayana endeavors to show where and how their humanism degenerated into the thinness of an outworn and misconceived tradition. He believes that recent attempts to revive humanism are but little more than a "cautious allegiance to the genteel tradition."

Unlike most of the reactionaries against the Babbitt-More "school," Mr. Santayana offers a program to take the place of the one he destroys. "Naturalism" is his substitute, a substitute having in it much of the best that is to be found in

genuine humanism. But the real worth of his estimate lies in its spirit of detachment; few recent writers on humanism have been willing to see the revival of the movement in a broadly human light as a part, perhaps, even a merely small part, of man's intellectual experience.

THOMAS J. SHAW, JR.

The Traditions Committee Makes A Report

I'll Take My Stand. By Twelve Southerners. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1930. xx, 359 pp. $3.00.

President Hoover in his sphere has tactfully popularized the appointment of boards and commissions to inquire into our national moral, social, and economic well being; the same procedure has been followed, in modified form, by the pro and con leaders of new humanism; and now, in *I'll Take My Stand,* we have a similar body, self-appointed, considering the problem of the "South and the Agrarian Tradition." In the introduction, which is a "Statement of Principles," the idea is given shape, being as far as I am able to make out, a general discontent with the fruits of the growing industrialization of the South. That is—

> "This much is clear: if a community, or a section, or a race, or an age, is groaning under industrialism, and well aware that it is an evil dispensation, it must find a way to throw it off."

What "industrialism" is, and why and how it should be checked, is, then, the thesis of this book. Many readers will feel that there is no conflict between industrialism, on the one hand, and the agrarian tradition, on the other; many more, while they will admit the fact that there is a problem, will be inclined to disagree with the way in which these twelve men approach it. But from a literary standpoint, at least, the voice of authority is not lacking.

Four out of the twelve authors, Messrs. Donald Davidson, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren, were members of the Fugitive poetry group at Vanderbilt University, and the others include such well known writers as Messrs. John Gould Fletcher, John Donald Wade, and Stark Young. As natives of the South we may be in accord with these men in regarding industrialism as an evil fruit of our modern age, but we cannot well agree with them as to just how the shift from one form of living to another is to be accomplished. It is not, I think, to be done in the manner Mr. Lytle proposes in his chapter, "The Hind Tit," by a return to the semi-primitive, if virtuous, life of a self-sustaining farmer owning cattle and hogs and practicing a rotating system of crops. The other authors in this symposium, without being as explicit as Mr. Lytle, do seem to think that such a return to rural life is a solution for the ill effects of industrialism from which the South and the nation is now suffering. Mr. Young's paper, out of the dozen in the book, is the most full of common sense, and is, perhaps, the most beautifully written, just as Mr. Ransom's is the most stimulating.

The authors make the most of the symposium form in the presentation of their arguments. Each chapter is well written, with enough continuity of thought to carry over from one to the other; and still, there is sufficient freshness in each chapter, whether it be dealing with past or present social conditions, or morals, or the state of arts and letters. To say that a return to the simple way of living is possible, or even desirable, seems Utopian and impractical. Some one more than a prophet is needed to tell us whether or not our economic life would improve under such a system, or whether the materialism of today would give place to a condition more favorable to the creative arts. The weakness of a dream is the weakness of *I'll Take My Stand,* but the protest behind it is a sound indication of a state of moral healthiness. That Southern leaders dare to challenge the strangle hold of a too rapacious industrialism in the South is a good sign. We have come far along the road since the days when the late Walter Hines Page made his plea for the establishment of more industries in our section. Changed conditions make for revaluations. The fallacy of the cure presented will not alter that.

As a polemical exegesis in statecraft and social welfare *I'll Take My Stand* deserves to be read.

JAMES B. SPENCER.

A Novel of Three Cities

Festival. By Struthers Burt. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 388 pp. $2.50.

Mr. Burt published *The Delectable Mountain* three years ago, and though he has been more or less out of the public eye since then, his recent novel shows that he has not been idle. *Festival* is a remarkably finished work of contemporary writing, and is of sufficient depth and fecundity to rank among the most readable and thought provoking of modern novels.

Whereas the plot is neither "ingenious" nor "novel" as we would be led to believe by the summary of the story which is attached to the celophane wrapper, it is basically strong and has served admirably the use of the author. The central figure in the story is that of Mr. Dorn Griffiths, a banker who has been materially assisted to his high position in the financial world by a wife, who in her personal relations toward him has always demonstrated a schooled dispassionateness. Determined to assert himself, he retires against the good wishes of his wife, and leaves her alien company for travel and the more compatible company of other women and his widowed daughter.

The character of Dorn dominates the story, and not once during his drab life in Philadelphia and his restful and refreshing visits to New York and Italy does the reader's interest in him suffer a deflation. Nor is the rich portrayal of char-

acter, a vigorous style, and a well handled plot the only merits of the book. Mr. Burt has shown himself a startlingly alert person in his most recent novel, and constantly impresses this fact on the reader by his succinct remarks and sharp satires on American life and institutions. In all, *Festival* is a work of beauty and vigor that carries below its easy flowing story the deft observations and contemporary criticisms of an amazingly agile mind. The book itself is one of the most attractive volumes to appear this year.

GERALD M. CRONA.

WHINNERY CAPTURES A TARTAR

(Continued from page 8)

Bernie faced him. "I ought to turn you over to the sheriff. I never did anything to you. I'd turn you in if I didn't have to see a sick man." Whinnery said nothing. Bernie took the long black satchel and placed it on the seat beside him. "And let me tell you something else. The next time you try to hold up someone, don't pick on a doctor."

When Whinnery got back Red was gone. The bail had come. Red was free. But on the next evening he saw the car approaching up the main street in Edgetown. The young man driving the car Whinnery had never seen before.

"This car," the young man explained, "belongs to Dr. Meade over at Shanklin. He rented it to a man who drove it to the city to see his father who had been hurt in an accident."

"Was it his father?" Whinnery inquired.

As the car passed out of sight he was still musing. "I wouldn't have anything on him but speeding, and to prove that—"

Whinnery changed the subject.

THE INCREDIBLE AGAIN

(Continued from page 19)

at the fierce figures for a long time, when he suddenly became aware of an uncontrollable desire to leap from his bed and howl at the moon, which, it would seem, he instantly did. The longer and fiercer he howled, the wilder he became."

"Fancy the poor devil upstairs. With M. du Mont d'Aréçi doing the howling himself, he probably damned well wished it were the real

dogs, instead. When one tries to improve conditions around here, I find one usually lets himself in for something worse. Your government is proof of that: from Bourbon to Bonaparte to Rothschild."

"But let us not digress to philosophy and politics. Jean tore about, howling, snarling, his hair on end. The whole affair was frightful, and it became worse as it progressed. As I said, Jean felt wilder and fiercer, the longer and more realistically he howled, until, at length, he no longer felt in the least like a man. He no longer had a human mind, but he did seem to have something to think with: a canine brain, which is not such a bad brain, indeed. Had he become a dog?—No; he was a great wolf—a were-wolf!"

"What an amusing story, Pierre. Really—"

"Very well, laugh. But wait until you hear the rest. It sounds absurd, but Aline and the others seemed under the impression that he had died, and continued on earth as a were-wolf, with, of course, his original human body by day; and this, which most people would call ridiculous superstition, was not without foundation. The *vidame*—formerly captain in the *Tirailleurs tonkinois*—who is one of our most prominent orientalists, believes implicitly in reincarnation in animal form, anyway, and Aline believes everything he says. As this ghost-wolf idea is but a step beyond that, to them it would not seem altogether irrational. However, the most convincing thing about it was Jean's firm conviction that at night he roamed abroad as a were-wolf. No one would spend the night with him, or, indeed, have anything to do with him at all: he had always been disagreeable enough, anyway, and everyone had pleasanter places in which to pass their time. He passed each day wild with fright and worry: his predicament was unbearable; and after his adventure on the night before he came to me in desperation, he was fairly jibbering from terror. This night was the most hectic of all:

"Toward midnight the shadowy form of a great gray wolf crept out at the side door of the studio into the newly fallen snow in the Rue Gildrac, the dark alley in which Mont d'Aréçi lives, and on out into the Rue Saint Jacques. It was poor Jean, starting out on what I hope was his last midnight expedition. Not the least uncanny thing about all this, and one of the most terrible features, for Jean, was that he knew exactly how he looked, in every horrible detail: gaunt, slinking body; terrible,

gleaming white fangs; and hideous mask, in which burned fiendish eyes. The skulking form proceeded along the Rue Saint Jacques, taken for a gigantic dog by a few who saw it, slunk across the grounds of the Observatory and out into the Boulevard Argo, on, across the Place Denfert Rochereau, and up the Avenue de Montsouris, past the Reservoire. When the were-wolf reached the Parc Montsouris, it would seem, it was in a sort of hydrophobic frenzy: snarling, howling, foaming, and tearing about in a horrible manner."

"A few months later he would probably have disturbed all the erotic young persons enjoying the spring, and each other, among the shrubbery.'

"Ah, come now—. Well, what happened next was the most gruesome of all. There were some dogs playing together in the park—I suppose some people in Montsouris keep dogs. They all made off at the appearance of the were-wolf; all but one, some sort of large shepherd-dog, I think, which was cornered in some shrubbery, or something, and was unable to effect its escape. Jean, the wolf, attacked it furiously, and the unequal combat raged on the blood-stained snow by the wan light of the moon. It was the cold, cruel moonlight of madness, not soft and beautiful, as it would have seemed to one of us. The dog was torn to pieces, and Jean said that he chewed off a leg, gnawed it, and ate considerable portions of his unfortunate antagonist. After that he seems to have called it a night, as you say, and returned home for some rest. The next morning he awoke, in human form, of course, and found himself covered with blood. He was terror-stricken at finding himself thus, after his hectic night's experiences, and when, upon revisiting what he thought to be the scene of his midnight meal, in the park, he found blood, bones, and the remains of a carcass scattered about, half-buried in the snow, he was absolutely—eh, how do you say?—beside himself, from fright. In trepidation! When, in desperation, he came here to my rooms the following evening, he seemed stark mad: eyes popping, and driveling from terror.

"He said that the dog, in its mortal agonies, had ripped a foreleg of its terrible adversary, the were-wolf; then he removed a bandage from his right arm, and displayed a deep wound, a long scratch on the forearm. After this exhibition, he went into a faint. I had him revived in a few minutes, and finally got him in a condition to listen to

me, after having poured about a quart of brandy into him. I asked him if he had been sleeping on his couch in the studio, and if there had been any partly finished marble work near it; and upon receiving affirmative answers to both questions, I pointed out to him that beyond a doubt he had cut his arm on a gouge or chisel lying on a stool near the couch, while he was tossing himself about, having his horrible dreams. After that I told him that on this last night some dogs, desperate from cold and hunger, had somehow gotten into the abattoir, which, as you know, is situated not far from the ramparts, some distance to the south from the Parc Montsouris. These dogs had succeeded in entering a pen and carrying off some pigs, before they were discovered. Upon being pursued, one of them probably had run down the Boulevards Lefèvre and Brune, or along the fortifications, with its booty, and, having made its escape, proceeded on down the Boulevard Jourdan to the park, where it could dine undisturbed. When I had convinced him that if he had examined the carcass in the park more carefully he would no doubt have found it to have been that of a pig, he felt considerably relieved. I concluded by advising him to abstain from strong liquor, absynthe, and especially drugs, for a time, and to see a doctor at once. He had kept himself without sleep for nights in succession by using dope, which had given out, leaving him a prey to his dreams. The physician prevented him from having dreams, for a time, until he was somewhat cured, and then ordered him to stay in the country for several months, and to go where there were no dogs. I suppose he is quite all right by now."

"Really, Pierre you should try writing fiction for a while, with that imagination. Don't take me seriously, though."

"But, I assure you, my friend, every word of this is the absolute truth. *Parole d'honneur!*"

"Then I can only say: *'C'est incroyable, Monsieur!'* "

Who's Who

Candler Willis is the artist who produced the frontispiece for this issue. Although a junior this is the first appearance of his work in the *Archive*. . . . The name of Edward Mylod has appeared in *Who's Who* so many times we can do little more than mention it again. . . . Kenneth Munden is a sophomore, and another first-time contributor. . . . Mary Bradsher, editor of the *Distaff,* is a senior. . . . Oren Whitehead, who has been featured in the last two issues of the *Archive,* contributes an essay for this issue. He is a sophomore. . . . Wade H. Adams, Jr. illustrates his own short story. He is a sophomore. . . . John L. Greene, a sophomore, makes his initial bow to *Archive* readers in this number. . . . Mary Parkhurst is a freshman co-ed. . . . James B. Spencer is a graduate student in English. . . . Thomas J. Shaw, Jr., and Ovid W. Pierce are well known *Archive* contributors. . . . Liston Pope is a graduate student, and former editor of the *Chanticleer.*

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Blind Man's Bluff

By George Harwell

CAST

Michael Travers
Hugh Lattimer
Rosanne

Time: *About 1925.*

Place: *A ranch in southwestern Texas.*
Michael's sitting-room.

The room is comfortably appointed, almost suggestive of luxury. It is not brightly lighted, but two lamps on either side of the fireplace and a small one on the table cast a glow over the scene that dispels any suggestion of gloom. Outside the night is warm and still. Through a door at the left rear can be seen the porch and, beyond, the plain rolling away to distant, scarcely visible hills, all bathed in the full, clear light of a Texas moon.

As the scene opens Michael and Hugh are discovered in conversation. Michael, wearing a lounging robe, is seated in a high-back armchair, smoking a pipe. He is about thirty, a little above medium height, and of slender build. His hair, originally dark, is now gray, almost white—the result of being gassed in the War. He is blind, but he has not let himself become an invalid. There is no self-pity, no air of weak resignation. He has suffered his blindness without resentment or bitterness, without yielding his freedom or his character to morbid pessimism. His has been the Arab's philosophy: El mektub mektub—*what is written is written.*

Hugh, a blond, is about the same age. He has a long, though scarcely noticeable, scar across one cheek. He is seated opposite Michael.

Hugh *(looking around):* You have a nice place here, Mike.

Michael *(smoking):* Thanks, Hugh. Father gave it to me when I returned, and, thanks to his advice and a good foreman, I've been able to realize quite a bit off it.

Hugh: Still, it's a long way from home.

Michael *(laughing):* But *this* is home to me now.

Hugh: Yes, I know, you haven't been East, at least not around the old town, much in the last few years.

MICHAEL: Not once in six years. I've never been back since I came home from France, and then I was there only long enough to make arrangements for coming out here.

HUGH *(looking at him curiously):* Don't you think that you owe us, the rest of us, an explanation? You know, everyone, except your father, has believed that you were dead all this time.

MICHAEL: Yes, I know. I suppose my action does seem strange to you. *(Pauses.)* Notice any change in me, Hugh—anything different?

HUGH *(laughing and nodding toward Michael's head):* Well, of course you're beginning to show your age—a little prematurely, I suppose.

MICHAEL: That all?

HUGH *(looking more closely):* Yes, I believe so. Except for that shock of gray, you're the same old Mike I left that night at St. Mihiel. That's been nearly seven years—hard to believe, isn't it?

MICHAEL: Yes, seven years. Never forget it though. Thought you were gone—your face was cut wide open.

HUGH *(laughing):* But they fixed me up. Can't hardly notice it, can you?

MICHAEL *(chuckling):* No, I can't.

HUGH: And what became of you?

MICHAEL *(drawing on his pipe):* I got mine soon after—about daybreak. Gas—surprised us, you know—got half of us. That accounts for my hair—and eyes.

HUGH: Eyes?

MICHAEL: That's a good actor, Hughie. Said like a man. But it doesn't quite go over. You know, you knew the minute you saw me. . . .

HUGH: You mean you are. . . .

MICHAEL: Blind, yes. Got it all just a few hours after they carried you away.

HUGH *(moved):* I didn't know, Mike —really. I couldn't tell. No one would ever notice it. You look and act the same as always.

MICHAEL: Thanks. I suppose I have become rather an expert. Practice, you know, makes one so—and I've had seven years of it.

HUGH *(slowly):* You know, they said you had gone on—west, and your father —well, until last week he didn't say anything different. We all thought that you had died there.

MICHAEL: To all of you, except him, I intended to have died there. And he thought that I had until almost a year later when I walked in on him.

HUGH *(gravely):* It seems to me that you've pulled a pretty poor trick on us, Mike.

MICHAEL: I had reasons, Hughie, good reasons. That makes a difference, you know.

HUGH: Of course. But you forget that the rest of us don't know them.

MICHAEL *(settling himself in the big chair, stares toward the ceiling and reflects for a moment. Then, slowly—):* Well, they are simple, and I am sure that you will understand when I tell you. You remember that I was engaged to—to Rosanne when I sailed for France.

HUGH *(laughing):* How could I forget it?

MICHAEL *(smiling):* No hard feelings, I hope.

HUGH: Of course not. It was just a case of the best man winning.

MICHAEL: No, a case of the luckiest man winning. Well, anyway, to make it short, when I got this, when they told me that I would never see again, and I realized. . . .

HUGH *(interrupting):* Never mind. I think I understand.

MICHAEL *(warmly):* I knew that you would, Hugh. You see, I couldn't go back to her in that shape—practically an invalid. She would have married me of course—she is not the kind to have thought of doing anything else—but it would have been—well, just the thing Rosanne thought was right.

[*A pause. Michael, his legs crossed, leans back comfortably in the chair, his face toward the ceiling.*]

HUGH *(looking toward the photograph of a girl's head on the mantel):* Do you still—love her?

MICHAEL *(smiling):* Does that matter now?

HUGH: I was just thinking of the photograph—there on the mantel.

MICHAEL *(slowly):* I like to have it there, Hughie, to feel when I sit here alone at night that she is there, looking down at me. I suppose it is silly, but somehow it helps—makes it easier to know it is up there and to think that *she* might have been here if—well, if I had come back the way I left.

HUGH *(rises, goes to Michael's chair, and sits on the arm, laying his hand on Michael's):* You've been a wonder, old man. I could never have done it. But you've got it all wrong. . . .

MICHAEL *(quickly interrupting):* Don't tell me a word of her, Hugh. Until I spoke to you tonight I have not called her name nor heard it since I came back and told father what I intended to do. He realized, as I did, that I should come out here and remain dead to her and you.

HUGH: Why to me?

MICHAEL *(laughing):* With me and my luck out of your way. . . .

HUGH *(quickly):* There is where you were wrong, Mike. Rosanne will never love anyone but you. I admit that I, thinking of course that you *were* dead, have tried—in spite of this cut on my face! *(Laughs.)* I guess I've proposed to her every day for the last six years.

MICHAEL *(with a note of relief):* Then you are not married?

HUGH *(rising):* No—and never will be. She will never marry anyone but you.

MICHAEL: But—she does not know that I am alive?

HUGH: Yes. Your father told her last week. She discovered a letter from you and cornered him. He had to tell her that you were alive. She immediately decided to come out here and find you, and when she told me, I of course came along.

MICHAEL *(rising and catching Hugh by the shoulders):* She is here?

HUGH: She is outside in the car. You see, she thought you might be married, so I was to come in first and find out. If you were, I was not to mention her.

[*Michael slowly reseats himself, visibly perturbed. For a moment neither speak.*]

MICHAEL *(finally):* Hugh, you must go and tell her that—I am married.

HUGH: I can't do that.

MICHAEL: You must. Then she will go back, and, in time, you and she. . . .

HUGH *(quickly):* I could never take her now, Mike. Don't you see, after seeing you and knowing. . . .

MICHAEL: Hush, Hughie. We will all be happier. . . .

HUGH: No, I can never do it. I don't want to appear mean about it, Mike, but I can't go back and tell her that. It would break her heart.

MICHAEL: But you must help me, Hugh. Don't you see my position?

HUGH *(earnestly):* I tell you, you are wrong. Rosanne is not the kind to let your—your wound stand in the way.

MICHAEL: It's good of you to say that, but I know, and you know, that it *would* matter to her. *(Pauses. Then, almost to himself)* I cannot have her love now, and I will not let her make herself a martyr to pity.

HUGH: Don't talk nonsense, Mike. If you still care, nothing else will matter to her.

MICHAEL *(quickly):* Then she must never know. *(Rises.)*

HUGH: But how can you keep her from knowing?

MICHAEL: I think I see a way, a better way than telling her that I am married. Were you sincere when you said a moment ago that you could not tell that I was blind?

HUGH: Of course. You act perfectly natural. Then too, the light is low in here.

MICHAEL: Then she probably will not be able to notice either. *(Earnestly.)* Hugh, I ask you to do only one thing: never tell her that I am blind. Do you promise?

HUGH: I do not understand.

MICHAEL: I will explain. Do you promise?

HUGH *(hesitantly):* Why—yes.

MICHAEL: Good. Now you go and send her here. Do not return yourself—let us be alone.

HUGH: What are you going to do?

MICHAEL: Merely act. If you did not suspect my blindness, then I will take a chance that she will not. I believe that I can carry it through, though, God knows, Hughie, it will be hard.

HUGH *(scarcely believing):* You mean that you are going to try to kill her love by pretending that you no longer care?

MICHAEL: Exactly. And all that I ask you is never to let her know that it was a sham. *(Smiling.)* A blind man's bluff!

HUGH: You are making a mistake, Mike. . . .

MICHAEL: Please, Hugh, do not argue. I need your help.

HUGH *(stands a moment searching Michael's face. Then, resigned, takes his hat from the table):* Just as you say, Michael. I'll do my part.

MICHAEL *(with an effort to be light):* And in a year you will see it my way.

HUGH *(shaking Michael's hand):*

Good-bye, Mike. I'll be running out to see you often now.

MICHAEL: Good-bye, Hughie. Remember: not a word

[Exit, Hugh.]

Michael stands a moment motionless and then, resolved, turns and gropes his way to the high-back chair. He places the smoking-stand beside it and feels for the tobacco-pouch, which is on top. He sits down and thinks for a moment. With a sudden inspiration he picks up his pipe from the stand, empties the ashes, rises, and advances toward the fireplace, carefully judging his pace and counting the steps.] *One—two—three. He places the pipe directly before him on the mantel, feels for Rosanne's picture and, locating it, places it in the desk-drawer. He returns and seats himself in the chair. Then, in a natural voice—*[*Hello, Rosanne. He rises and takes a few steps toward the door, extending his hand as though taking Rosanne's.*] *Gee, it's great to see you again . . .* [*He halts abruptly, suddenly chilled and stripped of all power to move, frozen by the horror—*she *is coming!*]

[*Slowly he returns to the chair and sits down. For a moment there is silence. Then outside a woman's footsteps can be heard approaching. Michael listens and, as the footsteps draw nearer, unconsciously clenches the arms of the chair.*]

[*Rosanne enters. She is fair of form and face, and, like all daughters of Eve, is not in accord with the accepted scheme of things—after eight years' separation she still loves the same man. Need more be said?*]

ROSANNE *(almost madly):* Michael!

MICHAEL *(springing to his feet and, at the sound of her voice, forgetting):* Rosanne! You!

[*Rosanne hurries toward him as though to throw herself on him. Michael advances a step toward her, then suddenly halts—he is blind!*]

MICHAEL *(extending his hand, his manner becoming almost formal):* How are you, Rosanne? Gee, it's good to see you again.

ROSANNE *(immediately notices the change and checks herself. Hurt, crushed, almost whispering):* Michael! *(She gives him her hand.)*

MICHAEL *(lamely):* Sit down, Rosanne. I know you are tired.

[*Rosanne, humiliated, takes a chair opposite Michael's. There is an awkward silence while Michael carefully, yet with an effort to appear natural, returns to the high-back chair and sits down.*]

MICHAEL: It's been quite a long time since I've seen you. What have you been doing?

ROSANNE *(hesitates a moment, studying him. Then, realizing that she must accept his attitude):* Nothing much. Mostly travelling.

MICHAEL: Europe?

ROSANNE: Yes. Touring the battlefields *(significantly)* and the American cemeteries. *(She opens a cigarette-case. Smiling—she has a very, very pretty smile—)* Do you approve of ladies smoking?

MICHAEL *(with a laugh, relieved by*

the trend of the conversation): Why, of course. In fact I rather like for a girl to smoke with me. Somehow it makes me feel that I am not selfish in smoking myself.

ROSANNE *(offering him the case):* Will you join me?

MICHAEL: No thanks. I confine my dissipation to a pipe.

ROSANNE: I'm afraid that I've made a terrible habit of it. *(Laughs.)* Mother and father think that I am a fiend. *(She lights a cigarette.)*

MICHAEL: They are old-fashioned.

ROSANNE *(smiling):* I thought that you were.

MICHAEL: Well, I suppose that I am in some ways, but not about smoking. When a girl smokes with me, it seems to draw her closer to me—that is, I feel that our companionship is more congenial, our relations more mutual.

ROSANNE *(mischievously, yet with a note of typical feminine inquiry):* And I suppose you have many congenial companions?

MICHAEL *(coughs):* Yes—a few.

ROSANNE *(with less mischief):* Strictly companions?

MICHAEL: Yes, merely companions.

ROSANNE *(blowing a cloud of smoke from her):* I am surprised that you are not married.

MICHAEL: Not yet!

ROSANNE *(glancing at his hair. Waggishly—):* You're beginning to show your age—better hurry.

MICHAEL: It's mean of you to say that. Gas turned my hair. You know I'm only thirty-one.

ROSANNE: Ah, thirty-one and still unensnared!

MICHAEL: Yes, still safe for democracy. I suppose I'll be just an old bachelor.

ROSANNE: Bachelors are so lonely. Surely you do not want to live that life!

MICHAEL: Oh, I don't know. Most of them are happy because they are lonely. To me there is something attractive in their solitary life.

ROSANNE: And I suppose you consider your life here such an existence?

MICHAEL: Well, isn't it?

ROSANNE: Yes, I suppose so. But don't you ever miss home—the old crowd?

MICHAEL *(warily):* Well, yes—in a way. Sometimes I would like to be back there with them. Friends, individually, are fine, but society is a nuisance. Dances, teas, bridge—I'm glad to be away from all that.

ROSANNE: Michael! I believe you are becoming an old crab!

MICHAEL *(laughing):* Well, you know "most friendship is feigning . . ."

ROSANNE *(significantly):* "And love mere folly."

[*Michael pretends not to realize the insinuation and, to cover his silence, rises and turns toward the fireplace. Slowly, carefully, yet preserving a natural air, he crosses to the mantel, gets his pipe, and returns to the chair. Rosanne watches him closely but not suspiciously.*]

MICHAEL *(realizing that he must eventually face the issue, decides to ap-*

(Continued on page 29)

A Group of Poems

By Kenneth White Munden

SONNET

All day before the hearth with book unread
I stare into the fire and wonder long
How this can be, and why I am afraid.
All day I stare and listen to its song:

I burnèd Siegfried on his funeral pyre,
Repulsive Vulcan welded me with rods,
I buried Typhon breathing Ætna's fire,
And made Prometheus sin against the gods!

I love the gossip of the fire with me—
Its aromatic burning spiced with wit,
Its mystery, its wild and pregnant roar—
And seeking what will set its laughter free,
I throw my book into the heart of it:
The blaze absorbs, and looks and asks for more.

SONNET TO THE EVENING

The fog has crept into the room, and long
I watch the day give up to scented dusk,
And marvel at its swan-like final song.
I do not fear the melancholic musk
With which the night has calmed my hungry eye,
But swoon before the evening majesty
Of all that silent galaxy the sky
Has brought the world from some infinity.

Myself against the world, but with the stars,
And with God too, if God is what I see:
Myself against the world and waging wars
For what I long but cannot ever be.
O million breasts that crush beneath this might!
O stars! O vast cathedral of the night!

For One Who Dares

By Edward Mylod

I

No one can ever know how much we care
Beneath the hardness of our flesh and ways;
How we must spent the sadness of our days,
And what unhappy worldliness we bear.
Are you this thing the monger talks about:
Sodden with lust, drunk with inherent vice?
How should you care? The devil who throws the dice
Gave you the humor that alone wins out.

Sit in the gutter: smoke your cigarette:
Laugh down your sins while you are hard and bad,
With wetted unsought lips, with eyes made glad:
Forget these hideous rôles, these lines forget,
And on the long tomorrow start afresh.
God! God! This life! The body and the flesh!

II

Why should you weep for such a little word:
You who outwing the vulgar crawling mass?
What seething filth that from their lips may pass
Should rise to you or ever once be heard?
The sleuthing mass of living creatures preys
Upon some chance to drag you from your height;
And you must seek an endless single flight
To follow out the oneness of your ways.

Come, lift your eyes and see beyond this space
A calm in pine trees, golden scattered mounds,
Live fallen brush, swift startled dying sounds,
And love the beauty of God's twisted face.
Man's world to you will always be unkind,
For you are beautiful: body and mind.

Professor Coller's Room

By Albert Westler

"They do seem purposely discolored, Coller."

"Discolored? What?"

"Why the walls, of course. Can't you see? I can well imagine an artist, a queer, peculiar artist, working there on the left wall of the library, carefully making delicate stains of all hues."

"But tell me, Holloway, why anyone should want to make stains on walls. It appears perfectly absurd."

"My dear Coller, you are too practical. You lack all feeling for—oh, intangibles. You have a damnable mind. Matter-of-fact. No imagination; a mind that never soars toward beauty. Can't you picture a man caught in a love for the old, for old books, for the lore of ancient times, for thoughts beaten into shape by the impact of generation after generation."

"But—"

"Don't you yet understand? Our artist, our lover of hoary things, is anticipating time. He is performing the work of time on our library wall, perhaps surpassing the artistry of wind and rain and sun."

Coller laughed. "So that's it. Pardon me, Holloway; you English teachers are sometimes a bit obscure. It's a nice thought. The campus *is* charming in the spring, and your phantom artist has added his touches well. But come from the window and have a cigarette."

"Not another one. I dropped in only for a moment to congratulate you, and I must go to my seminar. Congratulations again."

"Thanks; it's kind of you. It is really nothing, though; only a beginning, I hope."

"A very good one, Coller. We expect fine things of you. And now good-bye."

"I'll go to the door with you."

"Thanks."

Dr. Holloway and Professor Coller walked to the door of the study. Dr. Holloway was a little man, a trifle bent from the labors of scholarship, with keen eyes and a friendly smile. He patted the tall, power-

fully built Coller on the arm as they paused for a moment in the doorway. "Begin on the second," he said, as he moved away.

Coller sank into an armchair. He was glad that Holloway had gone. He wanted to be alone. Holloway had been the fourth to congratulate him that afternoon, and he was bored by now. He felt that he deserved to be praised for his book. It was a good book. He liked to think about it. The feel of the paper, the roughness of the binding, the sight of his name on the title page made him quiver with delight. He wondered how many people would read his book, and he thought of fingers turning over library index cards to find his name.

He was only twenty-seven.

His book had driven up in him a curious sense of power. In its pages he had dealt with vital things, things that mattered tremendously to millions of people not comprehended in the quiet college community. He smiled at the thought of Holloway's artist. How trivial compared with the substance of his pages. He had come to grips with things. Railroad transportation! That was important. Holloway would realize it if the rails were suddenly removed to another planet.

He speculated on the reception of his book in the transportation world. He felt that he had advanced ideas that were of the utmost significance. Some of them were not currently accepted. They should be put into practice.

The ease and calm of the campus suddenly filled him with impatience. It seemed a place of the dead, or faintly living, far from where the pulse of the world beat. The world of practical achievement beckoned to him. He saw himself directing men, changing institutions, applying to reality the principles of his book.

The next day he met his classes as usual.

The time-worn wall of the library still faced his window.

The spring passed.

But, in truth, the thoughts that came to Professor Coller on that afternoon on which his book arrived did not disappear. The thunder of the printing press seemed to have crept into his soul; the noise of the world beyond seemed to penetrate the campus. He dreamed of long freight trains rushing like monsters through starry nights.

"You see," he would say to his friend, Dr. Gerry, "we miss too much here. Things pass us by. Our lives become soft."

"But," Dr. Gerry would interrupt, "surely teaching is important, and writing. Our students shouldn't permit us to lose our grip on things."

"Oh," Professor Coller would reply, with a wave of his hand, "anyone can teach. All one needs is a set of notes—that seldom change."

He became more dynamic in the class room. He urged his students to go forth and achieve. He threw a web of romance about the city with its clamor and its opportunity. He pictured in vivid terms the mechanical miracles of our age.

He acquired an aversion for his profession.

Once he strongly advised a student against taking graduate work. The student wanted to teach. Professor Coller dwelt upon the limitations of the academic life.

"But—." The student hesitated.

The professor smiled. "You were going to ask me why I do not follow my own advice, weren't you? Well, perhaps I may."

This possibility persisted.

Two years went by.

Professor Coller continued to dream.

He lived alone in a small apartment on the campus. The walls of his study were lined with books. A flat-top desk was always littered with papers. He was proud of this room. It pleased him to show visitors into it. He felt that it had an air in keeping with both the scholar and the man of action, and why should they not, he thought, be united in the same person? Why not, indeed? He recalled one of Emerson's essays.

The study began to play a part of its own in Professor Coller's life. It became more than a place in which to read and write. It became a world, an animated world, a world of action, a world peopled with powerful figures in the midst of whom Professor Coller walked calmly, his lips faintly parted in an assured smile, his eyes shining with the half-contemptuous light of one whose words are commands. The commonplace objects in the room became invested with uncommon significances. The telephone would ring for some momentous decision from *him*. The type-writer would click out words breathlessly waited for by a flock of reporters outside the door. The chairs would seat the ghosts of Gould, Vanderbilt, Hill, Harriman. And Professor Coller, attired

in a lounging robe of subdued hue, would stand by the window in a thoughtful pose.

Only in the room did Profesor Coller feel completely at ease. He was always glad to escape into it. After his classes, after a banquet, after some necessary trip, he would return to it with a half-conscious sigh of satisfaction. The room was the scene of many long discussions of the subject that absorbed his interest. Here, with a group of his colleagues, Professor Coller would expand, discourse fluently, almost eloquently, on transportation problems. He would often invite a number of his best students to visit him. He would talk to them in such a way that even matters of technical detail would take on an extreme fascination. His students would depart from these sessions with the feeling that they had touched a great personality. Professor Coller thought so himself.

Ten years passed.

Three additional books had appeared over Professor Coller's name. He was recognized as an authority in his field. His works were widely quoted. Occasionally he was called into consultation by the government or by a railroad executive. Other universities attempted to acquire his services. He had arrived.

His colleagues talked among themselves. "Coller's going far."

In the meantime, Professor Coller paced his room. His smile was assured. His words were commands. He looked affectionately at his books. He constructed a world of his own, a world into which he projected himself as a towering figure to whom men deferred.

And then, by a great change in political fortune, a new party surged into power. The party had campaigned for sweeping changes, and it intended to realize them. For one thing, the railroads were to be nationalized.

Professor Coller, two weeks later, sat in his arm-chair reading the evening paper. It was dusk, and the reading lamp threw a comfortable glow about the room. Professor Coller had dined well, and he felt much at ease.

There was a knock on his door. He opened it, and a boy handed him a telegram.

The telegram read: "Offer you chairmanship of Railroad Reorganization Board. Wire answer as soon as possible."

It was signed by the president of the republic.

Professor Coller sat in his arm-chair. He held the telegram in his hand. The suddenness of a telegram confused him. The words were so few, but they meant so much. He was proffered the most powerful position in the transportation realm. He was to be given an opportunity to put into practice principles which he had advocated for so long through his books. He was to be given *power,* not the frail power of words, but the power to command, to change, to control. He should have expected this summons. Did he not deserve it? But the telegram was so terse. It came from so far away. He felt a bit helpless before the small piece of yellow paper in his hand.

The air in the room became close.

Professor Coller left his room. He walked aimlessly to the garage. He decided to drive his car for an hour or so. It might clear his head. He drove along the main highway leading from the college. A large city was located about twenty miles from the campus, and before he was aware of the distance that he had gone its lights flickered suggestively ahead.

He drove into the city and parked his car near the business section. He got out and walked along the street. It was still early, and people passed him, hurrying toward the theatre district. The city seemed cold and indifferent. Professor Coller glanced at the tall buildings rising arrogantly to their storied height. He dimly felt the rush of cabs. Street cars rumbled by, safe in their tracks. Sometimes a woman brushed past, perfume clinging to her. There was laughter and footsteps. The professor wandered to one of the railroad stations. Below him he could hear trains enter and leave. People met friends, or said good-bye. Red-caps strode along, heavy with luggage. Cab drivers solicited trade at the entrances to the station. Professor Coller had a vague feeling that this represented power, a power that was vast, untamed, scornful of rules, disdainful of men. Fear reached out.

He returned to his study. He opened the door and switched on the lights. The study was not the same. The fancy was gone. But it was small and warm and secure. He felt the familiar presence of his books. He sank into the familiar arm-chair.

The next morning he looked at the time-colored wall of the library and smiled.

He met his classes as usual.

Exultant Automatun

By Keith Harrison

The winds sweep full into my face,
I breast them and step with firmer pace,
Or swoon into their arms.
They blow while I sleep, and I lie still,
In dreams still make them to my will,
Even choose and evade their charms.
    I their subject? Not I.

I twist them around to my schooner's route,
The while laughing at their music on the marsh's flute,
Or dine while they harmonize.
I lash them to levers for the turbine's turning,
Cause them to labor in a kingdom of learning,
Though my motive they may despise.
    Life their machine? Not mine.

I submit myself to the surgeon's knife,
Knowing well that there's death and there's life,
And I risk myself on the margin.
There's slip of the knife and the life-stream flows,
There's frantic probing the wound and the pain that death knows,
But the wince or reflex ends the bargain.
    Man's act unselected? Selected.

Love lived with me as only true lovers know,
Yet I hied me afar to enhance its fair glow,
Nor wrecklessly heeded behest.
That sweet love abides, nor is ever forlorn,
No remorse over love grown old ere its morn;
Conceded—lacking wisdom 'tis best.
Men dupes of impulse? Not man.

Transforming at will what I find at my hand,
Constructing with freedom what's lacked,
Taking only what suits the scheme of my plan,
Rejecting what seems to detract.
'Tis mine to create, turn back, accept;
Refuse to respond, postpone;
Make life come to beauty, in its art come adept,
Obeying my God alone.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Enoch Arnold Bennett

The recent death in London of Arnold Bennett marks another change in the landscape of modern English fiction. A member of what we have now come to regard as an older group of novelists, Bennett carried on, with significant modifications, the traditions of the art of fiction as handed down to us from the days of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. More than the other men of his generation, a generation including the late Joseph Conrad and Thomas Hardy, as well as Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Wells (who are still alive), he seemed to be able to catch an elusive quality—the character of the average middle class urban Englishman. At times he tried his powers in showing life belonging to the upper level, but he was most at home in side streets and the market places of his Five Towns in the potteries district of England, where lived Constance and Sophia Baines of *The Old Wives' Tale.*

In a chapter on Arnold Bennett in his recent book called *Four Contemporary Novelists,* Dean Wilbur Cross says, "Of all English novelists Bennett comes the nearest to sheer objectivity." Considering his admittedly journalistic methods, it is a bit strange that this should have been the case. He is known to have been able to toss off half a million words a year, an ability responsible, perhaps, for much of the mere "hack-work" he produced along with his best. But that best included *The Old Wives' Tale, Riceyman Steps,* and the *Clayhanger* trilogy, no mean monument as writing goes. As the author of these books Arnold Bennett deserves to be remembered.

* * * * *

Playscript

While most theatre-blessings on the New York stage seem to be preparing to take flight, the announcement that Alice Brady will find her stellar way to the *Masque* in DuBose Heyward's first non-collaborative and original play called "Brass Ankle," will be received with a great deal of interest by these who have read "Porgy" and to those

who with admiration have seen Miss Brady perform. Speculation becomes rife as to both the success of Miss Brady's ability "to get across" and the dramatic qualities of "Brass Ankle," when one recalls that both Miss Barrymore and Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" suffered a dismal failure on the stage. On the other hand, the phenomenal success of the Pulitzer prize play, "Green Pastures," now well in its second year, has been marked by an unusually lengthy run either because of its content value, its originality, or because of its performance by a well selected cast of artists.

A revival of du Maurier's escape into the golden memories of an idyllic youth in France, "Peter Ibbetson," has perhaps received a more cordial reception than the performance fourteen years ago, when John Barrymore was acting the part now played by Dennis King. Unlike us who are so accustomed to the tempo of industrial and professional life that we carry over the same rhythm into our efforts to escape from a humdrum existence, Peter and Mary of the romantic classic escape from bruising reality into dream fantasies.

London performances of "The World of Light" mark the important appearance of Aldous Huxley as a dramatist. Mr. Huxley has left off spiritualism this time to translate an unceasing and unrelenting honesty of thought into dialogue. Aldous Huxley, supposedly a satirist of manners, rests his claim to originality and genius in his fanatical belief, and his power to express his belief, that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost and that the art of life consists in discerning it. Failure to discern and to escape it is the only hell; ability to transcend the human peril of it is the only heaven. That faith, in short, is dramatically represented in "The World of Light."

* * * * *

A Trunk of Letters

Edgar Lee Masters in his recent biography of Abraham Lincoln has done much to bring to the foreground of present-day interest that fiery, oratorical antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas. In an article on Douglas, Masters writes: "The strength of the legend still prospers Lincoln, and to make it more exciting in the relation it always carries Douglas' name as a footnote, to say that he was the man with whom Lincoln debated in 1858, and routed with mastering ability and clearer hold on God's truth.

But for those who have the time and power to follow up the footnote it will be seen that Douglas was superior to Lincoln in genius, in strength of mind, and in moral character." Men who are in any way before the public eye in their day may be practically sure that they will be summoned from their graves at least once or twice in the half century following their death. In the everlasting search for biographical subjects it is probable that undue emphasis and importance will be placed upon characters that have been justly lost sight of in the dusk of their tombs.

However, George Fort Milton, who wrote the biography of Andrew Johnson: "The Age of Hate," has begun a study of Stephen Douglas. By some happy chance one of Douglas' descendants in Greensboro (N. C.) found an old trunk which contained an abundance of correspondence of Douglas with Civil War leaders. This correspondence has been turned over to Milton for the purposes of his biography; and this good fortune should enable him to make a more accurate estimation of Douglas than any previous students of the Civil War period have made.

BOOK REVIEWS

Postulating and Assuming

The Dynamic Universe. By James MacKaye. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. 302 pp. $3.50.

For the past two or three decades, repeated attempts have been made to pick fatal flaws in the organic structure of the Theory of Relativity. All such efforts, from the earnest tentatives of Lodge, Painlevé and Poor to the flamboyant fallacies of See, have proved abortive. The reason is not far to seek. Einstein's elaborate system and mass of complicated equations are mathematically impeccable. They provide results in extraordinarily close conformity with the results of observation and experiment. For low velocities they lead, as they manifestly should, to the results of the Newtonian mechanics, since the latter have stood the severest tests for three centuries. For very high velocities, Einstein's equations supply answers to the three crucial tests, which the Newtonian physics was powerless to answer: the deviation of the light ray, the advance of the perihelion points in the orbit of Mercury, and the shift to the red of light rays from a celestial, as compared with those from a terrestrial, source. By identifying gravitation with inertia, Einstein has supplied an explanation of gravitation, as the result of the properties of space-time structure. Relativity has supplied the answer to many other puzzling physical questions, in especial considering matter as a form of energy, and in the hands of Eddington, Jeans and others, giving new stimulus to the modern theories of radiation.

Einstein's theory of special relativity arises from certain fundamental assumptions, which are supported by observation and experiment. First, the Michelson-Morley experiment, which was intended to discover the earth's absolute velocity through the ether, but gave a *null* result. From this, Einstein drew the conclusion, since the experiment had been conducted with the utmost attainable scientific accuracy, that it was impossible to discover absolute velocity, not only of the earth, but of any physical body whatever; and consequently that all velocities were relative. There was no fixed framework, to which bodies in motion might be referred, to secure absolute velocities; unless that fixed framework were the ether, which the Michelson-Morley experiment showed to be impotent for the end in view.

Einstein furthermore postulated that the velocity of light, irrespective of the motion of its source, was a constant *in vacuo*—namely 186,284 miles per second; and that this was the maximum velocity found in nature. Since the velocity of light

was constant for all inertial systems, that is systems moving with respect to each other in uniform, rectilinear motion, Einstein resolved the incompatibility with the old Newtonian mechanics by assuming both space and time measures to be relative to the observer, that is, varying with the speed of the system—car, airplane, planet, what not—upon which the observer was stationed. In particular, he formulated a definition of simultaneity based upon light signals, which was founded upon elementary common sense; and he showed that events which are simultaneous for a stationary observer are not so for an observer moving with uniform velocity.

James MacKaye, professor of philosophy at Dartmouth College, now advances in "The Dynamic Universe" a new theory of the universe which he calls the radiation theory. Clearly recognizing and acknowledging that Einstein's mathematical equations, some of which are incomprehensible to him, cannot be impeached as to their accuracy and power of predicting and producing correct results, MacKaye accepts them *in toto*. But he maintains that the Einstein theory is a mathematical, not a physical one; and that Einstein, by a form of juggling in shifting space and time dimensions, has concealed the real physical phenomenon which the relativity equations express. Accordingly, he proceeds to make a series of elaborate assumptions, far more numerous, dubious and elaborate than those made by Einstein, in order to arrive at the Einstein equations. The basic principle of MacKaye's theory is the Doppler principle; and he reverts to the old theory of the ether, which plays an insignificant rôle in the Einstein theory. He defines matter as radiant energy; and postulates the existence of tiny bodies he calls "materions," which are centers of radiation expanding with the speed of light. In the course of the development of the theory, he makes a large number of assumptions and "plausible guesses," based upon similitudes and analogies in known physical phenomena. He keeps on "postulating" and "assuming" until he has just enough to explain the Einstein equations.

The work is brilliant, clear and ingenious. The author subjects the relativists to sharp ridicule by pointing out certain inconsistencies, fallacies and even absurdities in their arguments. It is undoubtedly the ablest attempt yet made to discover a physical, that is a dynamic, explanation of the Einstein equations, using the Doppler principle as a substitute for the dimensionality shift of Einstein. The theory is eminently deserving of serious study; but at the present moment it is too nebulous in its nature, too cluttered up with assumptions and plausible guesses, too little fortified by powerful and irreproachable mathematical analysis, to command acceptance, or indeed more than a scientific mood of "watchful waiting" for a more detailed scientific, mathematical and physical, exposition of the theory.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

As Seen By Its Distinguished and Lovable Dean

Life In College. By Christian Gauss, Dean of the College, Princeton University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. 272 pp. $2.50.

Life in College is college life at Princeton as seen by its distinguished and lovable Dean. Not strange to say this Princeton college life of American college youth is essentially the same as that in most of the better American colleges for men. Semi-humorously portrayed and kindly criticised in this delightful book, the college boy of today is about what he has long been, morally certainly no worse, probably considerably better. "I have no ground for believing that there has been any increase in sexual promiscuity, incontinence or perversion—the young men in the colleges to-day are, as I have seen them, if less romantic, quite as 'clean' as any similar group of the Victorian age."

Entertaining as the book is for the general reader, it is very instructive, especially for rightfully prospective college students as well as for those forced unwisely by unkind circumstances to land in college in spite of the evident unwisdom of their "putting in at that port," and for the fathers and mothers of these fortunates and unfortunates. All of these people should read this book. Both they and the colleges would profit. For nearly all boys enter college with a false conception of the whole business, and many drift in who should not go there at all. Dean Gauss discusses this problem wisely in his first chapter "Should Your Son Go to College?" "No father should urge his son to go to college for the social prestige it will give, or for any other reason than that for which the college exists, which is to train the mind by exercising it in study. If a boy does not care to study, a college course will not educate him and can give him nothing worthwhile." To succeed in college a boy must above everything else have native ability and a will to work, the latter being probably even more important than the first. He should not be too much concerned about developing in himself leadership; that will come, if at all and if wise and helpful, from work, somewhat as fruit from the fructified flower. "A boy who gives himself whole-heartedly to the round of his daily duties with the idea of performing them as well as he possibly can will develop those qualities of manliness, persistence and loyalty which are the basis of character."

Dean Gauss finds many fathers deplorably neglectful of their primary obligations to their sons: they simply know almost nothing about them. Parental vices of this kind he lists in order of frequency as indifference, suspicion and lack of confidence, dictatorial or masterful-man attitude. How necessary to a son's spiritual and mental, not to mention physical, development is the man element in his early life training! "Father and mother, the family, are responsible for a boy's moral and physical welfare and his social education. If they have done their full duty by him, he will, when he enters school or college, have acquired a sense of life's

primary loyalties and will be able to handle himself in the ordinary and usual situations which arise under conditions of group life."

Dean Gauss attributes the majority of student failures in college to the fact that many boys are admitted who under a wiser method of selection would never get in. And he believes distressingly large numbers will continue to "fail out" until it is realized that not every American high-school graduate has an inalienable right to begin, at least, a college education.

Along with a serious but kindly discussion of some of the perplexing problems of college life, Dean Gauss relates out of his rich experience some delightful stories of a humorous nature. They add much to the attractiveness of this really valuable book.

William H. Wannamaker.

"Her Own Soul's Travail"

My Husband's Friends. By Katherine Bellamann. New York: The Century Co. 1931. 281 pp. $2.00.

Katherine Bellamann's novel, *My Husband's Friends,* appears to contain more truth than one would expect in a story as intimate and revealing as this one. Nina Perryfond with her longing for a life of deep emotional quality and her failure to find it exemplifies the many women with hangovers of pre-war philosophy who are unable to fit into a post-war environment as easily and quickly as the less exacting and less highly strung male.

Her husband's friends represent to Nina the projection of all the unhappiness of her married life. Across the grey landscape of her mind tread many and varied people, people attracted by the brilliant and fascinating Gene Perryfond, even as Nina is attracted and yet demanding more than she has dared to demand. Nina's long effort to do something for Gene is no more than the story of her own soul's travail.

Told in Nina's own word, the story moves swiftly. Her characterizations are excellent and remind one of portraits cut in stone. She treats her characters subjectively, but with fairness and a keen sense of humor. Had she not obviously strained a bit in the first of the book to be funny, the book would have been of more worth. On the whole, though, it is well worth reading because of its close hold upon human nature and its entertaining qualities.

There is little doubt that the public will hope that the old saying that there is *one* novel in every man's life will not apply to Katherine Bellamann.

Mary E. Bradsher.

"Plenty, Peace, and Freedom"

America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy. By Norman Thomas. New York: Macmillan Co. 1931. 324 pp. $2.50.

Norman Thomas is by all odds the best known figure in the American socialist movement today, and this book, in which he discusses his philosophy, is both timely and important. The hard and bitter reality of 6,000,000 unemployed workers, starving in the midst of abundant wealth, is forcing as never before new questions as to the soundness of our economic system. The indifference of the gang of hirelings in Washington, headed by the Great Sufferer in the White House, to the elemental cry of workers and farmers for bread is causing wide-spread discontent with present political alignments. These, and many other factors, seem portents of changes in our thought and action that will bring us to closer grips with the economic and social problems that crowd upon us.

But we need to know where we are going. We need a program upon which workers and farmers can unite in effective action. We must have an "organizing loyalty," a philosophy, about which to rally. It is the chief merit of *America's Way Out* that not only are the problems that confront us stated clearly and forcibly, but the road to plenty, peace, and freedom is indicated with clarity and conviction. The fundamental proposition is this: "When we went in for machinery we went in for collectivism, and that on a world-wide scale. Our task is to make collectivism as intelligent, as equitable, as serviceable to the needs of individuals as may be possible." In short, we must utilize the enormous productive capacity of modern industry for the use of all of us, and not for the profit of a small, arrogant oligarchy who wield a hateful tyranny over men and things.

After indicting, in four powerful chapters, the capitalism under which we live, Mr. Thomas devotes the remainder of his book to a search for a way out of the poverty, war, and brutal injustices that crucify our lives. He rejects communism as a solution, although he recognizes the tremendous importance of the Russian adventure. Rather, he reaffirms a faith in democracy, but not in the thing that passes for democracy in America. He believes that the transition to socialism can come peacefully, and that this is worth fighting for. A militant labor party will be necessary for this, and a vigorous trade union movement. Industry must pass under social ownership and social control, beginning with the industries most ripe for socialization such as power, transportation, steel, etc. In some intensely interesting pages, he outlines a program for the farmers. Social insurance—unemployment, accident, health, and old age—to be financed by heavy income and inheritance taxes, figures as an immediate measure. He also advocates Henry George's famous single tax, especially on urban land values. There are chapters on individual freedom under socialism, on our political structure, on our political parties, and on the international aspects of any basic reconstruction. He also has

some extremely pertinent things to say about "human nature" in the chapter entitled "Can We Make a Better World?"

This review indicates badly the scope of *America's Way Out*. The book is not one of generalizations; it is as specific as the space permits. Many problems that I have not mentioned are considered. Mr. Thomas has performed a distinct service in stating, and to a degree in restating, the aims of American socialism in clear, unmistakable terms. There will doubtlessly be disagreements, even among socialists; the reviewer, with all modesty, takes exception to a number of points. But the book makes exhilarating reading, and presents a program and a philosophy that we sorely need.

H. M. Douty.

"The Psychographic Method of Biography"

The Quick and the Dead. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. 283 pp. $3.50.

Here is the latest collection of Mr. Bradford's psychographs; under this title are published sketches of Roosevelt, Wilson, Edison, Ford, Lenin, Mussolini, and Coolidge. The choices are, on the whole, not exciting, and the results are not convincing.

Of these seven immortals, the least promising provides Mr. Bradford with his best sketch—Calvin Coolidge. "The Genius of the Average," Mr. Bradford calls him. The term is not happily chosen, for whatever else he is, Mr. Coolidge is not average. The public has been pleased to call him ordinary and mediocre. These names may fit his intelligence, but for the whole man, he is neither average nor ordinary. In fact, he is hardly normal, as witness Mr. Bradford's psychograph. In spite of his ill-chosen title Mr. Bradford succeeds far beyond his other attempts in this book, likely far beyond his own knowledge, in arousing our interest in Calvin Coolidge.

The sketches of Ford and Edison are the most disappointing of the lot. Their failure lies, perhaps, more in their subjects than with Mr. Bradford. After all our business magnates and our inventors are not necessarily interesting people. Their methods in their own work are no doubt worthy of study; their actions and reactions to the world they live in are likely to be dull if not elementary. At some time in the distant future, when other magnates and inventors have arisen, the great American public will probably realize that Mr. Ford's views on sociology and Mr. Edison's notions about education are not only uninteresting but probably unsound. It must be said of Mr. Edison, at least, that he is modest about advancing opinions beyond the immediate boundaries of his own work. Mr. Ford would do better to try a similar modesty.

These sketches about people still alive or only recently dead reveal, as Mr. Bradford himself frankly confesses in his preface, the essential weakness of the psychographic method of biography. In its search for the really essential elements of characters, it is likely to ignore both time and circumstance. In its attempt to arrive at a unity of conception, it assumes that the man is the child grown older. It makes no allowances for change in characters; all of a man's words become of equal importance. Such a method naturally lands the biographer in confusion when his subject says first one thing and then another. In this present work the sketch of Mussolini is a case in point. Certainly a chronological study of his life with some reconstruction of time and circumstance would be a greater help in understanding his character than Mr. Bradford's psychograph, though unfortunately such a study could hardly be reduced to a simple formula.

F. K. Mitchell.

A Moon of The Last Quarter

Cold Blue Moon. A Novel of the Old South. By Howard W. Odum. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1931. 278 pp. $2.50.

In the narrowest sense of the word *Cold Blue Moon* is not a novel; rather it is a series of stories, loosely joined and lacking the continuity of form and purpose that plots of novels should possess. But the book is an important one from the standpoint of a sectional sociology, Dr. Odum being the author of several significant sociological studies of the Old and New South—of which the most recent is *An American Epoch.*

Left Wing Gordon, the inveterate story-teller and the Black Ulysses of *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* and *Wings On My Feet,* inspired by a keg of corn likker and the eager ears of a score of pickaninnies and field hands, recalls one of the beautiful yet pathetic stories of the Old South, a story that his forefathers had told to him. Inevitably when a story-teller turns to the South he turns to the past.

It is a rainy afternoon; the negroes rest under a wood-shed; they have been relieved from the fields for the afternoon. In the droning, low voice of the negro the reminiscences are more of songs than they are of stories. The rain is the accompaniment; the clouds seem to sanction the singing of these "days that have been and ain't gwine to be no more." Under the wood-shed the masters and the mastered of Big House Hall are resurrected; once again these ghosts of the past are made to go through their trials, their romances, their victories, and their defeats. And it is with a wise and sad smile that they return to their places in portraits.

The southern negro at one time prided himself on his instinctive appreciation of culture and aristocracy. Perhaps Left Wing Gordon is one of the last of these negroes; yet he is enough of a realist to know that a way of life purely regional will precipitate itself into oblivion.

OVID W. PIERCE, JR.

"For Three Generations"

Lacemaker Lekholm Has An Idea. By Gustof Hellström. New York: The Dial Press. 1931. $2.50.

This novel, resembling the Forsyte saga in its chronicling the fortunes of a family for three generations, gives the history of the Lekholms, beginning with the lacemaker: father or grandfather to most of the characters in the book. We note his determination to give his sons wider opportunities and a better education than he himself had had. We see its results varying widely in contrasting personalities, all products of the original.

It is the old story of a father's desires for his children, desires that are never wholly fulfilled. The father falters under the stress of human frailties, the children are restless under restraint. But the family does advance. Some of them are wealthy; two or three are officers in the army; their social status is higher.

The old lacemaker surveys them on his hundredth birthday. They are no longer a family to him, not glorious as he had imagined them. They are only people, each with his own life, each struggling for his own ends, no happier nor more miserable than he had been. There have been instances of sacrifice, moments of nobility, years of struggle, times when defeat seemed inevitable, punishment and reward—all exemplified in this story of a family. It is not really a chronicle of individuals; it is a picture of human nature. And therein lies its greatness.

The author's treatment of the characters is brilliant; they stand out distinctly as living people. The style is clear and easy, and the plot interesting and convincing.

ELIZABETH BULLOCK.

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

(Continued from page 8)

proach it): You know, seeing you and Hugh today has been quite a surprise. It carries me back to the time when we were all growing up together *(laughs)* and he and I were such bitter rivals.

ROSANNE: It has been a long time since then.

MICHAEL *(filling his pipe):* Gee, we were silly, weren't we?

ROSANNE: What do you mean?

MICHAEL *(taking the plunge):* Oh, for being so serious. Why, I actually believed that you and I should get married! *(laughs.)* But all boys in their early twenties get the notion they want to marry. I suppose girls are the same way, aren't they? *(He lights his pipe.)*

ROSANNE *(slowly):* Yes—I suppose they are.

MICHAEL: All that seems to have been in another age, so much has happened since then—and yet, just eight years. *(Looks toward her.)* I don't believe you have changed a bit, Rosanne. In fact, I believe you are even prettier.

ROSANNE: It's nice of you to say that.

MICHAEL: It is true.

ROSANNE *(studying him):* But you are not the same. You have changed.

MICHAEL: I have? In what way?

ROSANNE: Oh, I don't know. You are just not the same tonight as you were then—the night you went away. *(She glances at him to note the effect.)*

MICHAEL *(apparently unaffected):* I'm older now. I was just a kid then.

ROSANNE *(undaunted):* But—you were serious then.

MICHAEL *(sensing danger):* I don't understand. What do you mean?

[*Rosanne, casting aside her pride, decides to force the issue. She rises, goes to the chair, and, sitting on the arm, throws herself across him.*]

ROSANNE *(calmly):* You are playing, Michael. Pretending. I know—you do care. *(She puts her arms around his neck. Wistfully—)* Take me, Michael —and hold me. . . . Please. I've been so lonely all these years. . . .

MICHAEL: Rosanne! *(He starts to take her into his arms.)*

ROSANNE *(almost whispering):* Please, Michael. . . . I forgive you. . . . *(She is sobbing.)*

[*Silence. Michael, feeling her in his arms, is on the point of yielding, of giving up his sham and taking her.)*

MICHAEL *(finally realizing that he must go on, slowly grasps her wrists and takes her arms from him):* Rosanne. . . . *(He falters.)* I must be fair to you—to us both. We cannot throw our lives away because of a silly high-school romance. We must face things as they are now. You do not really love me—you only love the memory of our childhood together. Don't you see, what we took for being in love then was not a real, genuine love. It was only natural for us to make the mistake—we had grown up together. *(His voice softens.)* Why,

remember how at night when we were alone I used to say "booh!" at you and tell you that when a lady became frightened, she should throw her arms around her escort. And sometimes you did—and sometimes you would worry me and act indifferent. . . . *(He catches himself.)* But I guess all kids are silly like that.

ROSANNE *(softly):* And I'm still silly, Michael. I still think that I—that I really care.

MICHAEL *(with difficulty):* Then you are still a little girl, Rosanne. Some day you will grow up and know that I am right. You will find someone who will cause you to laugh at thinking you ever loved me.

ROSANNE *(quickly):* Have you?

MICHAEL *(reflects for a moment):* Well, yes—in a way.

ROSANNE: You mean—you love someone else?

MICHAEL: No, not exactly that. But I've come to realize that ours was not love. I've changed.

ROSANNE: It is not like you to change, Michael.

MICHAEL: War changes even the strongest character.

ROSANNE: But I did not believe that it would change you. I believed when you went away that you would return the same. You were not the kind to change, even in war. And when they told me that you were dead, somehow I did not believe it. I have never believed it.

MICHAEL: Then you must have believed that I had changed. Otherwise I would have returned.

ROSANNE: Yes, I know. I've been silly. I thought that you were alive—something always told me that you were—and that you had been wounded—perhaps lost your memory. *(With a wistful little laugh.)* Why, sometimes I felt that you had lost an arm or a leg and would not come back to hold me to—to our love.

MICHAEL: You had some queer notions, Rosanne.

ROSANNE *(smiling):* A woman always believes what she wants to.

MICHAEL: But you were wrong, Rosanne—your intuition failed you. You misjudged me, credited me with a stronger character than I really had. I was weak, too weak to stand the test—weeks in the trenches, seeing only mud and dead men and men worse than dead; hearing only bursting, screaming shells and the shrieks and moaning of dying men—why, it was like a furlough from hell to heaven when we got back to a town for one night and saw women, beautiful women, without mud and lice and coarse, cursing voices. Soft arms and perfume and all that it meant—you are a woman, Rosanne: you cannot understand. I was not strong enough to resist. I yielded. I grew to forget home, and childhood, and you. All that became like a distant dream, like something that had never happened. And when I did return, I knew that ours had been a childish infatuation. But I was too weak to go to you and tell you. I couldn't have faced you.

[*Rosanne, her cheeks wet, slowly rises, keeping her back toward him.*]

MICHAEL *(rising with her):* You understand, don't you?

ROSANNE *(softly):* Yes.

MICHAEL: And you forgive me?

ROSANNE *(keeping her back to him):* Yes, I forgive you—but I cannot forgive myself for coming here and putting you in such a position, for forcing you to tell me what you have.

MICHAEL: Never mind that. If you will forgive all that I've done, the cowardly way that I've acted, I will forget tonight.

ROSANNE *(turns and offers him her hand):* I must go.

MICHAEL *(unaware of her proffered hand):* But you will come back?

ROSANNE *(noticing that he does not seem aware of her hand, looks into his face with a puzzled expression on her own):* Yes, perhaps I will return—when I have forgotten what I've done tonight.

MICHAEL *(desperately, realizing that she is going probably forever out of his life):* No, Rosanne—don't say that! We have known each other too long for you to be embarrassed by anything you might say to me.

ROSANNE *(moving to leave):* I am going, Michael. Good-bye.

[*She turns and, with her handkerchief to her mouth, goes quickly out.*]

MICHAEL *(taking a step after her):* Rosanne! *(He stands listening to her footsteps as they fade away. Softly, to himself—)* She has gone!

[*Slowly he turns and starts toward the chair, but, with a thought, turns and gropes his way to the desk. He takes Rosanne's picture from the drawer and stands a moment holding it, then turns and places it on the mantle. But it falls to the floor, and Michael, blind, stoops and feels over the rug without locating it.*

Meanwhile Rosanne silently, with her slippers in her hand, has entered and stands near the door, watching him.]

CURTAIN.

Who's Who

George Harwell is a junior. . . . Kenneth White Munden is a sophomore. . . . Edward Mylod is a sophomore. . . . Albert Westler is a junior. . . . Archibald Henderson is professor of mathematics at the University of North Carolina. He is the author of *Contemporary Immortals* which was reviewed in the last issue of the *Archive*. . . . William H. Wannamaker is dean of men at Duke. . . . Mary Bradsher is a senior and editor of the *Distaff*. . . . H. M. Douty is a junior, and associate editor of the *Archive*. . . . F. K. Mitchell is a professor of English at Duke. . . . Ovid W. Pierce is a junior and book review editor of the *Archive*. . . . Elizabeth Bullock is a junior. . . . Lewis Clark, who contributes frontispiece is a first year medical student from South Carolina. . . . Keith Harrison is also a first year medical student.

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The Shadow and the Dust

By J. B. Clark.

The Shadow And The Dust

By J. B. Clark

CHARACTERS

Vivian Laye, *the condemned woman.*
Phillip Martin, *the lawyer.*
Father O'hara, *the prison chaplain.*
The Warden.
A Guard.
The Matron.
Several Guards.

Scene: *A cell on Death Row of a great state penitentiary.*
Time: *Around midnight of Christmas Eve.*

The Scene: *It is nearing midnight in a small gloomy cell on Death Row in a great state penitentiary. The interior is very drab and dimly lighted. As the curtain rises distant music and the sound of chorus voices singing Christmas hymns may be heard coming from a church choir in the courtyard below. The music is very soft and sweet and lends a touch of compassion and tenderness to the dreary scene. There is an atmosphere of depressing tragedy about the contents of the cell, which consist of a small bunk (right), covered with cheap and soiled bed linen, a small tin box under the bunk, containing a man's picture and a few personal belongings of the condemned woman and a hacked wooden stool (center). The surrounding walls are dingy with the passing of years and have a cold and dismal appearance, as they reflect the dim lights of the prison on the interior. At the rear is a narrow door, heavily crossed with iron bars, and beyond this is a corridor leading to the death chamber, up and down which paces a guard at intervals. At first the cell appears unoccupied, but after a brief pause a woman's laborious sigh is heard coming from the smelly bed clothes on the bunk. The woman rises and stalks slowly towards the door, the bars of which she grasps tightly and peers out. Pale, yellow light from the corridor casts a sickly hue on her pallid face and reveals the sorrow and hopelessness in her expression. She is young and pretty—not over twenty-*

three—, but sorrow has brought lines into her youthful face and given her the appearance of one who is lost and has no hope or wish for salvation. The music continues ever so softly as she releases her grip on the bars, and turns slowly back to the bench, on which she sits and bends over to pull out the small tin box from beneath the bunk. She opens the box and gently removes a picture which she caresses tenderly. She is thus engaged as the guard appears at the door and unlocks it. Martin appears outside.

GUARD *(opening the door):* Yes, sir, Mr. Martin. A cold night it is, sir, and I'm thinking the wee tots in their beds are all praying God to keep their old Santa warm and safe.

MARTIN *(entering):* Quite right, McGinn.

[*He stops and gazes at the woman who has remained motionless and speechless. Then he turns and speaks to the guard.*]

MARTIN: I shan't be long. *(He lowers his voice.)* This is my last chance, you know.

[*The guard bows his head understandingly, relocks the door, and commences his pacing. Martin moves toward the woman. He is apparently agitated and nervous as he speaks to her.*]

MARTIN: Vivian, my poor girl.

[*He sinks down on the bunk looking at her, but her gaze never wavers and she continues to look before her with fixed eyes, while holding the picture in her hands. Martin notices this and shakes his head.*]

MARTIN: Still thinking of him—still clinging to something that is gone forever. Oh, my child, for a moment forget that I am your lawyer struggling to save your life, and look on me as a father—as you might your own father who is pleading for the life of his daughter. I want to help you—I must —but, unless you speak, *I* am helpless.

[*Vivian shakes her head resolutely and looks at Martin for the first time.*]

VIVIAN: That has all been settled long ago, Mr. Martin. The state has found me guilty of taking a life, and has decreed that I pay with my own. It's finished! Yes, thank God, it's nearly over, and soon I can forget it all and sleep and rest forever.

[*She turns away from him and buries her face in her hands. He rises and moves to her side, where he stands softly stroking the golden wisps of her hair.*]

MARTIN: But, my dear girl, they want to kill you—to murder you without once hearing your side of the story. Of course, we all know the circumstantial facts—your being found alone in the apartment of the murdered man —your sweetheart—.

[*She shudders and looks imploringly at Martin.*]

MARTIN: Oh, I'm sorry, but I must be frank—even cruel, perhaps. There

are only a few, a very few moments left in which the governor may and will intercede if you will speak and establish some grounds by which a stay may be granted. But if you will not listen to and heed my words, you must pay—pay for a crime I can't believe you guilty of. Now, be calm, please; forget that I am not your father, and let me beg of you as a father to tell me the truth of what happened that night. You loved Jerry Drew—yes, I know that—you loved him too much to take his life in cold blood. He was your own body and soul—you have admitted that to me. And yet, if you cannot—will not attempt to—speak in your behalf, what can I do?

VIVIAN *(sighing):* Oh, please, please, Mr. Martin. Let's talk no more of it. If I am content to remain silent, it is I who must pay and I alone. What does it matter to you—to anyone *now!* Please go, sir, for me—please.

[*Martin flinches and with bowed head as if in complete resignation half turns to go. Then he quickly wheels about and clutches her with both hands.*]

MARTIN *(strongly):* No, I cannot! I will not go and let you die for another's crime. *(There is a slight pause as he gazes down into the beautiful face of the golden-haired girl and when he next speaks there is a pathetic touch of tender devotion in his voice.)* Listen to an old man who loves you as his own, my child. There is another whom you must think of besides yourself—that other one is depending on you for its very life—its every breath. You must not be selfish any longer, because without you, he too, would die.

[*She looks up pleadingly at him and Martin realizes that he has touched the only spot in her that could unseal her lips, and he gathers new hope.*]

MARTIN: Yes, he would die. Your baby, your very life's blood. You are a woman, Vivian, and a mother and as such it is your duty to God to protect the life He has placed in your keeping.

VIVIAN *(slowly seeming to grasp the meaning of his words.)* Yes, the baby—my baby and his. *(She breaks down and sobs. Martin attempts to calm her.)* Oh God, the shame of it! I couldn't bear to keep on living—to see him grow up, to become sweet and strong and handsome like his daddy was—to have him learn of me, of his birth—to have him know that he was the son of a bad woman. . . .

MARTIN *(quickly seizing the chance to play upon her aroused emotions.)* And so you would prefer death in order to escape this life—this life you would lead in seeing him learn all these things—you would like to run away now when your baby needs you, because you feel that the disgrace of tomorrow is more than you can bear. But I tell you, it is not disgrace—no, what greater love or honor may a woman have than that in a mother's soul. You think it will be his shame as he grows to manhood to know of his illegitimate birth, *but* have you thought what it will mean to him to know that HIS MOTHER WAS KILLED BY THE STATE FOR MURDER?

[*This outburst momentarily calms*

Vivian and she answers Martin in a more composed voice.]

VIVIAN: I know exactly how you feel, Mr. Martin, but you can't possibly see into *my* heart. All during those hectic days of the trial as I sat there before the leering eyes of those scandalmongers and felt a breath of contempt on my cheek from every passer-by, I knew my baby was coming. But I wouldn't weaken—no one but me ever knew, not even after I was brought here. I was hoping they would kill me before he was born, but they didn't and God brought him here to me—brought my baby to me in a prison—inside four cold, haunting walls with iron bars everywhere.

MARTIN *(tenderly):* That is why I plead with you now—so that I may be able to take you out of here—so that you can give your baby a home and learn to forget in this unknown happiness.

VIVIAN: Yes, I thought of that too. As I lay there in the hospital with him nursing at my breast, for awhile I wanted to live—for him. But I figured it out just as I told you before, Mr. Martin, and it just can't be. It would wreck his entire life to have me bring him up, because sooner or later he'd learn everything, and then he'd despise me. But if —if *(she falters)* you could take him away after I'm gone and send him back home to my folks, they'd never let him know, because they really don't know, and then it would all come out, oh so nice, and he could—he could grow up just like I want him to.

[*This is too much for her and she breaks down. Martin tries to soothe her. Softly the distant music is heard. He listens and is impressed.*]

MARTIN: Christmas—Christmas Eve —*(He kneels to Vivian)* My dear, you must brace up and smile—yes, you must smile. This is the glad season—the season of cheer and happiness. Throughout the world a spirit of giving is manifested tonight, and even in this remote and secluded spot the will of God shall be carried on. If you are content—if you feel that you must pay homage to the King in giving your very life that another—stainless and pure—may better live untarnished—I rest and pray God to have mercy on your soul.

[*Martin rises and wipes a tear from his cheek. The music continues and there is a strained silence for a second. The guard appears at the door, opens it, and allows Father O'hara to enter. He is benevolent and a kindly old man, dressed in a simple black robe and wearing a rosary, suspended from his neck by a black cord. He holds a Bible between his hands as he kneels at Vivian's side.*]

O'HARA: My daughter, only a few moments more remain. If there is something you feel you must impart to me, open your heart, my child, that God may see and understand before you go to face His throne.

[*Vivian is silent. She replaces the picture in the box, and suddenly seems to grasp an idea.*]

VIVIAN *(to O'hara):* Father, it is true

that I must confess a sin. Allow me to speak my heart alone to you.

[*O'hara nods and looks at Martin who goes to the door.*]

MARTIN: As a man of God and of justice, Father, kindly entreat this foolish girl to unburden herself of earthly lies. I have done all that I can.

O'HARA *(to Martin):* There remains one thing that has not been tried. *(Martin's face lights up as he goes out.)* Now, my child, speak freely and do not taint your lips with lies, for God knows all and puts you to this test.

[*Vivian appears to have new strength and hope as she addresses the chaplain.*]

VIVIAN: I am going to die, Father. Furthermore I know that I could save my life should I wish. Yes, you start, but as a Priest of the Faith and my confessor, you are sworn to secrecy and you can never reveal what I shall say to you. My lawyer has constantly pleaded with me to break my silence and assert my innocence. But I cannot—I cannot deny this crime, because I AM GUILTY! I killed him, Father, because I loved him —because he was going to leave me for another woman—I knew my baby—his baby was coming. I couldn't bear to stand there and hear him tell me we were through—even if he no longer cared for me, I worshipped him, I can't explain why, except that I couldn't see him in another woman's arms, but I found his own revolver, and when he said again that we were through, I shot him—I shot him— . . .

O'HARA: But don't you realize, dear girl, that no jury in this country would evoke this extreme penalty if that story were known?

VIVIAN: Exactly, Father, but what I do is twofold in purpose, I want to die for my baby's sake and his future life, and because I still love the man I killed. No power on earth can erase that memory, and only death can bring me peace once more.

[*The guard appears at the door and prepares to unlock it. O'hara gets to his feet.*]

O'HARA *(performing the sign of the cross):* The secret of your heart, my daughter, is placed forever in the keeping of God. May He look not displeased but forgiving on you.

[*Martin and the matron with a baby in her arms enter. Vivian screams at the sight of the infant and takes it in her arms.*]

VIVIAN *(moaning):* Oh, my baby, my baby! *(To Martin)* You shouldn't have done it, you ought not to have brought my baby in now, it's making it harder to go, oh, so much harder than if I hadn't seen him again. *(She presses the little bundle to her bosom.)* But I must, I must, do you hear? There is no one to stop me. No one who can. It won't be long— it can't be—and then, oh, thank God, and then—*listen.*

[*Outside can be plainly heard the beautiful tone of "Silent Night." Vivian sways gently rocking the baby as the words come to her. All else is silent save:*

"Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild.

(Continued on page 26)

Half Hour

By Albert Westler

CHARACTERS

Amy
Her Mother
Gerry, a Friend

Scene: *The scene is laid in the front room, ground floor, of a house that is obviously in the poorer section of a large city. The walls are covered with a cheap wall-paper, now faded. A number of colored prints help partially to relieve the drabness. Along the wall, left, is an old-fashioned mantelpiece on which rests a large, loud-ticking, clock. The furniture is worn. There is a small table, center, with two straight-back chairs. A victrola, rear, left, is seen. A sofa, much the worse for wear, occupies the front, left, of stage. A rocking chair faces it, right. Behind the rocking chair, to the center, right, is a door leading to a hall-way. A telephone rests on a little stand near the door.*

When the curtain rises, two women are seen. The one, the mother, is old and wrinkled. She is seated by the little table. Her dress is of the fashion of another generation.

The other, the daughter, Amy, is seated on the sofa. She is a young woman of perhaps twenty-five, rather pretty, and dressed with some taste in the style of 1931. Her clothing is patently of cheap material, but the touches of an artful femininity have added to it. She is sobbing.

Mother *(after a long pause):* It's no use cryin', Amy. You knew it had to happen.

Amy: I suppose so.

Mother: Why don't you stop crying, then, Amy? It don't do no good. *(In an attempt to cheer.)* If you don't stop soon your eyes 'll be so red you'll never be able to go out any more. Wouldn't that be awful!

Amy: Cut it out, ma.

Mother *(She goes to the sofa and sits beside her daughter.)* You know, Amy, it comes to all of us. Death, I mean. It won't let any of us get away. I'll go soon; you'll go.

AMY: It ain't death so much, but—

MOTHER: I know.

AMY *(half to herself):* They'll lead him out, and say a prayer, if he lets 'em. And they'll walk him up the steps, and put a cloth over his face, and fix the rope, and—

MOTHER: Don't, Amy.

AMY *(continues as though she hasn't heard):* —and some guy no better'n he is will pull the trap. *(Bitterly).* They're no better'n he is. None o' 'em! They'll kill Frank, and . . . *(suddenly turning toward her mother.)* Hear that clock? Hear it tick? Well, it'll stop tickin' for Frank, but it'll tick on and on for me and never stop. *(Wearily.)* It'll go on and on. I'll hear it in my sleep. *(She bends around to look at the clock.)* It's seven-thirty now. Only half an hour more.

MOTHER *(trying to soothe her:)* It'll soon be over.

AMY *(stung):* It'll soon be over! *(Fiercely.)* A lot you care about Frank! You'd care if he was your husband, wouldn't you? Suppose you had a rope around your neck. You care about that, wouldn't you? Yes, you would. *(She becomes almost hysterical.)* It's all right to talk about other people dyin', ain't it? You wouldn't want to die yourself, would you?

MOTHER: Amy! It's no use takin' on.

AMY: It's no use takin' on, is it? Can't you say something else? Oh, why don't you say something else?

MOTHER: There's nothing more to say, Amy. It had to happen.

AMY: What'd mean, had to happen?

MOTHER: I don't know.

AMY *(persistently):* You must have meant something.

MOTHER: I don't know. Things just happen sometimes. Jim Dee was shot. John Borrow got twenty years. "Classy" Thompson ain't never seen a cop. Things happen. You can't do anything about 'em. You have to take 'em.

AMY *(passionately):* Is that all you've got to say? Take it? Yeah, I'll take it. Frank'll be gone in a few minutes. What'd think I'm gonna do? Sure, I'll take it. I'm gonna laugh and sing. Frank don't get hanged every day. Let's have a holiday. Sure. *(She laughs wildly.)*

MOTHER *(dully):* Don't do that.

AMY *(still laughing):* Don't do what? Laugh? Sure, I'll laugh. I'll sing, too. *(She begins, in a broken voice, to sing the first line of* "Fallin' in Love Again," *and breaks off in a sob.)*

MOTHER *(she reaches out to touch Amy):* Please, Amy.

AMY: Keep away from me. Don't touch me. Oh—

MOTHER: Listen. Someone came in.

AMY *(aroused):* I don't hear anybody.

MOTHER: It is someone.

[*There is a knock at the door.*]

AMY *(to mother, fearfully):* Who is it?

MOTHER *(she rises and goes toward door):* Come in.

[*The door opens and Gerry enters. He is a big man, about thirty-five, with self-confidence written over his face.*

There is a certain rough gentleness about him.]

GERRY: Hello.

MOTHER *(going to rocking-chair):* It's Gerry.

GERRY: Sure it's me. Who else? *(He goes over to Amy.)* What have you been doin', cryin'? *(Amy doesn't answer.)* Well, I came to cheer you up. *(He sits beside her.)* Come on, look at me.

AMY: Stop talkin', Gerry.

GERRY *(cheerily):* Come on, Amy. Brace up. I've got news for you. *(He pats her on the back. She winces.)*

AMY *(in a monotone):* What news?

GERRY *(he rises and walks about as he talks):* Good news. There's a chance for Frank. Good chance.

MOTHER *(excitedly):* What is it? *(Amy looks up, eagerly.)*

GERRY: Just came from Danny's. You know the boys hired Elbert, the slickest lawyer in the state. Well, we just heard from the capital that Elbert's got an audience with the governor.

AMY *(shaking her head):* That don't mean anything, Gerry. It's too late.

GERRY: Too late?

AMY: He won't do anything now. It's almost time. *(She again begins to sob.)*

GERRY: Cut that out, Amy. You're all wrong. That's the way them birds does things. Last minute. They like to make a sensation. Get their names in the headlines. Elbert told the boys there's a good chance of getting a stay of execution, at least. Danny's gonna phone as soon as he hears something definite.

AMY: Phone? Oh, Gerry, do you really think there's a chance?

GERRY: Sure. Don't think I'd be comin' up here tellin' ya if I didn't.

AMY: Gee, if something does happen! *(She begins to cry.)*

GERRY: What are you cryin' about now?

AMY: Just . . . just at the thought that maybe Frank'll get off.

GERRY: Cryin' ain't goin' to help any. Women are funny. Listen, Amy, you cut it out.

AMY: Cut what out?

GERRY: Cut out the tears. You look a mess. Think Frank would like you to look this way?

AMY: How do you know what Frank would like, huh?

GERRY: I know he wouldn't stand you cryin' about.

MOTHER: Course he wouldn't, Amy.

GERRY: He'd want you to be brave like him. He's a brave guy, ain't he? Everybody says that.

AMY *(a bit proudly):* Frank's no coward.

GERRY *(warmly):* Now you're talking. Always remember you're his wife, Amy. Don't forget that. No matter what happens, you laugh it off, see.

AMY: I'll . . . I'll try, Gerry.

GERRY: Sure. You'll do it, too. Look 'em in the eye. Don't bat an eye-lash. Frank's the only one you wanta think of, get me. And don't you worry none about Frank, either. He's gonna get off.

MOTHER: I feel that maybe he is.

AMY: It just come to me. Maybe he

(Continued on page 27)



Miss French's Medicine Bag

By Oren Whitehead

A Play in One Act

CHARACTERS

Sadie Ballard, *a tall raw-boned young woman.*
Connie, *a scrawny, misshaped mountain girl.*
Miss French, *an old, wrinkled woman.*
Dock Ballard, *a fugitive from justice.*

Scene: *The kitchen of a rude mountain home. The walls are of rough pine boarding. They are hung with an assortment of advertising calendars and pictures. There are several straight wicker-bottomed chairs grouped around a table near the center, and a food safe in the right corner of the room. At rear is a rough drain-board on which stands a large pan, while at rear right is a blackened old stove. At rear center are two windows curtained with cheesecloth. There are doors at right and left.*

Through the windows may be seen the gray light of late afternoon. The wind is beginning to howl outside. As the play nears its climax the wind blows louder.

SADIE BALLARD *has finished washing the supper dishes and is drying them with a soiled cloth. She is clad in a dirty, ill-fitting dress of very cheap material. Her hair has been arranged in a "knot" at the nape of her neck, but it is beginning to slip down. She is singing, her voice off-key and low.*

SADIE: There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn frum Emmanuel's veins,
An' sinners plunged beneath that flood—
(She hums the rest of the stanza, dries a dish or two, then sighs heavily.) Lord, Lord, hit's a-goin' ter be another dreary night. Durn thet wind! Hit's beginnin' ter rant an' howl lak a lost soul. Hit's enough ter drive a body distriketed jest ter lissen ter it. *(She finishes drying the dishes, wrings out the towel, and lights a lamp on the table. She glances towards the door at right.)* Ain't hyeered a sound from the old woman fer a hour. Durned old idyit—allus wantin' sumpthin', allus yellin' at me ter bring 'er this er that. An' when she ain't pesterin' me —lookin' at me—lookin' at me. *(She shudders.)* Whut hev I done? Whut hev I done ter be afflicted? *(She picks up a stack of dishes from the drain-board and carries it to the safe.)* If I'd a known whut wuz in store fer me, hit'd a ben a cold day in August when I marrit Dock Ballard.

[*She sighs again, transfers another stack of dishes to the safe, and picks up a last cup from the drain-board.* CONNIE *stealthily pushes open the door at left and slinks into the room. She deposits a package upon the table.* SADIE *hears her and whirls around, so startled that she drops the cup, shattering it.*]

SADIE: Lord hev mercy! Ain't ye got no better sense 'n ter come creepin' in on a body lak thet, Connie Roberts!

CONNIE *(with an impudent laugh):* Did'n' sceer ye, did I, Sadie?

SADIE *(angrily):* Ye brung my heart rat up inter my mouth! I'm thet nervous I might've dropped dead. *(She stoops to pick up the pieces of the cup.)* Did ye git ever'thing Miz French sent ye fer? Hit's an all-fired wonder she ain't ben out hyer sooner'n this a-ravin' 'cause hit's tuk ye so long.

CONNIE: Ever'thing's in thet bundle; they's rubbin' alkyhol, cotton, an' them drops the doctor pers—perscribed. *(Peering out the windows.)* You-uns ought ter be mighty thankful ter me fer goin' inter town on sech a day fer ye. I wuz soaked ter the bone on th' way in an' durn near fell off th' rock an' got kilt a-comin' back. *(*SADIE *has crossed to the door at right and appears to be listening intently to what she hears in the next room.)* They's ben a landslide on th'other side, an' they ain't hardly

room enough fer a body ter slip past. Hit's a-worryin' me ter think erbout goin' back ternight, 'cause hit's goin' ter be blacky dark. Ye'd never know whut happened to ye if ye fell off. *(She looks at* SADIE.*)* Whut ye lissenin' to in ther, Sadie?

SADIE: Cain't hear nothin' 'cept somebody mumblin'.

CONNIE *(crossing):* The old lady ain't moanin' no more, is she?

SADIE: Naw. She's ben still since sundown now. Reckin she's a-feelin' some better.

CONNIE *(significantly):* Er worse. *(Tentatively).* Ye know, Sadie, hit strikes me as it's funny Dock ain't come a-slippin' home ter see his pore sick Maw.

SADIE *(suddenly):* Whut made ye think of Dock, Connie?

CONNIE *(in a matter-of-fact tone, but with side-long glances at* SADIE, *who appears to be perturbed):* Oh, I hyeerd he wuz seen in Asheville terday. Rolf hit wuz thet tole me. Said he wuz hidin' out till dark. But Rolf's sech a liar ye cain't believe a thing he says.

SADIE *(earnestly, clutching* CONNIE'S *arm):* Connie, er ye tellin' me the truth? Did Rolf say he seen Dock fer a fact?

CONNIE *(aggrievedly):* Ain't thet whut I jest ben tellin' ye? Thought ye might lak ter know, seein's he's yer husband.

SADIE *(she drops her hand from* CONNIE'S *arm and stares straight ahead.):* Then I reckin he'll be comin' along in a little while.

[*The door at right opens and* MISS FRENCH *appears. She stops, leaning, with her hand on the door-jamb.* CONNIE *picks up her package.*]

MISS FRENCH: They ain't no use fer your remedies now.

[*There is silence.*]

SADIE: What do ye mean by thet?

MISS FRENCH *(in a deadly monotonous tone):* Reckin they ain't nothin'll help her now—'ceptin' a preacher an' two strong men ter dig her a grave.

[SADIE *sinks down into a chair. There is another moment of silence. Then—*]

CONNIE *(vibrantly, excitedly):* She's dead, Sadie. She means the old lady's dead!

MISS FRENCH: She's ben dead a long time, maybe minutes, maybe hours—I do' know. An' I ben a-settin' ther', holdin' her pore cold hand an' thinkin'. I ben doin' some thinkin'.

SADIE *(her head lowered as though in prayer):* Th' Lord giveth an' the Lord taketh away—ain't it the truth? She suffered an arful lot,—*(lowering her voice)*—I guess.

MISS FRENCH *(glaring at* SADIE): Ye're the one thet ought ter know hit, too, Sadie Ballard. (CONNIE *stares from one to the other of the two women.* MISS FRENCH *does not look at her.)* CONNIE, git home an' send yer Maw over. We-uns'll be needin' her help. (CONNIE *reluctantly starts toward the door. She realizes that she still has the package and returns to place it on the table.* MISS FRENCH *and* SADIE *have remained as they were.* CONNIE *stares*

blankly at them.) Ye better git started, I tell ye, Connie.

SADIE *(suddenly she looks wildly at* CONNIE): Don' leave us, Connie—don'!

CONNIE *(lamely, after glancing at* MISS FRENCH*):* I ain't no good around, Sadie, an' Maw is. *(Nervously.)* Don't ye remember when Dock kilt Tom Vickers she wuz th' first un ter reach the body. *(Turning to go.)* Closed his starin' eyes. (SADIE *shudders. Awkwardly—)* Hit's a turble shame the old lady had ter die 'fore Dock got here, but hit's prob'ly all fer the best. Wal, good night to ye.

[*She goes out.* MISS FRENCH *silently stares at* SADIE. *After a moment—*]

SADIE *(simulating a grief she does not feel):* Hit's turble—turble. Set down, Miz French. *(A pause.)* Ye ben goin' fer nigh on three days now. Ain't ye 'bout tard ter death. *(She speaks rapidly, watching* MISS FRENCH *in a frightened manner.)* Pore thing. Pore thing. God rest 'er soul.

MISS FRENCH *(advancing towards* SADIE*):* An' God help yores!

SADIE: What ye mean by thet?

MISS FRENCH. Ye know durn well whut I mean—ye brazen huzzy!

SADIE *(whining):* I ain't done a thing ter mek ye call me sech names.

MISS FRENCH *(slowly, vindictively):* You ain't done nothin' a-tall. You ain't done nothin'—but let yore pore ole mother-in-law die o' neglect 'cause she knowed too much. Ye ain't broke all yer weddin' vows rat under 'er eyes, an' then murdered 'er ter keep 'er frum tellin' on ye—

SADIE *(hysterically):* Hit's a lie! Whoever says thet's a black liar 'fore God!

MISS FRENCH: Shet yer mouth. Ye're talkin' erbout the dead now.

SADIE: John Wilson ain't never meant nothin' ter me—

MISS FRENCH: Give a murderer enough rope an' he'll hang hisself. I ain't even mentioned John Wilson, an' ye start blurtin' out erbout 'im. Le'me tell ye sumpthin', Sadie Ballard: I ben watchin' ye ever since Dock run away. I seen ye go a-slippin' down ter John Wilson's shack many a night when ye thought ther' wasn't a soul ter see ye. An' if thet don' prove to ye I know all erbout hit—*(motioning towards the door)*—she's tole me how you an' him carried on around hyer. She tole me jest afore goin' inter her last sleep how ye *cooked* and *sewed* fer him—an' him hangin' around hyer all the time. Reckin I know hit all—ye Jezebel! *(She gets a twig from her pocket, thrusts it into her mouth, and chews it rapidly.)* But ye're a-goin' ter git whut's comin' to ye, all right, all right. Jest wait'll Dock larns yore secret.

SADIE *(anxiously):* Ye wouldn't tell 'im, Miz French—ye wouldn't!

MISS FRENCH: I got to an' I'm a-goin' to.

SADIE: He'd do sumpthin' desperate. He might kill me an' John. Then ye'd hev our blood on yore hands.

MISS FRENCH *(disgustedly):* Don' ye talk ter me erbout hevin' blood on my hands, durn it!

[*She walks to the window, leans, and looks out into the darkness.*]

SADIE *(rather apathetically):* Dock's hundreds of miles away an' don' dare come back. Reckin ye cain't tell 'im.

MISS FRENCH *(turning quickly):* Is thet so? Dock's in Asheville rat now, er maybe on his way out hyer.

SADIE: How'd ye know thet?

MISS FRENCH: I wuz the one thet sent fer 'im. Hit's a cinch he wouldn't a ben sent fer if I hadn't. *(She sits in one of the chairs, facing* SADIE.) I mailed 'im a letter week ago come Tuesday tellin' 'im if he wanted ter see his Maw alive he better git hyer quick.

SADIE *(perceiving a ray of hope):* An' thet's all ye tole 'im?

MISS FRENCH: Oh, thet an' a little er the news about his frien's.

SADIE: Then he ain't hyeered nothin'?

MISS FRENCH: Hit's bound ter come out, Sadie. Ye can't do whut ye done an' git away with hit.

SADIE: They ain't no one ter tell him but you. *(Pleading.)* Don' tell on me, Miz French. Ain't I allus ben yer friend? Hit'd do more harm than good.

MISS FRENCH: I cudn't go on in silence knowin' whut I know. I got to see justice done. They's a pore ole woman in ther dead—dead 'cause ye ain't tuk proper keer of 'er. Ye didn't think ye'd ever git called to account fer stealin' away 'er civers an' not feedin' 'er her meals, did ye? An' ye ast me ter keep yer foul secret—

[*The door at right opens and Dock stumbles in. He is tall and haggard, with dirty, unshaven face. He wears a suit of blue cloth, which is covered with splotches of mud. He carries a rifle.*]

[MISS FRENCH *rises, while* SADIE *shrinks back in her chair.*]

MISS FRENCH: Ye're early, Dock. Ye oughtn' ter show yerself out in daytime.

DOCK *(breathing rapidly):* Git me a cup o' coffee, Sadie. *(He sinks down into a chair and rests his hands on the table.)* Ain't got long ter stay; I think they's an officer follerin' me now.

MISS FRENCH: I'll get yer coffee. Sadie's right wore out. Ain't ye honey? *(She goes to the stove, gets a coffee pot, and box of coffee. She pours water into the pot from a pail.)* Hev much trouble gittin' hyer, Dock?

DOCK *(he pulls up his trouser leg and begins unlacing his tall boots):* Hell, I like ter got my killin' at the big rock. Somebody ought ter put up a warnin' sign there. They ain't room enough lef' on the trail ter git by—an' if ye ever fell off it'd shore be th' last of ye. *(He pulls off the boot, and stretches his legs out under the table.)* Sadie, is Maw enny better?

SADIE *(in uncertain tones):* Dock, she's—she's—

DOCK *(anxiously):* Whut's wrong, Sadie? Is she worse?

MISS FRENCH *(she has placed the coffee pot on the stove and stirred the fire. She comes around facing* DOCK.): Dock, Kin ye believe hit's—hit's all fer th' best when we tell ye—*(he jumps up)* —thet she's passed away.

DOCK *(in stricken tones):* Maw! *(He sinks down.)* I knowed hit! I

knowed hit! Sumpthin' seemed ter tell me. *(He rubs his hand across his mouth and turns his face away from the two women.)* An' I never got ter tell 'er good-bye.

[Miss French *looks at the coffee to see if it is hot. There is a prolonged and awkward silence.*

Dock: When did she die?

Sadie: Hit ain't ben a hour ago, Dock.

Dock: Is she in ther'? *(He motions towards the door at right.* Sadie *nods affirmatively.)* I want ter go see 'er.

[*He rises and goes into the other room.* Miss French *gets a cup, fills it with coffee, and places it on the table.* Sadie *remains motionless.*

Miss French *(facing* Sadie): He's a-goin' ter take hit hard, Sadie. *(A short silence.)* Ye cain't say nothin', kin ye? Is yore heart made out of rock? (Sadie *does not answer.)* Hit's a hard duty I got ter do, but I'm a-goin' ter if hit's th' last thing I ever do.

Sadie: Fer God's sakes, Miss French, ye cain't say nothin' ter 'im now?

[Dock *re-appears in the doorway.*]

Dock: I cain't stan' ter look at 'er. She's so pore an' wasted. *(A low moan escapes his lips. He goes to the table and swallows the scalding coffee at one gulp.* Miss French *gets the pot and prepares to pour him another cup.)* Don' want no more, thank ye. *(He looks at her.)* Ye've ben a true frien' ter us—

Miss French *(interrupting him):* 'Twuz only my Christian duty, Dock. Reckin if hit hadn't ben fer me, though, she'd a had a harder time of it than she did. Sadie—

Sadie *(shrilly):* Ye shore hev done a lot fer us, Miz French. Reckin I won't never be able ter thank ye enough.

Dock: Ye never did treat 'er right, Sadie. Don't reckin I wuz ever as good ter her as I ought ter ben.

[Dock *sits, rests his arms on the table, and lays his head upon them. He is still breathing heavily, as though trying to suppress his emotion.* Miss French *walks over behind him and looks at* Sadie, *who cannot face her. She goes to* Sadie *and speaks to her.*]

Miss French: I got to go an' git help ter prepare her for burial. If ye got any Christian feelin's ye'll take keer of him till I git back. Now where's my shawl?

Sadie: In ther', I guess.

[Miss French *goes into the room and returns with a shawl and a cloth bag. She lays the bag on the table and turns once again to* Sadie.]

Miss French: Tuk hit around my neck fer me. *(She hands* Sadie *the shawl.* Sadie *does so. When she finishes, she whispers something in the young woman's ear.* Sadie *draws back.* Miss French *crosses to the door.)* I'll be back tereckly.

Dock *(looking up):* Be keerful crossin' the rock, Miz French.

[Miss French *leaves.* Dock *resumes his posture of dejection.* Sadie *rises, goes to the table, and fingers curiously the bag, which* Miss French *has forgotten to take with her. Suddenly she*

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Pulitzer Award for Drama

The Pulitzer prize judges for drama have named Susan Glaspell's *Alison's House* the best play of the 1931 season. Immediately following the award Miss Gallienne and her company carried the play uptown to the heart of the theatrical world—perhaps it was for the purpose of giving playgoers an opportunity to see again that play which they had failed to hold in as high esteem as the judges have since held it. But that feared body of few discerning critics has not been convinced; the Pulitzer judges have not changed their minds. In fact most of the critics have not been reluctant to express their utter amazement at the award.

Miss Glaspell is the author of one play *Suppressed Desires* which had a successful run on the New York stage. *Brook Evans,* the novel that she published three years ago, is generally thought to be the finest work that she has done. And *The Road to the Temple,* a biographical study of her late husband, George Cram Cook, has been extensively read.

J. Brooks Atkinson, the dramatic critic of the *Times,* has probably given the most sympathetic estimate of Miss Glaspell's works; yet he, too, expresses his disapproval of the recent award: "But to select it *(Alison's House)* as the best play of the season is to show how meagerly the committee esteems the current American drama and the annual prize it helps bestow. Every few years the drama committee insists upon publishing its ignorance."

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In Parting

The current issue marks the last under the present staff. It has been a part of our program this year to depart somewhat from some phases of the policy of the magazine of the past, but only in those aspects which tended to reduce local interest. The ARCHIVE for a num-

ber of years, has deemed it advisory to enlist the support of outsiders in an endeavor to maintain a standard sufficiently high to encourage and promote fair literary endeavor on the part of students. We do not, we think, flatter ourselves in believing that with the reduction of outside contributions to a minimum which is almost negligible that the quality of material appearing in the magazine has been distinctly lessened. The primary functions of any college literary publication, in our opinion, are to encourage literary endeavor among students and serve as an outlet for whatever talent of this nature that may exist in a college community.

For a good many years in the past, the ARCHIVE has lacked an editorial section. Every publication, whether it be professional or academic, we think should maintain a department in which the editor might have an opportunity of expressing personal opinions, and through which relative literary subjects may be given proper notice. To meet this demand we have inaugurated such a section—again, we hope, to the decided asset of the magazine.

Feeling that the dramatic side of creative writing at Duke in the past has been overshadowed by work in other literary forms, we have devoted this entire issue to the publication of one-act plays, reviews of current contemporary plays, and editorial comment on drama in general. It is our purpose, in so doing, to awaken a wider and more vital interest in drama, and to stimulate its writing and appreciation. May we say, we call attention to these changes not in a braggadocian manner, or with a feeling of complacency or of self-congratulation, but set them down as a standard by which our policy may be measured and our innovations defended.

And thus, with our sincere thanks to the staff and student assistance, we surrender our post to the new editor, Mr. Ovid W. Pierce, Jr., who has already demonstrated in these pages his ability for the task to which he has been appointed.

Archive Awards

In the February issue of the ARCHIVE for the current year, it was announced that three prizes of twenty-five dollars each would be awarded to those students submitting the best compositions in the three fields of creative writing: poetry, short story, and one-act play. We regret that the ARCHIVE was not able to publish all the material submitted, but as there were only four issues remaining when the contest was inaugurated, we were faced with a difficulty that made it impossible. We are happy, therefore, to announce that the following students are the recipients of the ARCHIVE prizes for the year 1930-1931: Edward Mylod, for his *Sonnet,* in the February issue; Harry Douty, writing under the pseudonym of Albert Westler, for his short story, *Professor Coller's Room,* in the April issue; and Oren Whitehead, for his one-act play, *Miss French's Medicine Bag,* in this issue. The judges for the contest were five in number, two selected from the faculty, two from the student body, and one from the administration.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Current Oklahoma Folk-Play

Green Grow the Lilacs. By Lynn Riggs. New York: Samuel French. 166 pp. $2.00.

If there is one element that is more dominant than any other in American drama of today, it is that of local color. Folk-plays of negro life, regional plays of the Kentucky and Tennessee mountaineers, have each had their part in this dramatic exploitation of local color regions, and now in *Green Grow the Lilacs* we witness a play of community atmosphere that deals with Oklahoma life during this state's existence as a territory.



LYNN RIGGS

The plot is one of the simplest imaginable, but due to the authentic and understanding manner with which it is handled, it provides a very suitable skeleton for the play. Laurey Williams, a girl of eighteen, is in love with one Curley McClain, a romantic young cowpuncher. Due to a morbid fear though of the evil that might be dealt out to her and her aunt for her failure to do so, Laurey pretends a love for a certain Jeeter Fry. A village party provides an occasion for Jeeter to announce his intentions toward her in very plain terms, and air his jealousy of Curley. Incensed by the malice of such a notice and his attempt on her, in a fit of anger she expresses her thorough hatred of him, dismisses him from the position of caretaker of their farm, and seeks out Curley. Laurey and Curley are married, but in a shivoree, part of the horse-play of which is their being placed upon a hay-stack, Jeeter seeks revenge by attempting to set fire to the hay. A scuffle follows during which Jeeter falls on and is killed by a knife with which he had attempted the life of Curley. Curley is jailed, breaks out, and is traced to his wife's home. The play ends with his being allowed to remain at home until morning.

The play has many claims to genuine dramatic art, a number of worthwhile characterizations, but no profundity of thought. At any rate, Mr. Riggs has succeeded in giving a strikingly vivid picture of the customs and life of this particular section of Indian country before its statehood. The end of the play is not convincing however, making it evident that the author is writing to satisfy a pampered and easily pleased audience, rather than adhering to legitimate dramaturgy. *Green Grow the*

Lilacs is running in New York at the present time, and we are advised by notices on the wrapper, extracted from the better metropolitan papers, that it is being well received by the critics.

GERALD M. CRONA.

One-Act Play Anthology

One Act Plays for Stage and Study. Twenty-one Contemporary Plays by Well Known Authors. Samuel French. 375 pp. $3.00.

To those interested in the stage and drama the appearance of a new collection of one-act plays is something of an event. This volume, the sixth of a series, contains plays hitherto unpublished in book form and represents the work of American, English, and Irish playwrights. The one-act play as a dramatic form has been exploited in various ways, serving as a subject for books on dramaturgy, courses in play-writing, and for contests in playwriting and play-production. Interest in the one-act drama is therefore rather wide-spread, and it is to this interest that the book makes its appeal.

As a collection it is not unusual. One could hardly hope to find twenty-one masterpieces within the covers of one volume, particularly a volume of new plays. There are, however, several plays which are worthy of the reader's attention, and which would repay production by Little Theatres and other dramatic groups.

The Still Alarm, by George S. Kaufman, who wrote *Dulcy,* the *Beggar On Horseback,* and *Merton of the Movies* is a delightful bit of nonsense. With no serious aim, the author treats us to a highly amusing burlesque on life in general, and the bravery of firemen in particular.

Poetry and Plaster, by Russell Medcraft, author of *Cradle Snatchers,* is a more serious attempt at comedy, and on the whole achieves its goal. It deals with a rather serious domestic difficulty in an amusing and satisfactory manner.

The Bad Penny, by Rachel Field, who is the author of several good one-act plays, is one of the best plays in the volume. It is a delightful character study of three sisters and should be popular with groups seeking a good comedy for an all-female cast. Good one-act comedies are few. This one deserves serious consideration.

Traffic Signals, by A. M. Drummond, Director of the Cornell Dramatic Club, the Cornell University Theatre, and Head of the Department of Public Speaking and Dramatic Art, is an adventure in Modernism. Though a difficult play to produce, with an immense cast it would prove an interesting vehicle for a club desiring to indulge in constructivistic settings and the modern Russian bio-Mechanical technique.

Josephine, by Bosworth Crocker, is a fairly good study of the private lives of Napoleon and the Empress Marie-Louise.

Saint Cyprian and the Devil, by Ethel Van Der Veer, is the best poetic play of the collection. Based upon an old poem by the Empress of Byzantium, it maintains the mood and atmosphere of the Rome of the early Christian Era and has moments of dramatic power. Groups interested in wierd settings and unusual characterization will find this play an answer to their quest.

A. T. West.

"The Strength Of Clever Dramatic Situations"

Tomorrow and Tomorrow. By Philip Barry. New York: Samuel French. 1931. 173 pp. $2.00.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow is a good play; but I should say that the genius of it hangs upon the genius of the actors.

The story is one of human relationships; and it is of that type of drama that has held the stage for so long a time that freshness, appeal, and interest can now be effected only by a master of the dramatic art.

Eve and Gail Redman have been married long enough for the romantic glamor of marital love to have passed away. But it is only one of them who knows that it is a poorly matched couple; Gail Redman in his bluntness and in his naïve devotion to his wife is not aware that she cannot be happy in being for him a pet and a domestic creature. Her vague yearnings for achievement and freedom are given expression to one who can understand them—and that one is a visiting professor who comes to deliver a series of lectures in the little university town where the scene of the play is laid.

In some aspects of purpose the play is comparable to that of O'Neill's *Strange Interlude.* But it lacks that length and profundity that attaches to *Strange Interlude* what significance it has. At best, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* is little more than superficial; the strength of the story being at times the strength of clever dramatic situations.

I see in the play little more than two hours' of fair entertainment.

Ovid W. Pierce, Jr.

To Wake Us From Our Lethargy

Behold America! Edited by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1931. 755 pp. $5.00.

In this large volume, the liberals and radicals dissect America. The thirty-three contributors to this symposium treat of thirty-three aspects of the America scene,

and for this reason, and because of the varied points of view, one at first receives a confused impression of the whole. But common motivations run through the volume; each contributor, in his indictment, strikes out at certain fundamentals. Basic to all is criticism of our huge productive machine, a miracle of technical ingenuity, a monument to tremendous creative energies, but, withal, a thing run amuck, resistant to social control, amenable only to profit, shot-through with social contradictions. In practically every essay the necessity for change in the organization and control of our economic life is either stated or implied. With the economics of the situation hovering always in the background, criticism is next directed, in general, against the drugged condition of our national life—in politics, religion, education, trade unionism, morality, traditional freedoms, and, in the restricted sense, culture.

Some of the contributors are obscure, but the names of many will be instantly recognized. Among the literary men are Henry Seidel Canby, Gorham B. Munson, James Oppenheim; the liberals are represented by such men as Robert Morss Lovett, Harry Elmer Barnes, Jerome Davis, John Haynes Holmes; among the socialists listed are James Oneal, McAlister Coleman, A. J. Muste, Louis Boudin; further to the left, almost if not quite in the communist camp, stand Robert Dunn, V. F. Calverton, S. D. Schmalhausen, perhaps Arthur Calhoun and Harry Alan Potamkin. And there is Roger Baldwin, whose peculiar social philosophy seems to defy analysis. And there are sixteen others.

Many of the essays are well worth the reading. In their challenge they provoke thought; in their militancy they shame the complacent and the dull. Canby pleads for a "reassertion of individualism," for a release of the "human instincts for love, gaiety, adventure, delight . . . controlled by an inquiring and determined spirit." Lovett attacks the degradation of our political life, and contends for a politics social in purpose. Calverton emphasizes the social background of American literature. He convincingly presents the thesis that the industrial bourgeoisie, not Puritanism with its roots in commercialism, was responsible for the emasculation of American literature. He sees new hope, vigor, and freedom for the artist only if he becomes a part of the struggles of the proletariat. Baldwin and Coleman tell of our vanishing liberties. Abraham Lefkowitz looks at our public educational factories. A teacher of long experience, he stresses the need for making of education an adventure in the creative understanding of the world in which we live. He underlines the fact that the teacher must be free. Charles W. Ferguson is concerned about the "theological taint" in our education. T. Swann Harding sees our professional life crippled by its subserviency, in the main, to the masters of our economic life. In dithyrambic sentences, the editor of the volume, S. D. Schmalhausen, advances the belief that only communism can redeem America. He concludes the volume with these words: "America came to birth through a political

revolution. Is it not logical to believe that America will come to re-birth through a social revolution? Mussolini or Lenin: Is there any other choice?" These brief summaries may indicate something of the scope of the book.

The blurb tells us that "Never before has there been so great a need for deep thinking and candid speaking," and this is true. We are undeniably at a critical point in our history. Old conditions, inherited faiths, time-worn traditions are disintegrating before our eyes. We have developed little to take their place. We drift upon a sea of uncertainty, stupidity, inertia. Although we live in an era fit for glorious adventure, we act as though adventure died with the birth of the Arthurian legends. *Behold America!,* despite some obvious shortcomings, should stimulate thought, and may even, if the gods please, help initiate action.

H. M. Douty.

The Psychology of Dreaming

Dreams and Personality. By Frederick Pierce. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company. 1931. 332 pp. $3.00.

Here is a book based upon the new analytical psychology dealing with dreams and the sleeping personality as revealed through their interpretation. The book obviously attempts to bring about a realization of the contrast of the waking and sleeping personalities which Mr. Pierce insists have "differentiated themselves from a common origin," infancy. The real accomplishments of the book, however, merely convince us that the sub-conscious mind which is dominant in the sleeping personality influences our likes and dislikes and the way we behave. Modern science is already cognizant of this fact, Mr. Pierce demonstrates the powers of the sleeping personality as observed by him in the cases of eighteen interesting and significant types. The impression conveyed is not one of contrast between the two personalities, rather it is the striking comparison and similar trend in the waking and sleeping minds.

The author has selected a style which will appeal to the general reader rather than to the psychologist, but even to those who are not mildly interested in exploring the depths of human nature, there are passages which should have been reduced to a more condensed form. Especially is this true when he attempts to explain his opposition to certain advanced theories of Freud.

Dreams and Personality has to offer very little scientific thought although the author is said to have spent several years in research before attempting the work. On the other hand, the human interest as evidenced in his studies of various types which range from the society woman to a girl in the slums is decidedly noteworthy. This fact leads one to suspect that Mr. Pierce might have been an excellent newspaper man.

Marshall Pritchett.

Son Rather Than Father

George Washington The Son of His Country 1732-1775. By Paul Van Dyke. New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. Pp. 310. $2.50.

This is a readable and mildly interesting biography of Washington up until he became commander of the Continental Army. There is no new information in it, and there are no startling conclusions. The best part of it consists of quotations from letters and diaries of Washington and his friends; but the conclusions drawn therefrom are all too obvious. The purpose of the author may best be stated in his own words: "This book tries briefly to untangle what came to him [Washington] from environment and what in him was superior to environment, and thus perhaps to throw light from a new angle on why this son of his country was able to become the Father of His Country." To untangle environment and heredity in so elusive a character as George Washington is a large order; success in the attempt would mean a feat of psychological, historical, and biological research and interpretation that is near the impossible.

However, the book is not as pretentious in structure as its purpose would seem to imply. Two chapters deal with Washington's early life, of which comparatively little is known; then follow six chapters concerning the French and English rivalry for the Indians' hunting grounds, Washington on the frontier and with Braddock, Washington as commander-in-chief of the army of Virginia, and the difficulties attending that position; two chapters discuss his retirement from the army (1758), his marriage, and his love for Sally Fairfax; three chapters are given to Washington as a planter, one to his land speculation enterprises, one to his attitude toward the church and religion, and the three concluding chapters deal with the revolutionary movement and a final estimate of Washington. The scattering footnotes are relegated to the back of the book and refer mainly to the *Writings* of Washington, his diaries, and the official records. Some extraneous matter is inserted, particularly the chapter on "The Atmosphere of Rebellion," in which there are only one or two casual references to Washington.

One gets the impression that the book is partly a defense of Washington against certain recent biographers. Washington was not addicted to cockfighting, was not "an extremely assiduous race-goer," and the occasional break-down of his self-control was generally justifiable. His pleasure in fox hunting, billiards, cards, and dancing was no more than that of the usual Southern country gentleman of that time. Even the failure to partake of the Sacrament does not loom as a serious offense when set against the social background of Washington's neighborhood. And certainly Washington was a strong believer in "Providence," and a loyal Vestryman. His passion for Sally Fairfax, the wife of a friend, led him no further than an indiscreet writing of letters.

The author reaches the conclusion that "By those who think what he did was rightly and wisely done, Washington may well be called the indispensable man of history." The qualities that made him so were courage, good judgment, ability to win the hearts of men, "magnanimity joined to a sense of duty," and an absence of personal ambition. We must abandon "The image of a man, faultless, or with a way of living tending toward the puritanical, or saintly, or mystically Christian, largely created by anecdotes. . . . But this remains—greatness of soul, an entire lack of self-seeking, an absolute obedience to his sense of duty."

R. H. Woody.

THE SHADOW AND THE DUST

(Continued from page 7)

Sleep in Heavenly Peace
Sleep in Heavenly Peace."]

Martin *(to priest):* Will this mad girl go through with her plan? Can even you not persuade her to do otherwise?

O'hara: By the will and grace of God, my son, what is—is to be. I have done all that I can.

[*He bows his head and from outside coming down the corridor is heard the steps of marching men. They stop outside the cell, and then enter. The warden has the death warrant in his hand and in a level voice reads.*]

Warden *(reading):* "Vivian Laye, this being the night of December 24, and at the appointed hour of midnight sharp, your execution having been hitherto deferred two months by order of his Excellency, the governor, on recommendation of the prison hospital, you have been condemned by this state to die by electrocution for the murder of Gerald Drew on the night of September 28, 1930." *(He folds the paper and looks at Vivian who is very cool.)* Have you anything to say before we begin?

[*Vivian only shakes her head and looks down at the baby in her arms. The music is now swelling considerably and the atmosphere is tense. O'hara goes to the door and Vivian gives over her baby to the matron. She is very calm and unmoved and seems relieved that the end is near. Placed between two guards with the warden before her, she turns to Martin.*]

Vivian: You won't forget about my folks, will you, old friend?

[*She looks over at the baby as she speaks, but Martin is dumb with grief, although he is resigned to her fate. He merely nods his head and touches her hand tenderly . . .*]

The march begins with the music now at its height. Martin follows the group out, leaving the matron with the baby alone in the cell. She stands silently with the baby in her arms gazing out the open

door. The pale light is ghastly upon her face and she plainly shows her inward conflict as the silence becomes almost intolerable. Then from far in the recesses of the prison is heard the muffled booming of a clock striking the hour of twelve. As the third stroke is sounded the prison lights slowly dim, going down-down-down, rising on the sixth stroke and descending once more on the ninth to rise slowly again as

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS

HALF HOUR

(Continued from page 10)

will. A nice, warm, contented kind of feelin's come over me. I can almost hear Frank's steps in the hall. I can almost see him, Gerry.

GERRY *(stealing an anxious glance at the clock):* You will, Amy. I feel it, too. It's funny, ain't it?

AMY: I can see him getting off the street car at Winchester Street, and turnin' the corner.

GERRY: He'll do that, sure.

AMY: You know what I wanta do? I wanta take Frank and get out of the city. We'll get a little place down on the bay somewhere. Frank don't want any more of this way of living. He'll like it down there. We'll get a place near the water. Remember *(turning to her mother)* how we used to watch the water down at Darlly's shore, the sparkle of it and everything?

GERRY: Gonna let me come to see you?

AMY: Sure, Gerry, if you behave yourself. You and Frank can go fishin'. *(Smiling.)* Can't you see Frank in a pair of over-alls, with a fishin' rod and little worms?

GERRY: You don't use worms.

AMY: Of course you do. You dig 'em out of the ground and put 'em in old tin cans. I know.

GERRY: Women don't know nothin' about fishin'. You're all wrong, Amy. You use crabs, and things like that.

AMY: Maybe so. Anyway, I'll cook the fish, and you'll eat 'em, too.

MOTHER: Where do I come in?

AMY *(happily):* Oh, you'll sit on the porch all day, and forget all about this old house. Frank'll want you to. And you can mind the house when Frank and me come up to see a show.

GERRY: You haven't forgotten the shows, have you?

AMY: I should say not. You know, I met Frank at a show. I was comin' out, and he and Dick Bailey was comin' in. Dick introduced me to Frank, and we started to talk, and Frank decided he didn't want to see the show anyway.

GERRY: So that's how it got started.

AMY: Sure. *(Affectionately.)* I couldn't get rid of him after that. He just kept comin' around. One day he

showed up with a license, and we got married.

GERRY: That sounds like Frank. That's the way he does things.

[*They allowed the conversation to lapse, unthinkingly. The ticking of the clock becomes audible. Amy suddenly becomes conscious of it. She raises her head sharply, a look of bitter realization on her face. At this instant the phone rings. Gerry and the mother look at Amy. She slowly rises, and walks toward the phone.*]

GERRY: Be brave, Amy. It's Danny.

MOTHER *(in anguish):* Amy!

AMY *(she speaks to neither Gerry nor her mother. She picks up the receiver):* Yes. This is Amy, Danny. *(The clock begins to strike, one, two, three . . .)* Tell me Danny. Are you sure? *(She slowly replaces the receiver, and stares motionlessly ahead. The clock has finished striking, and only its tick, tick pounds through the silence as the curtain falls.)*

MISS FRENCH'S MEDICINE BAG

(Continued from page 16)

looks at the door. She picks up the bag, crosses to the door and opens it. She looks back at DOCK.]

DOCK: Wher' ye goin', Sadie?

SADIE *(excitedly):* She's fergot her bag—her bag whut she totes her medicine and things in. I'm goin' ter take hit an' ketch 'er 'fore she gits too far.

[*She goes out, forgetting to close the door. Outside the wind is now howling furiously. It blows into the room and rustles the towels which hang over the drainboard.* DOCK *gets up and closes the door. He goes to the stove and stirs the fire, then resumes his seat at the table.* SADIE *re-enters, breathing rapidly, as though she has been running. She carries the bag, which she places on one of the chairs. Then she sits. Her face is convulsed with some sort of emotion. She holds her hands, the fingers spread like talons, before her and looks at them. Then she drops them and stares straight ahead.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Who's Who

ETHEL WILLIAMS is a freshman co-ed. . . . J. B. CLARK is a junior. . . . ALBERT WESTLER is also a junior. . . . OREN WHITEHEAD is a sophomore. . . . MARSHALL PRITCHETT is a junior. . . . A. T. WEST is on the English faculty and director of dramatics. . . . R. H. WOODY is a professor of history.

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